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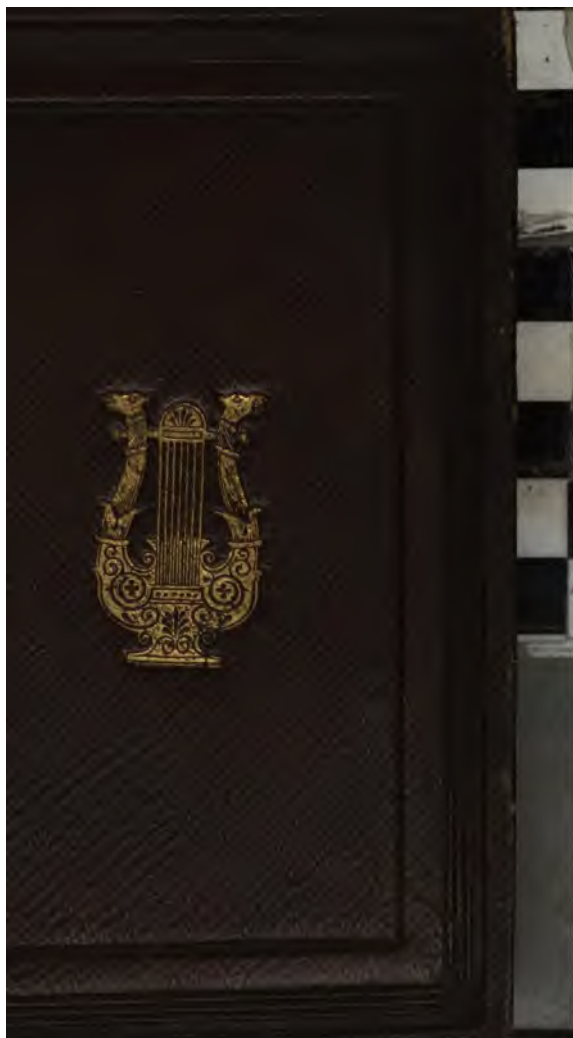
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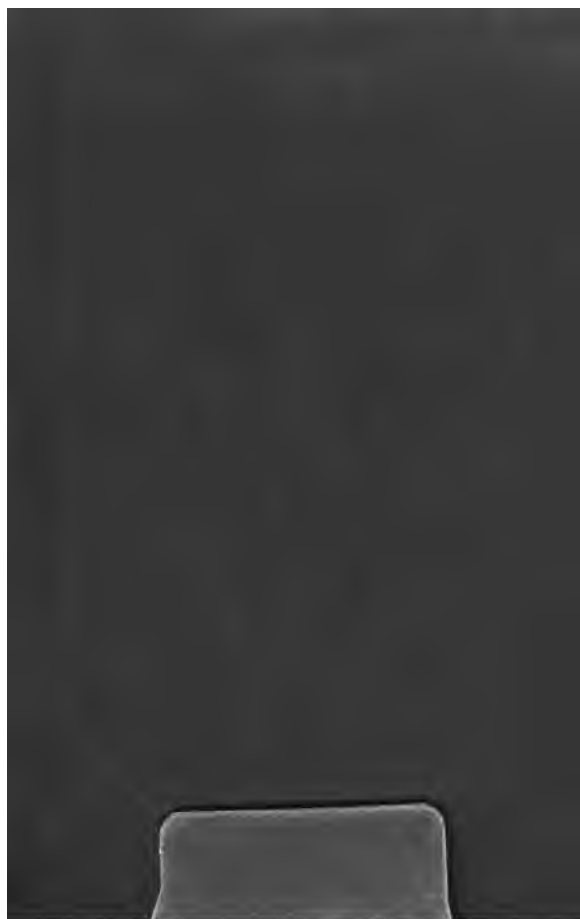
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Diary Thackeray



THE
BRITISH ANTHOLOGY.
VOL. III.

**PRINTED BY
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THE *Sharpe*

BRITISH ANTHOLOGY;

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VOL. III.

SOMERVILE.

GREEN.

P R I O R.

BLAIR.

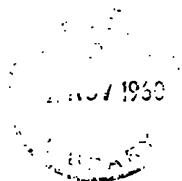
SHENSTONE.

LONDON:

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SOMERVILE.

THE CHASE, AND FIELD SPORTS.



GREEN.

THE SPLEEN.



SOMERVILE.
THE CHASE
ETC.



— nor his bleating flocks
are now the shepherd's joy.

Book II.



THE CHASE.

BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed—Address to his Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales—The origin of hunting—The rude and unpolished manner of the first hunters—Beasts at first hunted for food and sacrifice—The grant made by God to man, of the beasts, &c.—The regular manner of hunting first brought into this island by the Normans—The best hounds and best horses bred here—The advantage of this exercise to us, as islanders—Address to gentlemen of estates—Situation of the kennel and its several courts—The diversion and employment of hounds in the kennel—The different sorts of hounds for each different chase—Description of a perfect hound—Of sizing and sorting of hounds; the middle-sized hound recommended—Of the large deep-mouthed hound, for hunting the stag and otter—Of the lime-hound; their use on the borders of England and Scotland—A physical account of scents—Of good and bad scenting days—A short admonition to my brethren of the couples.

THE Chase I sing, hounds, and their various breed,
And no less various use. O thou, great prince!
Whom Cambria's towering hills proclaim their lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold, instructive song.
While grateful citizens with pompous show
Rear the triumphal arch, rich with the exploits
Of thy illustrious house; while virgins pave

Thy way with flowers, and, as the royal youth
Passing they view, admire, and sigh in vain ;
While crowded theatres, too fondly proud
Of their exotic minstrels, and shrill pipes,
The price of manhood, hail thee with a song,
And airs soft warbling ; my hoarse-sounding horn
Invites thee to the chase, the sport of kings ;
Image of war, without its guilt. The Muse
Aloft on wing shall soar, conduct with care
Thy foaming courser o'er the steepy rock,
Or on the river bank receive thee safe,
Light bounding o'er the wave, from shore to shore
Be thou our great protector, gracious youth !
And if in future times some envious prince,
Careless of right and guileful, should invade
Thy Britain's commerce, or should strive in vain
To wrest the balance from thy equal hand,
Thy hunter-train, in cheerful green array'd
(A band undaunted, and inured to toils),
Shall compass thee around, die at thy feet,
Or hew thy passage through the embattled foe,
And clear thy way to fame ; inspired by thee,
The nobler chase of glory shall pursue [death.
Through fire, and smoke, and blood, and fields of
Nature, in her productions slow, aspires
By just degrees to reach perfection's height :
So mimic Art works leisurely, till time
Improve the piece, or wise experience give
The proper finishing. When Nimrod bold,
That mighty hunter, first made war on beasts,
And stain'd the woodland green with purple dye,
New and unpolish'd was the huntsman's art ;
No stated rule, his wanton will his guide.
With clubs and stones, rude implements of war,
He arm'd his savage bands, a multitude

Untrain'd ; of twining osiers form'd, they pitch
Their artless toils, then range the desert hills,
And scour the plains below ; the trembling herd
Start at the unusual sound, and clamorous shout
Unheard before ; surprised, alas ! to find [lord
Man now their foe, whom erst they deem'd their
But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet
Secure they grazed. Death stretches o'er the plain
Wide-wasting, and grim slaughter red with blood.
Urged on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill,
Their rage licentious knows no bound ; at last,
Encumber'd with their spoils, joyful they bear
Upon their shoulders broad the bleeding prey.
Part on their altars smokes a sacrifice
To that all gracious Power, whose bounteous hand
Supports his wide creation ; what remains
On living coals they broil, inelegant
Of taste, nor skill'd as yet in nicer arts
Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
And strong necessity, thus first began
The chase of beasts ; though bloody was the deed,
Yet without guilt : for the green herb alone
Unequal to sustain man's labouring race,
Now every moving thing that lived on earth
Was granted him for food.¹ So just is Heaven,
To give us in proportion to our wants.

Or chance or industry in after-times
Some few improvements made, but short, as yet,
Of due perfection. In this isle remote
Our painted ancestors were slow to learn,
To arms devote, of the politer arts
Nor skill'd nor studious ; till from Neustria's coasts

¹ Gen. chap. ix. ver. 3.

Victorious William to more decent rules
Subdued our Saxon fathers, taught to speak
The proper dialect, with horn and voice
To cheer the busy hound, whose well-known cry
His listening peers approve with joint acclaim.
From him successive huntsmen learn'd to join
In bloody social leagues, the multitude
Dispersed to size, to sort their various tribes,
To rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the pack.
- Hail, happy Britain! highly-favour'd isle,
And Heaven's peculiar care! to thee 'tis given
To train the sprightly steed, more fleet than those
Begot by winds, or the celestial breed
That bore the great Pelides through the press
Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crowded ranks;
Which, proudly neighing, with the sun begins
Cheerful his course; and, ere his beams decline,
Has measured half thy surface unfatigued.
In thee alone, fair land of liberty!
Is bred the perfect hound, in scent and speed
As yet unrivall'd, while in other climes
Their virtue fails, a weak degenerate race.
In vain malignant steams, and winter fogs
Load the dull air, and hover round our coasts;
The huntsman, ever gay, robust, and bold,
Defies the noxious vapour, and confides
In this delightful exercise, to raise
His drooping head, and cheer his heart with joy.
Ye vigorous youths, by smiling fortune bless'd
With large demesnes, hereditary wealth,
Heap'd copious by your wise forefathers' care,
Hear and attend! while I the means reveal
To enjoy those pleasures, for the weak too strong,
Too costly for the poor; to rein the steed

Swift-stretching o'er the plain, to cheer the pack
Opening in concerts of harmonious joy,
But breathing death. What though the gripe severe
Of brazen-fisted Time, and slow disease
Creeping through every vein, and nerve unstrung,
Afflict my shatter'd frame, undaunted still,
Fix'd as a mountain ash, that braves the bolts
Of angry Jove ; though blasted, yet unfallen ;
Still can my soul in Fancy's mirror view
Deeds glorious once, recall the joyous scene
In all its splendours deck'd, o'er the full bowl
Recount my triumphs pass'd, urge others on
With hand and voice, and point the winding way :
Pleased with that social sweet garrulity,
The poor disbanded veteran's sole delight !

First let the kennel be the huntsman's care,
Upon some little eminence erect,
And fronting to the ruddy dawn ; its courts
On either hand wide opening to receive
The sun's all-cheering beams, when mild he shines,
And gilds the mountain tops. For much the pack,
Roused from their dark alcoves, delight to stretch
And bask in his invigorating ray :
Warn'd by the streaming light, and merry lark,
Forth rush the jolly clan ; with tuneful throats
They carol loud, and, in grand chorus join'd,
Salute the new-born day. For not alone
The vegetable world, but men and brutes
Own his reviving influence, and joy
At his approach. Fountain of light ! if chance
Some envious cloud veil thy refulgent brow,
In vain the Muse's aid ; untouch'd, unstrung,
Lies my mute harp, and thy desponding bard
Sits darkly musing o'er the unfinish'd lay.

Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome,
A vain expense, on charitable deeds
Better disposed, to clothe the tatter'd wretch
Who shrinks beneath the blast, to feed the poor
Pinch'd with afflictive want : for use, not state,
Gracefully plain, let each apartment rise.
O'er all let cleanliness preside, no scraps
Bestrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd bones,
To kindle fierce debate, or to disgust
That nicer sense, on which the sportsman's hope
And all his future triumphs must depend.
Soon as the growling pack with eager joy
Have lapp'd their smoking viauds, morn or eve,
From the full cistern lead the ductile streams,
To wash thy court well paved, nor spare thy pains,
For much to health will cleanliness avail.
Seek'st thou for hounds to climb the rocky steep,
And brush the entangled covert, whose nice scent
O'er greasy fallows and frequented roads
Can pick the dubious way? Banish far off
Each noisome stench, let no offensive smell
Invade thy wide enclosure, but admit
The nitrous air and purifying breeze.

Water and shade no less demand thy care :
In a large square the adjacent field enclose,
There plant in equal ranks the spreading elm,
Or fragrant lime ; most happy thy design,
If, at the bottom of thy spacious court,
A large canal, fed by the crystal brook,
From its transparent bosom shall reflect
Downward thy structure and inverted grove.
Here, when the sun's too potent gleams annoy
The crowded kennel, and the drooping pack,
Restless and faint, loll their unmoisten'd tongues,

And drop their feeble tails ; to cooler shades
Lead forth the panting tribe ; soon shalt thou find
The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive :
Tumultuous soon they plunge into the stream,
There lave their reeking sides, with greedy joy
Gulp down the flying wave, this way and that
From shore to shore they swim, while clamour loud
And wild uproar torments the troubled flood :
Then on the sunny bank they roll and stretch
Their dripping limbs, or else in wanton rings
Coursing around, pursuing and pursued,
The merry multitude disporting play.

But here with watchful and observant eye
Attend their frolics, which too often end
In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head
Wave thy resounding whip, and with a voice
Fierce-menacing o'errule the stern debate,
And quench their kindling rage ; for oft, in sport
Begun, combat ensues ; growling they snarl,
Then, on their haunches rear'd, rampant they seize
Each other's throats, with teeth, and claws, in gore
Besmear'd, they wound, they tear, till on the
ground,

Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies :
Then sudden all the base ignoble crowd
Loud-clamouring seize the helpless worried wretch,
And, thirsting for his blood, drag different ways
His mangled carcass on the ensanguined plain.
O breasts of pity void ! to oppress the weak,
To point your vengeance at the friendless head,
And with one mutual cry insult the fallen !
Emblem too just of man's degenerate race.

Others apart, by native instinct led,
Knowing instructor ! 'moug the ranker grass

Cull each salubrious plant, with bitter juice
Concoctive stored, and potent to allay
Each vicious ferment. Thus the hand divine
Of Providence, beneficent and kind
To all his creatures, for the brutes prescribes
A ready remedy, and is himself
Their great physician. Now grown stiff with age,
And many a painful chase, the wise old hound,
Regardless of the frolic pack, attends
His master's side, or slumbers at his ease
Beneath the bending shade : there many a ring
Runs o'er in dreams ; now on the doubtful foil
Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate
Cautious unfolds ; then, wing'd with all his speed,
Bounds o'er the lawn to seize his panting prey,
And in imperfect whimpering speaks his joy.

A different hound for every different chase
Select with judgment ; nor the timorous hare
O'ermatch'd destroy, but leave that vile offence
To the mean, murderous, coursing crew, intent
On blood and spoil. O blast their hopes, just Heaven !
And all their painful drudgeries repay
With disappointment and severe remorse.
But husband thou thy pleasures, and give scope
To all her subtle play : by nature led,
A thousand shifts she tries ; to unravel these
The industrious beagle twists his waving tail ;
Through all her labyrinths pursues, and rings
Her doleful knell. See there with countenance blithe,
And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
Salutes thee cowering, his wide-opening nose
Upward he curls, and his large sloe-black eyes
Melt in soft blandishments, and humble joy ;
His glossy skin, or yellow-pied, or blue,

Thy generous soul, and the world's just applause.
But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds
Of different kinds; discordant sounds shall grate
Thy ears offended, and a lagging line
Of babbling curs disgrace thy broken pack.
But if the amphibious otter be thy chase,
Or stately stag, that o'er the woodland reigns ;
Or if the harmonious thunder of the field
Delight thy ravish'd ears ; the deep-flew'd hound
Breed up with care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure ;
Whose ears, down-hanging from his thick round
head,

Shall sweep the morning dew, whose clanging voice
Awake the mountain-echo in her cell,
And shake the forests : the bold talbot kind
Of these the prime, as white as Alpine snows ;
And great their use of old. Upon the banks
Of Tweed, slow-winding through the vale, the seat
Of war and rapine once, ere Britons knew
The sweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands
To lasting leagues the haughty rivals awed ;
There dwelt a pilfering race, well train'd and skill'd
In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil
Their only substance, feuds and war their sport :
Not more expert in every fraudulent art
The arch felon^a was of old, who by the tail
Drew back his lowing prize : in vain his wiles,
In vain the shelter of the covering rock,
In vain the sooty cloud, and ruddy flames
That issued from his mouth ; for soon he paid
His forfeit life : a debt how justly due
To wrong'd Alcides and avenging Heaven !

^a Cacus, Virg. *Æn.* lib. viii.

Veil'd in the shades of night they ford the stream,
Then, prowling far and near, whate'er they seize
Becomes their prey ; nor flocks nor herds are safe,
Nor stalls protect the steer, nor strong-barr'd doors
Secure the favourite horse. Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage wan
The plunder'd owner stands, and from his lips
A thousand thronging curses burst their way :
He calls his stout allies, and in a line
His faithful hound he leads, then, with a voice
That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers :
Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
Flourish'd in air, low bending plies around
His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untried,
Till, conscious of the recent stains, his heart
Beats quick ; his snuffling nose, his active tail
Attest his joy ; then, with deep-opening mouth
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
The audacious felon ; foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the listening crowd
Applaud his reasonings. O'er the watery ford,
Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills,
O'er beaten paths, with men and beasts distain'd,
Unerring he pursues ; till at the cot
Arrived, and seizing by his guilty throat
The caitiff vile, redeems the captive prey :
So exquisitely delicate his sense !

Should some more curious sportsman here inquire
Whence this sagacity, this wondrous power
Of tracing step by step or man or brute ?
What guide invisible points out their way
O'er the dank marsh, bleak hill, and sandy plain ?
The courteous Muse shall the dark cause reveal.

The blood that from the heart incessant rolls
In many a crimson tide, then here and there
In smaller rills disparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the serous particles evade
Through the open pores, and with the ambient air
Entangling mix. As fuming vapours rise,
And hang upon the gently purling brook,
There by the incumbent atmosphere compress'd,
The panting chase grows warmer as he flies,
And through the net-work of the skin perspires;
Leaves a long-streaming trail behind, which by
The cooler air condensed, remains, unless
By some rude storm dispersed, or rarefied
By the meridian sun's intenser heat.
To every shrub the warm effluvia cling,
Hang on the grass, impregnate earth and skies.
With nostrils opening wide, o'er hill, o'er dale,
The vigorous hounds pursue, with every breath
Inhale the grateful steam, quick pleasures sting
Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks repay,
And in triumphant melody confess
The titillating joy. Thus on the air
Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy streaks
At eve forbode a blustering stormy day,
Or lowering clouds blacken the mountain's brow;
When nipping frosts, and the keen biting blasts
Of the dry parching east, menace the trees
With tender blossoms teeming; kindly spare
Thy sleeping pack, in their warm beds of straw
Low-sinking at their ease: listless they shrink
Into some dark recess, nor hear thy voice
Though oft invoked; or haply if thy call
Rouse up the slumbering tribe, with heavy eyes
Glazed, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their tails

Inverted ; high on their bent backs erect
Their pointed bristles stare, or 'mong the tufts
Of ranker weeds, each stomach-healing plant
Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.
These inauspicious days, on other cares
Employ thy precious hours ; the improving friend
With open arms embrace, and from his lips
Glean science, season'd with good-natured wit:
But if the inclement skies and angry Jove
Forbid the pleasing intercourse, thy books
Invite thy ready hand, each sacred page
Rich with the wise remarks of heroes old.
Converse familiar with the illustrious dead ;
With great examples of old Greece or Rome
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bless kind Heaven
That Britain yet enjoys dear liberty,
That balm of life, that sweetest blessing, cheap,
Though purchased with our blood. Well-bred,
polite,
Credit thy calling. See ! how mean, how low,
The bookless sauntering youth, proud of the scut
That dignifies his cap, his flourish'd belt,
And rusty couples jingling by his side.
Be thou of other mould ; and know that such
Transporting pleasures were by Heaven ordain'd
Wisdom's relief, and virtue's great reward.

THE CHASE.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Of the power of instinct in brutes.—Two remarkable instances in the hunting of the roebuck, and in the hare going to seat in the morning—Of the variety of seats or forms of the hare, according to the change of the season, weather, or wind—Description of the hare-hunting in all its parts, interspersed with rules to be observed by those who follow that Chase—Transition to the Asiatic way of hunting, particularly the magnificent manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian princes; taken from Monsieur Bernier, and the history of Gengiskan the Great—Concludes with a short reproof of tyrants and oppressors of mankind.

NOR will it less delight the attentive sage
To observe that instinct, which unerring guides
The brutal race, which mimics reason's lore
And oft transcends: Heaven-taught, the roe-buck
Loiters at ease before the driving pack, [swift
And mocks their vain pursuit; nor far he flies,
But checks his ardour, till the steaming scent
That freshens on the blade, provokes their rage.
Urged to their speed, his weak deluded foes
Soon flag fatigued; strain'd to excess each nerve,
Each slacken'd sinew fails; they pant, they foam;
Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills

Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd crowd
To puzzle in the distant vale below.

'Tis instinct that directs the jealous hare
To choose her soft abode: with step reversed
She forms the doubling maze; then, ere the morn
Peeps through the clouds, leaps to her close recess.

As wandering shepherds on the Arabian plains
No settled residence observe, but shift
Their moving camp; now, on some cooler hill
With cedars crown'd, court the refreshing breeze;
And then, below, where trickling streams distil
From some penurious source, their thirst allay,
And feed their fainting flocks; so the wise hares
Oft quit their seats, lest some more curious eye
Should mark their haunts, and by dark treacherous
Plot their destruction; or perchance in hopes [wiles
Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead
Or matted blade, wary, and close they sit.
When Spring shines forth, season of love and joy,
In the moist marsh, 'mong beds of rushes hid,
They cool their boiling blood: when summer suns
Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving fields
Of corn full-grown, they lead their helpless young:
But when autumnal torrents, and fierce rains
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
Their forms they delve, and cautiously avoid
The dripping covert. Yet when winter's cold
Their limbs benumbs, thither with speed return'd
In the long grass they skulk, or shrinking creep
Among the wither'd leaves; thus changing still,
As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.
But every season carefully observed,
The inconstant winds, the fickle element,
The wise experienced huntsman soon may find
His subtle, various game, nor waste in vain

His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds,
With disappointment vex'd, each springing lark
Babbling pursue, far scatter'd o'er the fields.

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties showers; the fields are shorn.
Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increase; his barns are stored,
And groaning stables bend beneath their load.
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough bristly stubbles range unblamed;
No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse
Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord awed:
But courteous now he levels every fence,
Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.
O bear me, some kind power invisible!
To that extended lawn, where the gay court
View the swift racers stretching to the goal;
Games more renown'd, and a far nobler train,
Than proud Elean fields could boast of old.
O! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!
Or to those spacious plains, where the strain'd eye
In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last
Sarum's proud spire, that o'er the hills ascends,
And pierces through the clouds. Or to thy downs,
Fair Cotswold, where the well-breathed beagle
climbs,

With matchless speed, thy green aspiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

Hail, gentle Dawn! mild blushing goddess, hail!
Rejoiced I see thy purple mantle spread
O'er half the skies; gems pave thy radiant way,

And orient pearls from every shrub depend.
Farewell, Cleora ; here deep sunk in down
Slumber secure, with happy dreams amused,
Till grateful steams shall tempt thee to receive
Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,
The toilet placed, shall urge thee to perform
The important work. Me other joys invite :
The horn sonorous calls, the pack awaked
Their matins chant, nor brook my long delay.
My courser hears their voice ; see there with ears
And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground ;
Fierce rapture kindles in his reddening eyes,
And boils in every vein. As captive boys
Cow'd by the ruling rod, and haughty frowns
Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks
If once dismiss'd, no limits can contain
The tumult raised within their little breasts,
But give a loose to all their frolic play :
So from their kennel rush the joyous pack ;
A thousand wanton gaieties express
Their inward ecstasy, their pleasing sport
Once more indulged, and liberty restored.
The rising sun that o'er the horizon peeps,
As many colours from their glossy skins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
When April showers descend. Delightful scene !
Where all around is gay ; men, horses, dogs,
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh-blooming health, and universal joy.

Huntsman, lead on ! behind the clustering pack
Submiss attend, hear with respect thy whip
Loud clanging, and thy harsher voice obey :
Spare not the straggling cur that wildly roves,
But let thy brisk assistant on his back

Imprint thy just resentments ; let each lash
Bite to the quick, till howling he return,
And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.

Here on this verdant spot, where Nature kind,
With double blessings crowns the farmer's hopes ;
Where flowers autumnal spring, and the rank mead
Affords the wandering hares a rich repast ;
Throw off thy ready pack. See, where they spread
And range around, and dash the glittering dew.
If some stanch hound, with his authentic voice,
Avow the recent trail, the justling tribe
Attend his call, then with one mutual cry
The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills
Repeat the pleasing tale. See how they thread
The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along !
But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
Their eager haste ; then o'er the fallow'd ground
How leisurely they work, and many a pause
The harmonious concert breaks ; till more assured,
With joy redoubled the low valleys ring.
What artful labyrinths perplex their way !
Ah ! there she lies : how close ! she pants, she doubts
If now she lives ; she trembles as she sits,
With horror seized. The wither'd grass that clings
Around her head, of the same russet hue,
Almost deceived my sight, had not her eyes
With life full-beaming her vain wiles betray'd.
At distance draw thy pack, let all be hush'd ;
No clamour loud, no frantic joy be heard ;
Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
Now gently put her off ; see how direct [bring
To her known mew she flies ! Here, huntsman,
(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,


And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop,
And seem to plough the ground ! then all at once
With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam
That glads their fluttering hearts. As winds let loose
From the dark caverns of the blustering god,
They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn :
Hope gives them wings, while she's spurr'd on by fear.
The welkin rings ; men, dogs, hills, rocks, and
woods,

In the full concert join. Now, my brave youths,
Stripp'd for the chase, give all your souls to joy !
See how their coursers, than the mountain-roe
More fleet, the verdant carpet skim, thick clouds
Snorting they breathe, their shining hoofs scarce
The grass unbruised ; with emulation fired [print
They strain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,
O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and brush
The thorny-twining hedge : the riders bend
O'er their arch'd necks ; with steady hands, by turns
Indulge their speed, or moderate their rage.
Where are their sorrows, disappointments, wrongs,
Vexations, sickness, cares ? All, all are gone,
And with the panting winds lag far behind.

Huntsman ! her gait observe ; if in wide rings
She wheel her mazy way, in the same round
Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten track.
But if she fly, and with the favouring wind
Urge her bold course ; less intricate thy task :
Push on thy pack. Like some poor exiled wretch
The frightened chase leaves her late dear abodes,
O'er plains remote she stretches far away ;
Ah ! never to return ! for greedy Death
Hovering exults, secure to seize his prey.

Hark ! from yon covert, where those towering
Above the humble copse aspiring rise, [oaks

What glorious triumphs burst in every gale
Upon our ravish'd ears ! the hunters shout,
'The clanging horus swell their sweet-winding notes,
The pack wide-opening load the trembling air
With various melody ; from tree to tree
The propagated cry redoubling bounds,
And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
Through all the regions near : afflictive birch
No more the school-boy dreads, his prison broke,
Scampering he flies nor heeds his master's call ;
The weary traveller forgets his road,
And climbs the adjacent hill ; the ploughman leaves
The unfinish'd furrow ; nor his bleating flocks
Are now the shepherd's joy ; men, boys, and girls
Desert the unpeopled village ; and wild crowds
Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet frenzy seized.
Look, how she pants ! and o'er yon opening glade
Slips glancing by ; while, at the further end,
The puzzling pack unravel wile by wile,
Maze within maze. 'The covert's utmost bound
Slily she skirts ; behind them cautious creeps,
And in that very track, so lately stain'd
By all the steaming crowd, seems to pursue
The foe she flies. Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reason ; sure 'tis something more,
'Tis Heaven directs, and stratagem inspires,
Beyond the short extent of human thought.
But hold—I see her from the covert break ;
Sad on yon little eminence she sits ;
Intent she listens with one ear erect,
Pondering, and doubtful what new course to take,
And how to escape the fierce blood-thirsty crew
'That still urge on, and still in volleys loud
Insult her woes, and mock her sore distress.
As now in louder peals, the loaded winds



Bring on the gathering storm, her fears prevail ;
And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge,
Away she flies ; nor ships with wind and tide,
And all their canvass-wings skud half so fast.
Once more, ye jovial train, your courage try,
And each clean courser's speed. We scour along,
In pleasing hurry and confusion toss'd ;
Oblivion to be wish'd. The patient pack
Hang on the scent unwearied ; up they climb,
And ardent we pursue ; our labouring steeds
We press, we gore ; till once the summit gain'd,
Painfully panting, there we breathe awhile ;
Then like a foaming torrent, pouring down
Precipitant, we smoke along the vale.
Happy the man, who with unrivall'd speed
Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view
The struggling pack ; how in the rapid course
Alternate they preside, and justling push
To guide the dubious scent ; how giddy youth
Oft babbling errs, by wiser age reprov'd ;
How, niggard of his strength, the wise old hound
Hangs in the rear, till some important point
Rouse all his diligence, or till the chase
Sinking he finds ; then to the head he springs
With thirst of glory fired, and wins the prize.
Huntsman, take heed ; they stop in full career.
Yon crowding flocks, that at a distance gaze,
Have haply foil'd the turf. See ! that old hound,
How busily he works, but dares not trust
His doubtful sense ; draw yet a wider ring.
Hark ! now again the chorus fills. As bells
Sallied awhile at once their peal renew,
And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.
See, how they toss, with animated rage

Recovering all they lost!—That eager haste
Some doubling wile foreshows.—Ah! yet once more
They're check'd;—hold back with speed—on either
hand

They flourish round—ev'n yet persist—'Tis right;
Away they spring; the rustling stubbles bend
Beneath the driving storm. Now the poor chase
Begins to flag, to her last shifts reduced.

From brake to brake she flies, and visits all [cure,
Her well-known haunts, where once she ranged se-
With love and plenty bless'd. See! there she goes,
She reels along, and by her gait betrays

Her inward weakness. See, how black she looks!
The sweat that clogs the obstructed pores, scarce
A languid scent: and now in open view [leaves
See, see, she flies! each eager hound exerts
His utmost speed, and stretches every nerve.

How quick she turns! their gaping jaws eludes,
And yet a moment lives; till round enclosed
By all the greedy pack, with infant screams
She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies.

So when the furious Bacchanals assail'd
Threician Orpheus, poor ill-fated bard!

Loud was the cry, hills, woods, and Hebrus' banks,
Return'd their clamorous rage; distress'd he flies,
Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain;

For eager they pursue, till panting, faint,
By noisy multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks,
To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey.

The huntsman now, a deep incision made,
Shakes out with hands impure, and dashes down
Her reeking entrails, and yet quivering heart.
These claim the pack, the bloody perquisite
For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground she lies,

A mangled corse; in her dim glaring eyes
Cold death exults, and stiffens every limb.
Awed by the threatening whip, the furious hounds
Around her bay; or at their master's foot,
Each happy favourite courts his kind applause,
With humble adulation cowering low.
All now is joy. With cheeks full-blown they wind
Her solemn dirge, while the loud-opening pack
The concert swell, and hills and dales return
The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor hare,
A puny, dastard animal, but versed
In subtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.
But if thy proud aspiring soul disdains
So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,
Magnificence and grandeur of the chase;
Hear what the Muse from faithful records sings.


Why on the banks of Gemua, Indian stream,
Line within line, rise the pavilious proud,
Their silken streamers waving in the wind?
Why neighs the warrior-horse? From tent to tent,
Why press in crowds the buzzing multitude?
Why shines the polish'd helm, and pointed lance,
This way and that far-beaming o'er the plain?
Nor Visapour nor Golconda rebel;
Nor the great Sophy, with his numerous host
Lays waste the provinces; nor glory fires
To rob, and to destroy, beneath the name
And specious guise of war. A nobler cause
Calls Aurengzebe to arms. No cities sack'd,
No mother's tears, no helpless orphan's cries,
No violated leagues, with sharp remorse
Shall sting the conscious victor: but mankind
Shall hail him good and just. For 'tis on beasts
He draws his vengeful sword; on beasts of prey
Full-fed with human gore. See, see, he comes!

Imperial Dehli, opening wide her gates,
Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms
And all the pomp of war. Before them sound
Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs,
And bold defiance. High upon his throne,
Borne on the back of his proud elephant,
Sits the great chief of Tamur's glorious race :
Sublime he sits, amid the radiant blaze
Of gems and gold. Omrahs about him crowd,
And rein the Arabian steed, and watch his nod :
And potent Rajahs, who themselves preside
O'er realms of wide extent ; but here submit
Their homage pay, alternate kings and slaves.
Next these, with prying eunuchs girt around,
The fair sultanas of his court ; a troop
Of chosen beauties, but with care conceal'd
From each intrusive eye ; one look is death.
Ah, cruel Eastern law ! (had kings a power
But equal to their wild tyrannic will)
To rob us of the sun's all-cheering ray,
Were less severe. The vulgar close the march,
Slaves and artificers ; and Dehli mourns
Her empty and depopulated streets.
Now at the camp arrived, with stern review
Through groves of spears, from file to file he darts
His sharp experienced eye ; their order marks,
Each in his station ranged, exact and firm,
Till in the boundless line his sight is lost.
Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd,
On these extended plains, when Ammon's son
With mighty Porus in dread battle join'd,
The vassal world the prize. Nor was that host
More numerous of old, which the great king¹
Pour'd out on Greece from all the unpeopled East ;

¹ Xerxes.

That bridged the Hellespout from shore to shore,
And drank the rivers dry. Meanwhile in troops
The busy hunter-train mark out the ground,
A wide circumference, full many a league
In compass round ; woods, rivers, hills, and plains,
Large provinces ; enough to gratify
Ambition's highest aim, could reason bound
Man's erring will. Now sit in close divan
The mighty chiefs of this prodigious host.
He from the throne high-eminent presides,
Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the chase,
From ancient records drawn. With reverence low,
And prostrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
His irreversible decrees, from which
To vary, is to die. Then his brave bands
Each to his station leads ; encamping round,
Till the wide circle is completely form'd.
Where decent order reigns, what these command
Those execute with speed, and punctual care ;
In all the strictest discipline of war :
As if some watchful foe, with bold insult
Hung lowering o'er their camp. The high resolve,
That flies on wings, through all the encircling line,
Each motion steers, and animates the whole.
So by the sun's attractive power controll'd,
The planets in their spheres roll round his orb,
On all he shines, and rules the great machine.

Ere yet the morn dispels the fleeting mists,
(The signal given by the loud trumpet's voice)
Now high in air the imperial standard waves,
Emblazon'd rich with gold, and glittering gems ;
And like a sheet of fire, through the dun gloom
Streaming meteorous. The soldiers' shouts,
And all the brazen instruments of war,
With mutual clamour and united din,



Fill the large concave. While from camp to camp
They catch the varied sounds, floating in air,
Round all the wide circumference, tigers fell
Shrink at the noise; deep in his gloomy den
The lion starts, and morsels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once
Onward they march embattled, to the sound
Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,
That rouse the sleepy soul to arms, and bold
Heroic deeds. In parties here and there
Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunters range
Inquisitive; strong dogs, that match in fight
The boldest brute, around their masters wait,
A faithful guard. No haunt unsearch'd; they drive
From every covert, and from every den,
The lurking savages. Incessant shouts
Re-echo through the woods, and kindling fires
Gleam from the mountain tops; the forest seems
One mingling blaze: like flocks of sheep they fly
Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,
Boars, tigers, bears, and wolves; a dreadful crew
Of grim blood-thirsty foes: growling along,
They stalk indignant; but fierce vengeance still
Hangs pealing on their rear, and pointed spears
Present immediate death. Soon as the night,
Wrapp'd in her sable veil, forbids the chase,
They pitch their tents, in even ranks, around
The circling camp. The guards are placed, and
fires

At proper distances ascending rise,
And paint the horizon with their ruddy light:
So round some island's shore of large extent,
Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,
The billows breaking on the pointed rocks,
Seem all one flame, and the bright circuit wide

Appears a bulwark of surrounding fire.
What dreadful howlings, and what hideous roar,
Disturb those peaceful shades, where erst the bird
That glads the night had cheer'd the listening groves
With sweet complainings ! Through the silent gloom
Oft they the guards assail ; as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling rage
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild despair.
Thus day by day they still the chase renew ;
At night encamp ; till now in straiter bounds
The circle lessens, and the beasts perceive
The wall that hems them in on every side.
And now their fury bursts, and knows no mean ;
From man they turn, and point their ill-judged rage
Against their fellow-brutes. With teeth and claws
The civil war begins ; grappling they tear,
Lions on tigers prey, and bears on wolves :
Horrible discord ! till the crowd behind
Shouting pursue, and part the bloody fray.
At once their wrath subsides : tame as the lamb,
The lion hangs his head ; the furious pard,
Cow'd and subdued, flies from the face of man,
Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye :
So abject is a tyrant in distress !

At last within the narrow plain confined,
A listed field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,
An amphitheatre more glorious far [heaps
Than ancient Rome could boast, they crowd in
Dismay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array
Sheathed in refulgent arms, a noble band
Advance ; great lords of high imperial blood,
Early resolved to assert their royal race,
And prove by glorious deeds their valour's growth
Mature, ere yet the callow down has spread

Its curling shade. On bold Arabian steeds
With decent pride they sit, that fearless hear
The lion's dreadful roar; and down the rock
Swift-shooting plunge, or o'er the mountain's ridge
Stretching along, the greedy tiger leave
Panting behind. On foot their faithful slaves
With javelins arm'd attend; each watchful eye
Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone
He fears, and, to redeem his life, unmoved
Would lose his own. The mighty Aurengzebe,
From his high elevated throne, beholds
His blooming race; revolving in his mind
What once he was, in his gay spring of life,
When vigour strung his nerves. Parental joy
Melts in his eyes and flushes in his cheeks.
Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge. The shouts
Of eager hosts, through all the circling line,
And the wild howlings of the beasts within,
Rend wide the welkin; flights of arrows, wing'd
With death, and javelins launch'd from every arm,
Gall sore the brutal bands, with many a wound
Gored through and through. Despair at last prevails,
When fainting nature shrinks, and rouses all
Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious rage,
Their eyes dart fire; and on the youthful band
They rush implacable. They their broad shields
Quick interpose; on each devoted head
Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of Jove,
Descend unerring. Prostrate on the ground
The grinning monsters lie, and their foul gore
Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle stand
The trusty slaves; with pointed spears they pierce
Through their tough hides; or at their gaping mouths
An easier passage find. The king of brutes

In broken roarings breathes his last ; the bear
Grumbles in death ; nor can his spotted skin,
Though sleek it shine, with varied beauties gay,
Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate.
The battle bleeds, grim Slaughter strides along,
Glutting her greedy jaws, grins o'er her prey.
Men, horses, dogs, fierce beasts of every kind,
A strange promiscuous carnage, drench'd in blood,
And heaps on heaps amass'd. What yet remain
Alive, with vain assault contend to break
The impenetrable line. Others, whom fear
Inspires with self-preserving wiles, beneath
The bodies of the slain for shelter creep.
Aghast they fly, or hide their heads dispersed.
And now perchance (had Heaven but pleased) the
work

Of death had been complete ; and Aurengzebe
By one dread frown extinguish'd half their race ;
When lo ! the bright sultanas of his court
Appear, and to his ravish'd eyes display
Those charms, but rarely to the day reveal'd.

Lowly they bend, and humbly sue, to save
The vanquish'd host. What mortal can deny
When suppliant beauty begs ? At his command,
Opening to right and left, the well-train'd troops
Leave a large void for their retreating foes :
Away they fly, on wings of fear upborne,
To seek on distant hills their late abodes.

Ye proud oppressors, whose vain hearts exult
In wantonness of power ! 'gainst the brute race,
Fierce robbers like yourselves, a guiltless war
Wage uncontroll'd : here quench your thirst of
blood ;

But learn from Aurengzebe to spare mankind.

THE CHASE.



BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

Of King Edgar, and his imposing a tribute of wolves' heads upon the kings of Wales : from hence a transition to fox-hunting, which is described in all its parts—Censure of an over-numerous pack—Of the several engines to destroy foxes and other wild beasts—The steel-trap described, and the manner of using it—Description of the pitfall for the lion, and another for the elephant—The ancient way of hunting the tiger with a mirror—The Arabian manner of hunting the wild boar—Description of the royal stag-chase at Windsor Forest—Concludes with an address to his Majesty, and an eulogy upon mercy.

IN Albion's isle when glorious Edgar reign'd,
He, wisely provident, from her white cliffs
Launch'd half her forests, and with numerous fleets
Cover'd his wide domain : there proudly rode
Lord of the deep, the great prerogative
Of British monarchs. Each invader bold,
Dane and Norwegian, at a distance gazed,
And, disappointed, gnash'd his teeth in vain.
He scour'd the seas ; and to remotest shores
With swelling sails the trembling corsair fled.
Rich commerce flourished, and with busy oars
Dash'd the resounding surge. Nor less at land

His royal cares ; wise, potent, gracious prince !
His subjects from their cruel foes he saved,
And from rapacious savages their flocks. [paid
Cambria's proud kings (though with reluctance)
Their tributary wolves ; head after head,
In full account, till the woods yield no more,
And all the ravenous race extinct is lost.
In fertile pastures, more securely grazed
The social troops ; and soon their large increase
With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.
But yet, alas ! the wily fox remain'd,
A subtle, pilfering foe, prowling around
In midnight shades, and wakeful to destroy.
In the full fold, the poor defenceless lamb,
Seized by his guileful arts, with sweet warm blood
Supplies a rich repast. The mournful ewe,
Her dearest treasure lost, through the dun night
Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain :
While in the adjacent bush, poor Philomel
(Herself a parent once, till wanton churls
Despoil'd her nest) joins in her loud laments,
With sweeter notes and more melodious woe.

For these nocturnal thieves, huntsman ! prepare
Thy sharpest vengeance. O how glorious 'tis
To right the oppress'd, and bring the felon vile
To just disgrace ! Ere yet the morning peep,
Or stars retire from the first blush of day,
With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack,
And rouse thy bold compeers. Then to the copse,
Thick with entangling grass or prickly furze,
With silence lead thy many-colour'd hounds,
In all their beauty's pride. See ! how they range
Dispersed, how busily this way and that
They cross, examining with curious nose

Each likely haunt. Hark ! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with every mouth.
As straggling armies at the trumpet's voice
Press to their standard, hither all repair,
And hurry through the woods, with hasty step
Rustling, and full of hope ; now driven on heaps
They push, they strive ; while from his kennel sneaks
The conscious villain. See ! he skulks along,
Sleek at the shepherd's cost, and plump with meals
Purloin'd : so thrive the wicked here below !
Though high his brush he bear, though tipp'd with
It gaily shine ; yet ere the sun declined [white
Recall the shades of night, the pamper'd rogue
Shall rue his fate reversed ; and at his heels
Behold the just avenger, swift to seize
His forfeit head, and thirsting for his blood.

Heavens ! what melodious strains ! how beat our
Big with tumultuous joy ! the loaded gales [hearts
Breathe harmony ; and as the tempest drives
From wood to wood, through every dark recess
The forest thunders, and the mountains shake.
The chorus swells ; less various and less sweet
The trilling notes, when in those very groves
The feather'd choristers salute the spring,
And every bush in concert joins ; or when
The master's hand, in modulated air,
Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the powers
Of music in one instrument combine,
An universal minstrelsy. And now
In vain each earth he tries, the doors are barr'd
Impregnable, nor is the covert safe ;
He pants for purer air. Hark ! what loud shouts
Re-echo through the groves ! he breaks away ;

Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each straggling
hound

Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack :
'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths,
Now give a loose to the clean generous steed ;
Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling spur ;
But in the madness of delight forget
Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
And dangerous our course ; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In vain the stream
In foaming eddies whirls ; in vain the ditch,
Wide gaping, threatens death. The craggy steep,
Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,
And clings to every twig, gives us no pain ;
But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then up the opponent hill,
By the swift motion slung, we mount aloft :
So ships in winter-seas now sliding sink
Adown the steepy wave, then, toss'd on high,
Ride on the billows, and defy the storm. [chase

What lengths we pass ! where will the wandering
Lead us bewilder'd ? Smooth as swallows skim
The new-shorn mead, and far more swift we fly.
See my brave pack ; how to the head they press,
Justling in close array, then more diffuse,
Obliquely wheel, while from their opening mouths
The volley'd thunder breaks. So when the cranes
Their annual voyage steer, with wanton wing
Their figure oft they change, and their loud clang
From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind
The hunter-crew, wide-straggling o'er the plain !
The panting courser now with trembling nerves
Begins to reel ; urged by the goring spur,
Makes many a faint effort : he snorts, he foams,

The big round drops run trickling down his sides,
With sweat and blood distain'd. Look back and view
The strange confusion of the vale below,
Where sour vexation reigns : see yon poor jade ;
In vain the impatient rider frets and swears,
With galling spurs harrows his mangled sides ;
He can no more : his stiff unpliant limbs
Rooted in earth, unmoved and fix'd he stands,
For every cruel curse returns a groan,
And sobs, and faints, and dies. Who without grief
Can view that pamper'd steed, his master's joy,
His minion, and his daily care, well clothed,
Well fed with every nicer cate ; no cost,
No labour spared ; who, when the flying chase
Broke from the copse, without a rival led
The numerous train : now a sad spectacle
Of pride brought low, and humbled insolence,
Drove like a pannier'd ass, and scourged along.
While these with loosen'd reins, and dangling heels,
Hang on their reeling palfreys, that scarce bear
Their weights ; another in the treacherous bog
Lies floundering, half iugulf'd. What biting thoughts
Torment the abandon'd crew ! old age laments
His vigour spent : the tall, plump, brawny youth
Curses his cumbrous bulk, and envies now
The short pygmean race he whilom kenn'd
With proud insulting leer. A chosen few
Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath [height
Their pleasing toils. Here, huntsman ! from this
Observe yon birds of prey ; if I can judge,
'Tis there the villain lurks ; they hover round,
And claim him as their own. Was I not right ?—
See ! there he creeps along ; his brush he drags,
And sweeps the mire impure ; from his wide jaws

His tongue unmoisten'd hangs ; symptoms too sure
Of sudden death. Ah ! yet he flies, nor yields
To black despair : but one loose more, and all
His wiles are vain. Hark ! through yon village now
The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
And leafless elms return the joyous sounds.

Through every homestall, and through every yard,
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies ;
Through every hole he sneaks, through every jakes
Plunging he wades besmear'd, and fondly hopes
In a superior stench to lose his own :

But, faithful to the track, the unerring hounds

• With peals of echoing vengeance close pursue.

And now distress'd, no sheltering covert near,
Into the hen-roost creeps, whose walls with gore
Distain'd attest his guilt. There, villain, there
Expect thy fate deserved. And soon from thence
The pack inquisitive, with clamour loud,
Drag out their trembling prize, and on his blood
With greedy transport feast. In bolder notes
Each sounding horn proclaims the felon dead :
And all the assembled village shouts for joy.

The farmer, who beholds his mortal foe
Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,
And grateful calls us to a short repast :
In the full glass the liquid amber smiles,
Our native product ; and his good old mate
With choicest viands heaps the liberal board,
To crown our triumphs, and reward our toils.

Here must the instructive Muse (but with respect)
Censure that numerous pack, that crowd of state,
With which the vain profusion of the great
Covers the lawn, and shakes the trembling copse.
Pompous encumbrance ! a magnificence

Useless, vexatious ! for the wily fox,
Safe in the increasing number of his foes,
Kens well the great advantage ; slinks behind,
And slyly creeps through the same beaten track,
And hunts them step by step ; then views escaped
With inward ecstasy, the panting throng
In their own footsteps puzzled, foil'd, and lost.
So when proud Eastern kings summon to arms
Their gaudy legions, from far distant climes
They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world :
But when the day of battle calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd foe, a band compact
Of chosen veterans ; they press blindly on,
In heaps confused, by their own weapons fall,
A smoking carnage scatter'd o'er the plain.

Nor hounds alone this noxious brood destroy :
The plunder'd warrener full many a wile
Devises to entrap his greedy foe,
Fat with nocturnal spoils : at close of day,
With silence drags his trail ; then from the ground
Pares thin the close-grazed turf, there with nice hand
Covers the latent death, with curious springs
Prepared to fly at once, whene'er the tread
Of man or beast unwarily shall press
The yielding surface. By the indented steel
With gripe tenacious held, the felon grins,
And struggles, but in vain : yet oft 'tis known,
When every art has fail'd, the captive fox
Has shared the wounded joint, and with a limb
Compounded for his life. But if perchance
In the deep pitfall plunged, there's no escape ;
But unreprieved he dies, and, bleach'd in air,
The jest of clowns, his reeking carcass hangs.

Of these are various kinds ; not ev'n the king

Of brutes evades this deep devouring grave :
But by the wily African betray'd,
Heedless of fate, within its gaping jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient beam
With blushes paints the dawn ; and all the race
Carnivorous, with blood full-gorged, retire
Into their darksome cells, there satiate snore
O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs
Of men and beasts ; the painful forester
Climbs the high hills, whose proud aspiring tops,
With the tall cedar crown'd, and taper fir,
Assail the clouds. There 'mong the craggy rocks,
And thickets intricate, trembling he views
His footsteps in the sand ; the dismal road
And avenue to death. Hither he calls
His watchful bands ; and low into the ground
A pit they sink, full many a fathom deep.
Then in the midst a column high is rear'd,
The butt of some fair tree ; upon whose top
A lamb is placed, just ravish'd from his dam :
And next a wall they build, with stones and earth,
Encircling round, and hiding from all view
The dreadful precipice. Now when the shades
Of night hang lowering o'er the mountain's brow,
And hunger keen, and pungent thirst of blood,
Rouse up the slothful beast, he shakes his sides,
Slow-rising from his lair, and stretches wide
His ravenous paws, with recent gore distain'd.
The forests tremble, as he roars aloud,
Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears
The bleating innocent, that claims in vain
The shepherd's care, and seeks with piteous moan
The foodful teat ; himself, alas ! design'd
Another's meal. For now the greedy brute

Winds him from far ; and leaping o'er the mound
To seize his trembling prey, headlong is plunged
Into the deep abyss. Prostrate he lies,
Astunn'd and impotent. Ah ! what avail
Thine eye-balls flashing fire, thy length of tail
That lashes thy broad sides, thy jaws besmear'd
With blood and offals crude, thy shaggy main
The terror of the woods, thy stately port,
And bulk enormous, since by stratagem
Thy strength is foil'd ? Unequal is the strife,
When sovereign reason combats brutal rage.

On distant Ethiopia's sun-burnt coasts,
The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
But of a different kind, and different use.
With slender poles the wide capacious mouth,
And hurdles slight, they close ; o'er these is spread
A floor of verdant turf, with all its flowers
Smiling delusive, and from strictest search
Concealing the deep grave that yawns below.
Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit.
Of various kinds surcharged ; the downy peach,
The clustering vine, and of bright golden rind
The fragrant orange. Soon as evening gray
Advances slow, besprinkling all around
With kind refreshing dews the thirsty glebe,
The stately elephant from the close shade
With step majestic strides, eager to taste
The cooler breeze, that from the sea-beat shore
Delightful breathes, or in the limpid stream
To lave his panting sides ; joyous he scents
The rich repast, unweeting of the death
That lurks within : and soon he sporting breaks
The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
The fruit delicious. Ah ! too dearly bought ;

The price is life. For now the treacherous turf
Trembling gives way ; and the unwieldy beast,
Self-sinking, drops into the dark profound.
So when dilated vapours, struggling, heave
The incumbent earth ; if chance the cavern'd ground
Shrinking subside, and the thin surface yield,
Down sinks at once the ponderous dome, ingulf'd
With all its towers. Subtle, delusive man !
How various are thy wiles ! artful to kill
Thy savage foes, a dull unthinking race !
Fierce from his lair springs forth the speckled pard,
Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy ;
The huntsman flies, but to his flight alone
Confides not : at convenient distance fix'd,
A polish'd mirror stops in full career
The furious brute : he there his image views ;
Spots against spots with rage improving glow ;
Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,
Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing, and wide
Distends his opening paws ; himself against
Himself opposed, and with dread vengeance arm'd.
The huntsman now secure, with fatal aim
Directs the pointed spear, by which transfix'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.
Thus man innumerable engines forms, to assail
The savage kind : but most the docile horse,
Swift and confederate with man, annoys
His brethren of the plains ; without whose aid
The hunter's arts are vain, unskill'd to wage
With the more active brutes an equal war.
But borne by him, without the well-train'd pack,
Man dares his foe, on wings of wind secure.

Him the fierce Arab mounts, and with his troop
Of bold compeers ranges the deserts wild ;
Where, by the magnet's aid, the traveller

Steers his untrodden course ; yet oft on land
Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of sand
Immersed and lost : while these intrepid bands,
Safe in their horses' speed, out-fly the storm,
And scouring round, make men and beasts their
prey.

The grisly boar is singled from his herd,
As large as that in Erymanthian woods,
A match for Hercules. Round him they fly
In circles wide ; and each in passing sends
His feather'd death into his brawny sides.
But perilous the attempt : for if the steed
Haply too near approach ; or the loose earth
His footing fail ; the watchful angry beast
'The advantage spies ; and at one sidelong glance
Rips up his groin. Wounded, he rears aloft,
And plunging, from his back the rider hurls
Precipitant ; then bleeding spurns the ground,
And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.
Meanwhile the surly monster trots along,
But with unequal speed ; for still they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the spacious ring. A wood
Of darts upon his back he bears ; adown
His tortured sides the crimson torrents roll
From many a gaping font : and now at last
Staggering he falls, in blood and foam expires.

But whither roves my devious Muse, intent
On antique tales, while yet the royal stag
Unsung remains ? Tread with respectful awe
Windsor's green glades, where Denham, tuneful
bard !

Charm'd once the listening dryads with his song
Sublimely sweet.—O, grant me, sacred Shade !
To glean submit what thy full sickle leaves.

The morning sun that gilds with trembling rays

Windsor's high towers, beholds the courtly train
Mount for the chase, nor views in all his course
A scene so gay : heroic, noble youths,
In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs
The fairest of this isle, where beauty dwells
Delighted, and deserts her Paphian grove
For our more favour'd shades : in proud parade
These shine magnificent, and press around
The royal happy pair. Great in themselves,
They smile superior of external show
Regardless, while their inbred virtues give
A lustre to their power, and grace their court
With real splendours, far above the pomp
Of Eastern kings in all their tinsel pride.
Like troops of Amazons, the female band
Prance round their cars ; not in refulgent arms,
As those of old : unskill'd to wield the sword,
Or bend the bow, these kill with surer aim.
The royal offspring, fairest of the fair,
Lead on the splendid train. Anna, more bright
Than summer suns, or as the lightning keen,
With irresistible effulgence arm'd,
Fires every heart. He must be more than man,
Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray.
Amelia, milder than the blushing dawn,
With sweet engaging air, but equal power,
Insensibly subdues, and in soft chains
Her willing captives leads. Illustrious maids,
Ever triumphant ! whose victorious charms,
Without the needless aid of high descent, [lords
Had awed mankind, and taught the world's great
To bow and sue for grace. But who is he
Fresh as a rose-bud newly blown, and fair
As opening lilies ; on whom every eye

With joy and admiration dwells ? See, see,
He reins his docile barb with manly grace.
Is it Adonis for the chase array'd,
Or Britain's second hope ? Hail, blooming Youth !
May all your virtues with your years improve,
Till in consummate worth, you shine the pride
Of these our days, and to succeeding times
A bright example. As his guard of mutes
On the great sultan wait, with eyes deject
And fix'd on earth, no voice, no sound is heard
Within the wide serail ; but all is hush'd,
And awful silence reigns ; thus stand the pack
Mute and unmoved, and cowering low to earth,
While pass the glittering court, and royal pair :
So disciplined those hounds, and so reserved,
Whose honour 'tis to glad the hearts of kings.
But soon the winding horn, and huntsman's voice,
Let loose the general chorus ; far around
Joy spreads its wings, and the gay morning smiles.

Unharbour'd now the royal stag forsakes
His wonted lair ; he shakes his dappled sides,
And tosses high his beamy head ; the copse
Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling shifts
He tries ! not more the wily hare ; in these
Would still persist, did not the full-mouth'd pack
With dreadful concert thunder in his rear :
The woods reply, the hunter's cheering shouts
Float through the glades, and the wide forest rings.
How merrily they chant ! their nostrils deep
Inhale the grateful steam. Such is the cry,
And such the harmonious din, the soldier deems
The battle kindling, and the statesman grave
Forgets his weighty cares ; each age, each sex
In the wild transport joins ; luxuriant joy,

And pleasure in excess, sparkling exult
On every brow, and revel unrestrain'd.
How happy art thou, man, when thou'rt no more
Thyself ! when all the pangs that grind thy soul,
In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,
Yield a short interval and ease from pain !

See the swift courser strains, his shining hoofs
Securely beat the solid ground. Who now
The dangerous pitfall fears, with tangling heath
High-overgrown ; or who the quivering bog,
Soft-yielding to the step ? All now is plain,
Plain as the strand sea-laved, that stretches far
Beneath the rocky shore. Glades crossing glades
The forest opens to our wondering view :
Such was the king's command. Let tyrants fierce
Lay waste the world ; his the more glorious part
To check their pride ; and when the brazen voice
Of war is hush'd, (as erst victorious Rome)
To employ his station'd legions in the works
Of peace ; to smoothe the rugged wilderness ;
To drain the stagnant fen ; to raise the slope
Depending road ; and to make gay the face
Of nature with the embellishments of art.

How melts my beating heart, as I behold
Each lovely nymph, our island's boast and pride,
Push on the generous steed, that smokes along
O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy hill,
Nor falters in the extended vale below ;
Their garments loosely waving in the wind,
And all the flush of beauty in their cheeks ;
While at their sides their pensive lovers wait ;
Direct their dubious course ; now chill'd with fear
Solicitous, and now with love inflamed !
O, grant, indulgent Heaven ! no rising storm

May darken with black wings this glorious scene !
Should some malignant power thus damp our joys,
Vain were the gloomy cave, such as of old
Betray'd to lawless love the Tyrian queen :
For Britain's virtuous nymphs are chaste as fair,
Spotless, unblamed, with equal triumph reign
In the dun gloom, as in the blaze of day.

Now the blown stag, through woods, bogs, roads,
and streams

Has measured half the forest ; but alas !
He flies in vain, he flies not from his fears.
Though far he cast the lingering pack behind,
His haggard fancy still with horror views
The fell destroyer ; still the fatal cry
Insults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.
So the poor fury-haunted wretch (his hands
In guiltless blood distain'd) still seems to hear
The dying shrieks ; and the pale threatening ghost
Moves as he moves, and as he flies, pursues.
See here his slot ; up yon green hill he climbs,
Pants on its brow awhile, sadly looks back
On his pursuers, covering all the plain ;
But wrung with anguish, bears not long the sight,
Shoots down the steep, and sweats along the vale :
There mingles with the herd, where once he reign'd
Proud monarch of the groves, whose clashing beam
His rivals awed, and whose exalted power
Was still rewarded with successful love.
But the base herd have learn'd the ways of men ;
Averse they fly, or with rebellious aim
Chase him from thence : needless their impious deed,
The huntsman knows him by a thousand marks,
Black, and emboss'd ; nor are his hounds deceived ;
Too well distinguish these, and never leave

Their once devoted foe ; familiar grows
His scent, and strong their appetite to kill.
Again he flies, and with redoubled speed
Skims o'er the lawn ; still the tenacious crew
Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,
And push him many a league. If haply then
Too far escaped, and the gay courtly train
Behind are cast, the huntsman's clanging whip
Stops full their bold career ; passive they stand,
Unmoved, an humble, an obsequious crowd,
As if by stern Medusa gazed to stones.
So at their general's voice whole armies halt
In full pursuit, and check their thirst of blood.
Soon at the king's command, like hasty streams
Damm'd up awhile, they foam, and pour along
With fresh-recruited might. The stag, who hoped
His foes were lost, now once more hears astunn'd
The dreadful din ; he shivers every limb,
He starts, he bounds ; each bush presents a foe.
Press'd by the fresh relay, no pause allow'd,
Breathless and faint, he falters in his pace,
And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that scarce
Sustain their load ; he pants, he sobs appall'd,
Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath
His cumbrous beams oppress'd. But if perchance
Some prying eye surprise him, soon he rears
Erect his towering front, bounds o'er the lawn
With ill-dissembled vigour, to amuse
The knowing forester, who inly smiles
At his weak shifts, and unavailing frauds :
So midnight tapers waste their last remains,
Shine forth awhile, and as they blaze expire.
From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,
And bellow through the vales ; the moving storm

Thickens amain, and loud triumphant shouts,
And horns shrill-warbling in each glade, prelude
To his approaching fate. And now in view
With hobbling gait, and high, exerts amazed
What strength is left: to the last dregs of life
Reduced, his spirits fail, on every side
Hemm'd in, besieged; not the least opening left
To gleaming hope, the unhappy's last reserve.
Where shall he turn, or whither fly? Despair
Gives courage to the weak. Resolved to die,
He fears no more, but rushes on his foes,
And deals his deaths around; beneath his feet
These grovelling lie, those by his antlers gored
Defile the ensanguined plain. Ah! see distress'd
He stands at bay against yon knotty trunk,
That covers well his rear; his front presents
An host of foes. O! shun, ye noble train,
The rude encounter, and believe your lives
Your country's due alone. As now aloof
They wing around, he finds his soul upraised,
To dare some great exploit; he charges home
Upon the broken pack, that on each side
Fly diverse; then, as o'er the turf he strains,
He vents the cooling stream, and up the breeze
Urges his course with eager violence;
Then takes the soil, and plunges in the flood
Precipitant; down the mid-stream he wafts
Along, till (like a ship distress'd, that runs
Into some winding creek) close to the verge
Of a small island, for his weary feet
Sure anchorage he finds, there skulks immersed.
His nose alone above the wave draws in
The vital air; all else beneath the flood
Conceal'd and lost, deceives each prying eye

Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack
Draw on the margin of the stream, or cut
The liquid wave with oary feet, that move
In equal time. The gliding waters leave
No trace behind, and his contracted pores
But sparingly perspire: the huntsman strains
His labouring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain.
At length a blood-hound bold, studious to kill,
And exquisite of sense, winds him from far;
Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
Loud opening spends amain, and his wide throat
Swells every note with joy; then fearless dives
Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch, and wounds
The unhappy brute, that flounders in the stream,
Sorely distress'd, and struggling strives to mount
The steepy shore. Haply once more escaped,
Again he stands at bay, amid the groves
Of willows, bending low their downy heads.
Outrageous transport fires the greedy pack;
These swim the deep, and those crawl up with pain
The slippery bank, while others on firm land
Engage; the stag repels each bold assault,
Maintains his post, and wounds for wounds returns.
As when some wily corsair boards a ship
Full-freighted, or from Afric's golden coasts,
Or India's wealthy straud, his bloody crew
Upon her deck he slings; these in the deep
Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy sides,
And clinging climb aloft; while those on board
Urge on the work of fate; the master bold,
Press'd to his last retreat, bravely resolves
To sink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,
His wealth, his foes, nor unrevenged to die.
So fares it with the stag: so he resolves

To plunge at once into the flood below,
Himself, his foes in one deep gulf immersed,
Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
In wild disorder once more views the light;
Beneath a weight of woe, he groans distress'd :
The tears run trickling down his hairy cheeks ;
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds
His wretched plight, and tenderness innate
Moves his great soul : soon at his high command
Rebuked, the disappointed hungry pack
Retire submiss, and grumbling quit their prey.

Great Prince ! from thee what may thy subjects
hope,

So kind, and so beneficent to brutes ?
O Mercy, heavenly born ! sweet attribute !
Thou great, thou best prerogative of power !
Justice may guard the throne, but join'd with thee,
On rocks of adamant it stands secure,
And braves the storm beneath ; soon as thy smiles
Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves subside,
And all the noisy tumult sinks in peace.

THE CHASE.



BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Of the necessity of destroying some beasts, and preserving others for the use of man—Of breeding of hounds; the season for this business—The choice of the dog of great moment—Of the litter of whelps—Of the number to be reared—Of setting them out to their several walks—Care to be taken to prevent their hunting too soon—Of entering the whelps—Of breaking them from running at sheep—Of the diseases of hounds—Of their age—Of madness; two sorts of it described, the dumb and outrageous madness: its dreadful effects—Burning of the wound recommended as preventing all ill consequences—The infectious hounds to be separated, and fed apart—The vanity of trusting to the many infallible cures for this malady—The dismal effects of the biting of a mad dog, upon man, described—Description of the otter-hunting—The conclusion.

WHATE'ER of earth is form'd, to earth returns
Dissolved: the various objects we behold,
Plants, animals, this whole material mass,
Are ever changing, ever new. The soul
Of man alone, that particle divine,
Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail.
Hence, great the distance 'twixt the beasts that
perish,
And God's bright image, man's immortal race!
The brute creation are his property,

Subservient to his will, and for him made :
As hurtful these he kills, as useful those
Preserves ; their sole and arbitrary king.
Should he not kill, as erst the Samian sage
Taught unadvised, and Indian brachmans now
As vainly preach ; the teeming ravenous brutes
Might fill the scanty space of this terrene,
Encumbering all the globe : should not his care
Improve his growing stock, their kinds might fail,
Man might once more on roots and acorns feed,
And through the deserts range, shivering forlorn,
Quite destitute of every solace dear,
And every smiling gaiety of life.

The prudent huntsman therefore will supply
With annual large recruits his broken pack,
And propagate their kind. As from the root
Fresh scions still spring forth, and daily yield
New blooming honours to the parent tree :
Far shall his pack be famed, far sought his breed,
And princes at their tables feast those hounds
His hand presents, an acceptable boon.

Ere yet the Sun through the bright Ram has urged
His steepy course, or mother Earth unbound
Her frozen bosom to the western gale ;
When feather'd troops, their social leagues dissolved,
Select their mates, and on the leafless elm
The noisy rook builds high her wicker nest ;
Mark well the wanton females of thy pack,
That curl their taper tails, and frisking court
Their pycbald mates enamour'd ; their red eyes
Flash fires impure ; nor rest, nor food they take,
Goaded by furious love. In separate cells
Confine them now, lest bloody civil wars
Annoy thy peaceful state. If left at large,
The growling rivals in dread battle join,

And rude encounter. On Scamander's streams
Heroes of old with far less fury fought,
For the bright Spartan dame, their valour's prize.
Mangled and torn thy favourite hounds shall lie,
Stretch'd on the ground ; thy kennel shall appear
A field of blood : like some unhappy town
In civil broils confused, while Discord shakes
Her bloody scourge aloft, fierce parties rage,
Staining their impious hands in mutual death ;
And still the best beloved, and bravest fall.
Such are the dire effects of lawless love !

Huntsman ! these ills by timely prudent care
Prevent ; for every longing dame select
Some happy paramour ; to him alone
In leagues connubial join. Consider well
His lineage ; what his fathers did of old,
Chiefs of the pack, and first to climb the rock,
Or plunge into the deep, or thread the brake
With thorns sharp-pointed, splash'd, and briars in-
woven ;

Observe with care his shape, sort, colour, size.
Nor will sagacious huntsmen less regard
His inward habits : the vain babbler shun,
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong ;
His foolish offspring shall offend thy ears
With false alarms, and loud impertinence.
Nor less the shifting cur avoid, that breaks
Illusive from the pack ; to the next hedge
Devious he strays, there every mew he tries :
If haply then he cross the streaming scent,
Away he flies vain-glorious, and exults
As of the pack supreme, and in his speed
And strength unrivall'd. Lo ! cast far behind,
His vex'd associates pant, and labouring strain
To climb the steep ascent. Soon as they reach

The insulting boaster, his false courage fails,
Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal noose ;
His master's hate, and scorn of all the field.
What can from such be hoped, but a base brood
Of coward curs, a frantic, vagrant race ?

When now the third revolving moon appears,
With sharpen'd horns, above the horizon's brink ;
Without Lucina's aid, expect thy hopes
Are amply crown'd ; short pangs produce to light
The smoking litter crawling, helpless, blind ;
Nature their guide, they seek the pouting teat
That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender dam
Has form'd them with her tongue, with pleasure view
The marks of their renown'd progenitors ;
Sure pledge of triumphs yet to come. All these
Select with joy ; but to the merciless flood
Expose the dwindling refuse, nor o'erload
The indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,
Unwilling to destroy, a nurse provide,
And to the foster-parent give the care
Of thy superfluous brood ; she'll cherish kind
The alien offspring ; pleased thou shalt behold
Her tenderness, and hospitable love.

If frolic now and playful, they desert
Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf,
With nerves improved, pursue the mimic chase,
Coursing around ; unto thy choicest friends
Commit thy valued prize : the rustic dames
Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
Receive thy growing hopes, with many a kiss
Caress, and dignify their little charge
With some great title, and resounding name
Of high import. But cautious here observe
To check their youthful ardour, nor permit
The unexperienced younker, immature,

Alone to range the woods, or haunt the brakes
Where dodging conies sport, his nerves unstrung,
And strength unequal: the laborious chase
Shall stint his growth, and his rash forward youth
Contract such vicious habits, as thy care
And late correction never shall reclaim.

When to full strength arrived, mature and bold,
Conduct them to the field; not all at once,
But as thy cooler prudence shall direct,
Select a few, and form them by degrees
To stricter discipline. With these consort
The stanch and steady sages of thy pack,
By long experience versed in all the wiles
And subtle doublings of the various chase.
Easy the lesson of the youthful train,
When instinct prompts, and when example guides.
If the too forward younker at the head
Press boldly on, in wanton sportive mood,
Correct his haste, and let him feel abash'd
The ruling whip; but if he stoop behind
In wary modest guise, to his own nose
Confiding sure; give him full scope to work
His winding way, and with thy voice applaud
His patience and his care; soon shalt thou view
The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,
And all the listening pack attend his call.

Oft lead them forth where wanton lambkins play,
And bleating dams with jealous eyes observe
Their tender care. If at the crowding flock
He bay presumptuous, or with eager haste
Pursue them scatter'd o'er the verdant plain;
In the foul fact attach'd, to the strong ram
Tie fast the rash offender. See! at first
His horn'd companion, fearful and amazed,

Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged ground :
Then with his load fatigued, shall turn a-head,
And with his curl'd hard front incessant peal
The panting wretch ; till breathless and astunn'd,
Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then spare not thou
The twining whip, but ply his bleeding sides
Lash after lash, and with thy threatening voice,
Harsh-echoing from the hills, inculcate loud
His vile offence. Sooner shall trembling doves,
Escaped the hawk's sharp talons, in mid air
Assail their dangerous foe, than he once more
Disturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age
Thus youth is train'd ; as curious artists bend
The taper, pliant twig, or potters form
Their soft and ductile clay to various shapes.

Nor is't enough to breed ; but to preserve
Must be the huntsman's care. The stanch old
 hounds,

Guides of thy pack, though but in number few,
Are yet of great account ; shall oft untie
The Gordian knot, when reason at a stand
Puzzling is lost, and all thy art is vain.
O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaster'd roads,
O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks distain'd
Rank-scenting, these must lead the dubious way.
As party-chiefs in senates who preside,
With pleaded reason and with well-turn'd speech
Conduct the staring multitude ; so these
Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve,
And loudly boast discoveries not their own.

Unnumber'd accidents, and various ills,
Attend thy pack, hang hovering o'er their heads,
And point the way that leads to Death's dark cave.
Short is their span ; few at the date arrive

Of ancient Argus, in old Homer's song
So highly honour'd : kind, sagacious brute !
Not ev'n Minerva's wisdom could conceal
Thy much-loved master from thy nicer sense.
Dying his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
With eager eyes, then closed those eyes, well pleased.

Of lesser ills the Muse declines to sing,
Nor stoops so low ; of these each groom can tell
The proper remedy. But O ! what care,
What prudence can prevent madness, the worst
Of maladies ? Terrific pest ! that blasts
The huntsman's hopes, and desolation spreads
Through all the unpeopled kennel unrestrain'd,
More fatal than the envenom'd viper's bite,
Or that Apulian spider's poisonous sting,
Heal'd by the pleasing antidote of sounds.

When Sirius reigns, and the sun's parching beams
Bake the dry gaping surface, visit thou
Each eve and morn, with quick observant eye,
Thy panting pack. If in dark sullen mood
The glouting hound refuse his wonted meal,
Retiring to some close, obscure retreat,
Gloomy, disconsolate—with speed remove
The poor infectious wretch, and in strong chains
Bind him suspected. Thus that dire disease,
Which art can't cure, wise caution may prevent.

But this neglected, soon expect a change,
A dismal change, confusion, frenzy, death.
Or in some dark recess the senseless brute
Sits sadly pining : deep melancholy,
And black despair, upon his clouded brow
Hang lowering ; from his half-opening jaws
The clammy venom, and infectious froth,
Distilling fall ; and from his lungs inflamed,
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,

Breathing perdition : his dim eyes are glazed ;
He droops his pensive head, his trembling limbs
No more support his weight ; abject he lies,
Dumb, spiritless, benumb'd ; till death at last
Gracious attends, and kindly brings relief.

Or if outrageous grown, behold, alas !
A yet more dreadful scene ; his glaring eyes
Redden with fury, like some angry boar
Churning he foams ; and on his back erect
His pointed bristles rise ; his tail incurved
He drops, and with harsh broken howlings rends
The poison-tainted air, with rough hoarse voice
Incessant bays, and snuffs the infectious breeze :
This way and that he stares aghast, and starts
At his own shade ; jealous, as if he deem'd
The world his foes. If haply toward the stream
He cast his roving eye, cold horror chills
His soul ; averse he flies, trembling, appall'd.
Now frantic to the kennel's utmost verge
Raving he runs, and deals destruction round :
The pack fly diverse ; for whate'er he meets
Vengeful he bites, and every bite is death.

If now perchance through the weak fence
 escaped,
Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth
Inhales the cooling breeze ; nor man nor beast
He spares, implacable. The hunter-horse,
Once kind associate of his silvan toils,
(Who haply now without the kennel's mound
Crops the rank mead, and listening hears with joy
The cheering cry, that morn and eve salutes
His raptured sense) a wretched victim falls.
Unhappy quadruped ! no more, alas !
Shall thy fond master with his voice applaud
Thy gentleness, thy speed ; or with his hand

Stroke thy soft dappled sides, as he each day
Visits thy stall, well-pleased; no more shalt thou
With sprightly neighings, to the winding horn,
And the loud opening pack in concert join'd,
Glad his proud heart. For O! the secret wound
Rankling inflames; he bites the ground, and dies.

Hence to the village with pernicious haste
Baleful he bends his course: the village flies
Alarm'd; the tender mother in her arms
Hugs close the trembling babe; the doors are barr'd;
And flying curs, by native instinct taught,
Shun the contagious bane: the rustic bands
Hurry to arms, the rude militia seize
Whate'er at hand they find; clubs, forks, or guns,
From every quarter charge the furious foe,
In wild disorder, and uncouth array; [gored,
Till now with wounds on wounds oppress'd and
At one short poisonous gasp he breathes his last.

Hence to the kennel, Muse! return, and view
With heavy heart that hospital of woe,
Where horror stalks at large; insatiate death
Sits growling o'er his prey: each hour presents
A different scene of ruin and distress.
How busy art thou, Fate! and how severe
Thy pointed wrath! the dying and the dead
Promiscuous lie; o'er these the living fight
In one eternal broil; not conscious why,
Nor yet with whom. So drunkards in their cups
Spare not their friends, while senseless squabble
reigns.

Huntsman! it much behoves thee to avoid
The perilous debate. Ah! rouse up all
Thy vigilance, and tread the treacherous ground
With careful step. Thy fires unquench'd preserve,

As erst the vestal flame; the pointed steel
In the hot embers hide; and if surprised
Thou feel'st the deadly bite, quick urge it home
Into the recent sore, and cauterize
The wound; spare not thy flesh, nor dread the event;
Vulcan shall save when Æsculapius fails.

Here, should the knowing Muse recount the
means

To stop this growing plague: and here, alas!
Each hand presents a sovereign cure, and boasts
Infallibility, but boasts in vain.

On this depend; each to his separate seat
Confine, in fetters bound; give each his mess
Apart, his range in open air; and then
If deadly symptoms to thy grief appear,
Devote the wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A generous victim for the public weal.

Sing, philosophic Muse, the dire effects
Of this contagious bite on hapless man.
The rustic swains, by long tradition taught
Of leeches old, as soon as they perceive
The bite impress'd, to the sea-coasts repair.
Plunged in the briny flood, the unhappy youth
Now journeys home secure; but soon shall wish
The seas as yet had cover'd him beneath
The foaming surge, full many a fathom deep:
A fate more dismal, and superior ill
Hang o'er his head devoted. When the moon,
Closing her monthly round, returns again
To glad the night; or when full-orb'd she shines
High in the vault of heaven; the lurking pest
Begins the dire assault. The poisonous foam
Through the deep wound instill'd with hostile rage,
And all its fiery particles saline,

Invades the arterial fluid ; whose red waves
Tempestuous heave, and their cohesion broke,
Fermenting boil ; intestine war ensues,
And order to confusion turns embroil'd.
Now the distended vessels scarce contain
The wild uproar, but press each weaker part,
Unable to resist : the tender brain
And stomach suffer most ; convulsions shake
His trembling nerves, and wandering pungent pains
Pinch sore the sleepless wretch ; his fluttering pulse
Oft intermits ; pensive and sad he mourns
His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends
Laments in vain ; to hasty anger prone,
Resents each slight offence, walks with quick step,
And wildly stares ; at last with boundless sway
The tyrant frenzy reigns. For as the dog
(Whose fatal bite convey'd the infectious bane)
Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bates :
Like agitations in his boiling blood
Present like species to his troubled mind ;
His nature, and his actions all canine.
So as (old Homer sung) the associates wild
Of wandering Ithacus, by Circe's charms
To swine transform'd, run gruntling through the
groves :

Dreadful example to a wicked world !
See there distress'd he lies ! parch'd up with thirst,
But dares not drink : till now at last his soul
Trembling escapes, her noisome dungeon leaves,
And to some purer region wings away.

One labour yet remains, celestial Maid !
Another element demands thy song.
No more o'er craggy steeps, through coverts thick
With pointed thorn, and briars intricate,
Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack :

But skim with wanton wing the irriguous vale,
Where winding streams amid the flowery meads
Perpetual glide along, and undermine
The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
Of hoary willows arch'd ; gloomy retreat
Of the bright scaly kind ; where they at will,
On the green watery reed their pasture graze,
Suck the moist soil, or slumber at their ease,
Rock'd by the restless brook, that draws aslope
Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes.
Where rages not oppression ? Where, alas !
Is innocence secure ? Rapine and spoil
Haunt ev'n the lowest deeps ; seas have their sharks ;
Rivers and ponds enclosed, the ravenous pike ;
He in his turn becomes a prey ; on him
The amphibious otter feasts. Just is his fate
Deserved : but tyrants knows no bounds ; nor spears
That bristle on his back, defend the perch
From his wide greedy jaws ; nor burnish'd mail
The yellow carp ; nor all his arts can save
The insinuating eel, that hides his head
Beneath the slimy mud ; nor yet escapes
The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride,
And beauty of the stream. Without remorse,
This midnight pillager, ranging around,
Insatiate swallows all. The owner mourns
The unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
The huntsman's early call, and sees with joy
The jovial crew, that march upon its banks
In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.

This subtle spoiler of the beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where ancient alders shade
The deep still pool, within some hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch ; whence he surveys
His long purlien, lord of the stream, and all

The finny shoals his own. But you, brave youths,
Dispute the felon's claim ; try every root,
And every reedy bank ; encourage all
The busy-spreading pack, that fearless plunge
Into the flood, and cross the rapid stream.
Bid rocks and caves, and each resounding shore,
Proclaim your bold defiance ; loudly raise
Each cheering voice, till distant hills repeat
The triumphs of the vale. On the soft sand
See there his seal impress'd ! and on that bank
Behold the glittering spoils, half-eaten fish,
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feast.
Ah ! on that yielding sag-bed, see, once more
His seal I view : o'er yon dank rushy marsh
The sly goose-footed prowler bends his course,
And seeks the distant shallows. Huntsman, bring
Thy eager pack ; and trail him to his couch.
Hark ! the loud peal begins, the clamorous joy,
The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.

Ye Naiads fair, who o'er these floods preside,
Raise up your dripping heads above the wave,
And hear our melody ; the harmonious notes
Float with the stream ; and every winding creek
And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood
Nods pendent, still improve from shore to shore
Our sweet reiterated joys. What shouts !
What clamour loud ! what gay heart-cheering sounds
Urge through the breathing brass their mazy way !
Not quires of tritons glad with sprightlier strains
The dancing billows, when proud Neptune rides
In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily
They snuff the fishy steam, that to each blade
Rank-scenting clings. See ! how the morning dews
They sweep, that from their feet besprinkling drop

Dispersed, and leave a track oblique behind.
Now on firm land they range ; then in the flood
They plunge tumultuous ; or through reedy pools
Rustling they work their way : no holt escapes
Their curious search. With quick sensation now
The fuming vapour stings ; flutter their hearts,
And joy redoubled bursts from every mouth
In louder symphonies. Yon hollow trunk,
That with its hoary head incurved salutes
The passing wave, must be the tyrant's fort,
And dread abode. How these impatient climb !
While others at the root incessant bay ;
They put him down. See, there he dives along !
The ascending bubbles mark his gloomy way :
Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
Into the sheltering deeps. Ah, there he vents !
The pack lunge headlong, and protended spears
Menace destruction ; while the troubled surge
Indignant foams, and all the scaly kind
Affrighted, hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,
And loud uproar. Ah, there once more he vents !
See, that bold hound has seized him ; down they
sink,

Together lost : but soon shall he repent
His rash assault. See, there escaped, he flies
Half-drown'd, and clambers up the slippery bank
With ooze and blood distain'd. Of all the brutes,
Whether by Nature form'd, or by long use,
This artful diver best can bear the want
Of vital air. Unequal is the fight,
Beneath the whelming element. Yet there
He lives not long ; but respiration needs
At proper intervals. Again he vents !
Again the crowd attack. That spear has pierced

His neck ; the crimson waves confess the wound.
Fix'd is the bearded lance, unwelcome guest,
Where'er he flies ; with him it sinks beneath,
With him it mounts ; sure guide to every foe.
Inly he groans ; nor can his tender wound
Bear the cold stream. Lo ! to yon sedgy bank
He creeps disconsolate ; his numerous foes
Surround him, hounds and men. Pierced through
and through,

On pointed spears they lift him high in air ;
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain.
Bid the loud horns, in gaily-warbling strains,
Proclaim the felon's fate ; he dies, he dies.

Rejoice, ye scaly tribes, and leaping dance
Above the wave, in sign of liberty
Restored ; the cruel tyrant is no more.
Rejoice, secure and bless'd ; did not as yet
Remain some of your own rapacious kind,
And man, fierce man, with all his various wiles.

O happy, if ye knew your happy state,
Ye rangers of the fields, whom Nature boon
Cheers with her smiles, and every element
Conspires to bless. What, if no heroes frown
From marble pedestals ; nor Raphael's works,
Nor Titian's lively tints, adorn our walls :
Yet these the meanest of us may behold ;
And at another's cost may feast at will
Our wondering eyes ; what can the owner more ?
But vain, alas ! is wealth, not graced with power.
The flowery landscape, and the gilded dome,
And vistas opening to the wearied eye,
Through all his wide domain ; the planted grove,
The shrubby wilderness, with its gay choir
Of warbling birds, can't lull to soft repose

The ambitious wretch, whose discontented soul
Is harrow'd day and night ; he mourns, he pines,
Until his prince's favour makes him great.
See there he comes, the exalted idol comes !
The circle's form'd, and all his fawning slaves
Devoutly bow to earth ; from every mouth
The nauseous flattery flows, which he returns
With promises, that die as soon as born.
Vile intercourse ! where virtue has no place.
Frown but the monarch, all his glories fade ;
He mingles with the throng, outcast, undone,
The pageant of a day ; without one friend
To soothe his tortured mind ; all, all are fled.
For though they bask'd in his meridian ray,
The insects vanish, as his beams decline.

Not such our friends ; for here no dark design,
No wicked interest bribes the venal heart ;
But inclination to our bosom leads,
And weds them there for life ; our social cups
Smile, as we smile ; open, and unreserved,
We speak our inmost souls ; good humour, mirth,
Soft complaisance, and wit from malice free,
Smooth every brow, and glow on every cheek.

O happiness sincere ! what wretch would groan
Beneath the galling load of power, or walk
Upon the slippery pavements of the great,
Who thus could reign, unenvied and secure ?

Ye guardian powers who make mankind your care,
Give me to know wise Nature's hidden depths ;
Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment read
The expanded volume, and submiss adore
That great creative Will, who at a word
Spoke forth the wondrous scene. But if my soul,
To this gross clay confined, flutters on earth

With less ambitious wing ; unskill'd to range
From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way ;
And view with piercing eyes the grand machine,
Worlds above worlds ; subservient to his voice,
Who veil'd in clouded majesty, alone
Gives light to all ; bids the great system move,
And changeful seasons in their turns advance,
Unmoved, unchanged, Himself. Yet this at least
Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,
Calm and serene, nor lost in false pursuits
Of wealth or honours ; but enough to raise
My drooping friends, preventing modest Want
That dares not ask. And if, to crown my joys,
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blossoms in my life's decline ; fields, woods, and
streams,
Each towering hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my cheering voice, my hounds shall
wake
The lazy morn, and glad the horizon round.

FIELD SPORTS.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE.

ARGUMENT.

Introduction—Description of flying at the stag with eagles, after the manner of the Asiatic princes—Description of hern-hawking—Of flying at the river—Partridge-hawking—Daring the lark with an hobby just mentioned—Shooting flying—Setting—Angling—Conclusion.

ONCE more, great Prince! permit an humble bard
Prostrate to pay his homage at your feet ;
Then, like the morning lark from the low ground
Towering aloft, sublime, to soar and sing ;
Sing the heart-cheering pleasure of the fields,
The choice delight of heroes and of kings.

In earlier times monarchs of Eastern race,
In their full-blaze of pride, as story tells,
Train'd up the imperial eagle, sacred bird !
Hooded, with jingling bells she perch'd on high ;
Not as when erst on golden wings she led
The Roman legions o'er the conquer'd globe,
Mankind her quarry ; but a docile slave,
Tamed to the lure, and careful to attend
Her master's voice. Behold the man renown'd,
Abbas the Great, (whom all his fawning slaves
Deem'd king of kings ; vain fools ! they sure forgot
Greater Leonidas, and those fatal straits¹ [heaps,
Blood-stain'd, where slaughter'd Persians fell on

¹ Straits of Thermopylæ. See the story of Xerxes.

A dreadful carnage !) see his numerous host
Spread wide the plains, and in their front upborne
Each on her perch, that bends beneath her weight,
Two sister eagles, stately ponderous birds !
The air's a desert, and the feather'd race
Fly to the neighbouring covert's dark retreats.
The royal pair on wing, this whirls around
In circles wide, or like the swallow skims
The russet plain, and mimics as she flies
(By many a sleepless night instructed well)
The hound's loud openings, or the spaniel's quest.
What cannot wakeful industry subdue ?
Meanwhile that mounts on high, and seems to view
A black ascending cloud, when pierced the gloom
Of vapours dank condensed, the sun's bright beams
Pain not her sight: she with expanded sails
Works through the ethereal fluid ; then perhaps
Sees through a break of clouds this self-poised orb
Hard by her handmaid moon.. She looks beneath
Contemptuous, and beholds from far this earth,
This molehill earth, and all its busy arts
Labouring for life, which lasts so short a day,
Just blazing and extinct. So thou, my soul !
That breath of life which all men must perceive,
But none distinctly know, when once escaped
From this poor helpless corse, and when on high
Borne on angelic wings, look down with scorn
On this mean lessening world, and knaves grown rich
By chance, or fraud, or insolence of power.

Now from her highest pitch, by quick degrees,
With less ambition, nearer earth she tends,
As yet scarce visible ; and high in air,
Poised on extended wings, with sharper ken
Attentive marks whate'er is done below.
Thus some wise general, from a rising ground,

Observes the embattled foe, where serried ranks
Forbid access, or where their order loose
Invites the attack, and points the way to fate.

All now is tumult ; each heart swells with joy ;
The falconers shout, and the wide concave rings :
Tremble the forests round ; the joyous cries
Float through the vales ; and rocks, and woods, and
hills,

Return the varied sounds. Forth bursts the stag,
Nor trusts the mazes of his deep recess ;
Fear hid him close, strange inconsistent guide !
Now hurries him aghast, with busy feet,
Far o'er the spacious plain : he pants to reach
The mountain's brow, or with unsteady step
To climb the craggy cliff ; the greyhounds strain
Behind to pinch his haunch, who scarce evades
Their gaping jaws. One eagle, wheeling, flies
In airy labyrinths, or with easier wing
Skims by his side, and stuns his patient ear
With hideous cries ; then peals his forehead broad,
Or at his eyes her fatal malice aims :
The other, like the bolt of angry Heaven,
Darts down at once, and fixes on his back
Her griping talons, ploughing with her beak
His pamper'd chine : the blood and sweat, distill'd
From many a dripping furrow, stains the soil.
Who pities not this fury-hunted wretch,
Embarrass'd thus, on every side distress'd ?
Death will relieve him ; for the greyhounds fierce,
Seizing their prey, soon drag him to the ground :
Groaning he falls ; with eyes that swim in tears
He looks on man, chief author of his woe,
And weeps, and dies ! the grondees press around,
'To dip their sabres in his boiling blood.
Unseemly joy ! 'tis barbarous to insult

A fallen foe. The dogs, and birds of prey,
Insatiate, on his reeking bowels feast ;
But the stern Falconer claims the lion's share.

Such are the sports of kings ; and better far
Than royal robbery, and the bloody jaws
Of all-devouring war ! Each animal,
By natural instinct taught, spares his own kind ;
But man, the tyrant man ! revels at large,
Free-booter unrestrain'd ; destroys at will
The whole creation, men and beasts his prey ;
These for his pleasure, for his glory those.

Next will I sing the valiant falcon's fame,
Aërial fights, where no confederate brute
Joins in the bloody fray, but bird with bird
Justs in mid air. Lo ! at his siege,¹ the hern,
Upon the bank of some small purling brook,
Observant stands to take his scaly prize,
Himself another's game ; for mark, behind
The wily falconer creeps ; his grazing horse
Conceals the treacherous foe, and on his fist
The unhooded falcon sits : with eager eyes
She meditates her prey, and in her wild
Conceit already plumes the dying bird.
Up springs the hern, redoubling every stroke,
Conscious of danger, stretches far away,
With busy pennons and projected beak,
Piercing the opponent clouds : the falcon swift
Follows at speed, mounts as he mounts, for hope
Gives vigour to her wings : another soon
Strains after to support the bold attack ;
Perhaps a third. As in some winding creek
On proud Iberia's shore, the corsairs sly
Lurk waiting to surprise a British sail,

¹ The place where the hern takes his stand, watching his prey.

Full-freighted from Etruria's friendly ports,
Or rich Byzantium ; after her they scud,
Dashing the spumy waves with equal oars,
And spreading all their shrouds ; she makes the main,
Inviting every gale, nor yet forgets
To clear her deck, and tell the insulting foe,
In peals of thunder, Britons cannot fear.
So flies the hern pursued, but fighting flies.
Warm grows the conflict ; every nerve's employ'd :
Now through the yielding element they soar,
Aspiring high, then sink at once, and rove
In trackless mazes through the troubled sky.
No rest ; no peace. The falcon hovering flies
Balanced in air, and confidently bold
Hangs o'er him like a cloud, then aims her blow
Full at his destined head. The watchful hern
Shoots from her like a blazing meteor swift
That gilds the night, eludes her talons keen
And pointed beak, and gains a length of way.
Observe the attentive crowd ; all hearts are fix'd
On this important war, and pleasing hope
Glow in each breast. The vulgar and the great,
Equally happy now, with freedom share
The common joy : the shepherd-boy forgets
His bleating care ; the labouring hind lets fall
His grain unsown ; in transport lost, he robs
The expecting furrow, and in wild amaze
The gazing village point their eyes to heaven.
Where is the tongue can speak the falconer's cares,
'Twixt hopes and fears, as in a tempest toss'd ?
His fluttering heart, his varying cheeks confess
His inward woe. Now, like a wearied stag,
That stands at bay, the hern provokes their rage ;
Close by his languid wing, in downy plumes,
Covers his fatal beak, and cautious hides

The well-dissembled fraud. The falcon darts
 Like lightning from above, and in her breast
 Receives the latent death; down plumb she falls
 Bounding from earth, and with her trickling gore
 Defiles her gaudy plumage. See, alas!
 The falconer in despair; his favourite bird
 Dead at his feet, as of his dearest friend
 He weeps her fate; he meditates revenge,
 He storms, he foams, he gives a loose to rage;
 Nor wants he long the means: the hern fatiguéd,
 Borne down by numbers, yields; and prone on earth
 He drops: his cruel foes, wheeling around,
 Insult at will. The vengeful falconer flies
 Swift as an arrow shooting to their aid;
 Then muttering inward curses, breaks his wings,
 And fixes in the ground his hated beak;¹
 Sees, with malignant joy, the victors proud
 Smear'd with his blood, and on his marrow feast.²

Unhappy bird, our fathers' prime delight!
 Who fenced thine eyry round with sacred laws;³
 Nor mighty princes now disdain to wear
 Thy waving crest, the mark of high command,
 With gold, and pearl, and brilliant gems adorn'd.⁴

Now if the crystal stream delight thee more;
 Sportsman! lead on, where through the reedy bank
 The insinuating waters, filter'd, stray
 In many a winding maze. The wild-duck there
 Gluts on the fattening ooze, or steals the spawn,

¹ This is done to prevent his hurting the hawk; they generally also break their legs.

² The reward of the hawk, made of the brains, marrow, and blood, which they call in Italian *Soppa*.

³ No man was permitted to shoot within 600 yards of the eyry, or nest of a hern, under great penalties.

⁴ The hern's top, worn at coronations here, and by the great men in Asia in their turbans.

Of teeming shoals, her more delicious feast.
How do the sunbeams on the glassy plain
Sport wanton, and amuse our wandering eyes
With variously-reflected changing rays !
The murmuring stream salutes the flowery mead
That glows with fragrance ; Nature all around
Consents to bless. What sluggard now would sink
In beds of down ? What miser would not leave
His bags untold for this transporting scene ?—
Falconer, take care, oppose thy well-train'd steed,
And alyly stalk ; unhood thy falcon bold,
Observe at feed the unsuspecting team
Paddling with oary feet : he's seen ; they fly.
Now at full speed the falconer spurs away
To assist his favourite hawk ; she from the rest
Has singled out the mallard young and gay,
Whose green and azure brightens in the sun.
Swift as the wind that sweeps the desert plain,
With feet, wings, beak, he cuts the liquid sky :
Behoves him now both oar and sail ; for see,
The unequal foe gains on him as he flies.
Long holds the aerial course ; they rise, they fall,
Now skim in circling rings, then stretch away
With all their force, till at one fatal stroke
The vigorous hawk, exerting every nerve,
Truss'd in mid air bears down her captive prey.
'Tis well on earth they fall ; for oft the duck
Mistrusts her coward wings, and seeks again
The kind protecting flood : if haply then
The falcon rash aim a decisive blow,
And spring to gripe her floating prey, at once
She dives beneath, and near some osier's root
Pops up her head secure ; then views her foe,
Just in the grasping of her fond desires,
And in full pride of triumph, whelm'd beneath

The gliding stream. Ah ! where are now, proud bird !
Thy stately trappings, and thy silver bells,
Thy glossy plumage, and thy silken crest ?
Say, tyrant of the skies ! wouldst thou not now
Exchange with thy but late desponding foe
Thy dreadful talons, and thy polish'd beak,
For her web-feet despised ? How happy they
Who, when gay Pleasure courts, and Fortune smiles,
Fear the reverse ; with caution tread those paths
Where roses grow, but wily vipers creep !

These are expensive joys, fit for the great,
Of large domains possess'd : enough for me
To boast the gentle spar-hawk on my fist,
Or fly the partridge from the bristly field,
Retrieve the covey with my busy train,
Or with my soaring hobby dare the lark.

But if the shady woods my cares employ
In quest of feather'd game, my spaniels beat
Puzzling the entangled copse, and from the brake
Push forth the whirring pheasant ; high in air
He waves his varied plumes, stretching away
With hasty wing. Soon from the uplifted tube
The mimic thunder bursts ; the leaden death
O'ertakes him, and with many a giddy whirl
To earth he falls, and at my feet expires.

When Autumn smiles, all beauteous in decay,
And paints each chequer'd grove with various hues,
My setter ranges in the new-shorn fields,
His nose in air erect ; from ridge to ridge
Panting he bounds, his quarter'd ground divides
In equal intervals, nor careless leaves
One inch untried. At length the tainted gales
His nostrils wide inhale : quick joy elates
His beating heart, which, awed by discipline
Severe, he dares not own, but cautious creeps

Low-covering, step by step ; at last attains
His proper distance ; there he stops at once,
And points with his instructive nose upon
The trembling prey. On wings of wind upborne,
The floating net unfolded flies, then drops,
And the poor fluttering captives rise in vain.

Or haply on some river's cooling bank,
Patiently musing, all intent I stand
To hook the scaly glutton. See ! down sinks
My cork, that faithful monitor ; his weight
My taper angle bends ; surprised, amazed,
He glitters in the sun, and struggling, pants
For liberty, till in the purer air
He breathes no more. Such are our pleasing cares
And sweet amusements ; such each busy drudge
Envious must wish, and all the wise enjoy.

Thus, most illustrious Prince ! have I presumed,
In my obscure sojourn, to sing at ease
Rural delights, the joy and sweet repast
Of every noble mind ; and now perchance
Untimely sing, since from yon neighbouring shore
The grumbling thunder rolls ; calm Peace alarm'd
Starts from her couch, and the rude din of war
Sounds harsh in every ear. But, righteous Heaven !
Britain deserted, friendless, and alone,
Will not as yet despair : shine but in arms,
O Prince ! beloved by all ; patron profess'd
Of liberty ; with every virtue crown'd ;
Millions shall crowd her strand, and her white cliffs,
As Teneriffe or Atlas firm, defy
The break of seas, and malice of her foes,
Nor the proud Gaul prevail where Cæsar fail'd.



GREEN.

THE SPLEEN.

AN EPISTLE

TO MR. CUTHBERT JACKSON.

THIS motley piece to you I send,
Who always were a faithful friend ;
Who, if disputes should happen hence,
Can best explain the author's sense ;
And, anxious for the public weal,
Do, what I sing, so often feel.

The want of method pray excuse,
Allowing for a vapour'd Muse ;
Nor to a narrow path confined,
Hedge in by rules a roving mind.

The child is genuine, you may trace
Throughout the sire's transmitted face.
Nothing is stolen : my Muse, though mean,
Draws from the spring she finds within ;
Nor vainly buys what Gildon¹ sells,
Poetic buckets for dry wells.

School-helps I want, to climb on high,
Where all the ancient treasures lie,

¹ Gildon published a Complete Art of Poetry.

And there unseen commit a theft
 On wealth, in Greek exchequers left.
 'Then where? from whom? what can I steal,
 Who only with the moderns deal?
 This were attempting to put on
 Raiment from naked bodies won :¹
 They safely sing before a thief,
 They cannot give who want relief ;
 Some few excepted, names well known,
 And justly laurell'd with renown,
 Whose stamp of genius marks their ware,
 And theft detects : of theft beware ;
 From More² so lash'd, example fit,
 Shun petty larceny in wit.

First know, my friend, I do not mean
 To write a *treatise* on the Spleen ;
 Nor to prescribe when nerves convulse ;
 Nor mend the alarum watch, your pulse.
 If I am right, your question lay,
 What course I take to drive away
 The day-mare Spleen, by whose false pleas
 Men prove mere suicides in ease ;
 And how I do myself demean,
 In stormy world to live serene.

When by its magic-lantern Spleen
 With frightful figures spreads life's scene,
 And threatening prospects urged my fears,
 A stranger to the luck of heirs ;

* ' A painted vest Prince Vortiger had on,
 Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.'

HOWARD'S British Princes.

² James More Smith, Esq. See Dunciad, B. ii. l. 50.
 and the notes, where the circumstances of the transaction
 here alluded to are very fully explained.

Reason, some quiet to restore,
Show'd part was substance, shadow more ;
With Spleen's dead weight though heavy grown,
In life's rough tide I sunk not down,
But swam, till Fortune threw a rope,
Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope.

I always choose the plainest food
To mend viscosity of blood.
Hail ! water-gruel, healing power,
Of easy access to the poor ;
'Thy help love's confessors implore,
And doctors secretly adore ;
To thee I fly, by thee dilute—
Through veins my blood doth quicker shoot,
And, by swift current, throws off clean
Prolific particles of Spleen.

I never sick by drinking grow,
Nor keep myself a cup too low,
And seldom Chloë's lodgings haunt,
Thrifty of spirits which I want.

Hunting I reckon very good
To brace the nerves, and stir the blood ;
But after no field honours itch,
Achieved by leaping hedge and ditch.
While Spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,
Or o'er coal-fires inclines the head,
Hygeia's sons with hound and horn,
And jovial cry, awake the morn.
These see her from the dusky plight,
Smear'd by the embraces of the night,
With rosal wash redeem her face,
And prove herself of Titan's race,
And, mounting in loose robes the skies,
Shed light and fragrance as she flies.

Then horse and hound fierce joy display,
Exulting at the hark-away,
And in pursuit o'er tainted ground,
From lungs robust field-notes resound.
Then, as St. George the dragon slew,
Spleen pierced, trod down, and dying view;
While all their spirits are on wing,
And woods, and hills, and valleys ring.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some, hilly walks; all, exercise;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies.
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the Spleen;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequin'd away the fit.


Since mirth is good in this behalf,
At some particulars let us laugh.
Witlings, brisk fools, cursed with half sense,
That stimulates their impotence;
Who buzz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
Err with their wings, for want of eyes;
Poor authors worshipping a calf,
Deep tragedies that make us laugh,
A strict dissenter saying grace,
A lecturer preaching for a place,
Folks, things prophetic to dispense,
Making the past the future tense,
The popish dubbing of a priest,
Fine epitaphs on knaves deceased,
Green-apron'd Pythonissa's rage,
Great Æsculapius on his stage,
A miser starving to be rich,
The prior of Newgate's dying speech,

A jointured widow's ritual state,
Two Jews disputing tête à tête,
New almanacs composed by seers,
Experiments on felous' ears,
Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply
The superb muscle of the eye,
A coquet's April-weather face,
A Queenborough-mayor behind his mace,
And fops in military shew,
Are sovereign for the case in view.

If Spleen fogs rise at close of day,
I clear my evening with a play,
Or to some concert take my way :
The company, the shine of lights,
The scenes of humour, music's flights,
Adjust and set the soul to rights.

Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,
To others' grief attention raise :
Here, while the tragic fictions glow,
We borrow joy by pitying woe ;
There gaily comic scenes delight,
And hold true mirrors to our sight.
Virtue, in charming dress array'd,
Calling the passions to her aid,
When moral scenes just actions join,
Takes shape, and shows her face divine.

Music has charms, we all may find,
Ingratiate deeply with the mind.
When art does sound's high power advance,
To music's pipe the passions dance ;
Motions unwill'd its powers have shown,
Tarantulated by a tune.
Many have held the soul to be
Nearly allied to harmony.



Her have I known indulging grief,
And shunning company's relief,
Unveil her face, and, looking round,
Own, by neglecting sorrow's wound,
The consanguinity of sound.

In rainy days keep double guard,
Or Spleen will surely be too hard ;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest, while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprize a work of wit,
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That's fit for simile, deny,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That memory minds not what is read,
I sit in window, dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark :
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipp'd discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather :
Then seek good-humour'd tavern chums,
And play at cards, but for small sums ;
Or with the merry fellows quaff,
And laugh aloud with them that laugh ;
Or drink a joco-serious cup
With souls who've took their freedom up,
And let my mind, beguiled by talk,
In Epicurus' garden walk,
Who thought it heaven to be serene ;
Pain, hell, and purgatory, Spleen.

Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
And chat away the gloomy fit;
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
And wear a gay impertinence,
Nor think nor speak with any pains,
But lay on fancy's neck the reins:
Talk of unusual swell of waist
In maid of honour loosely laced,
And beauty borrowing Spanish red,
And loving pair with separate bed,
And jewels pawn'd for loss of game,
And then redeem'd by loss of fame;
Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch
By grave pretence to go to church)
Perceived in hack with lover fine,
Like Will and Mary on the coin:
And thus in modish manner we,
In aid of sugar, sweeten tea.

Permit, ye fair, your idol form,
Which ev'n the coldest heart can warm,
May with its beauties grace my line,
While I bow down before its shrine;
And your throng'd altars with my lays
Perfume, and get by giving praise.
With speech so sweet, so sweet a mien
You excommunicate the Spleen,
Which, fiend-like, flies the magic ring
You form with sound, when pleased to sing;
Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,
We look, we listen, and approve.
Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,
Our nerves officious throng to kiss;
By Celia's pat, on their report,
The grave-air'd soul, inclined to sport,

Renounces wisdom's sullen pomp,
And loves the floral game, to romp.
But who can view the pointed rays,
That from black eyes scintillant blaze?
Love on his throne of glory seems
Encompass'd with satellite beams :
But when blue eyes, more softly bright,
Diffuse benignly humid light,
We gaze, and see the smiling loves,
And Cytherea's gentle doves,
And, raptured, fix in such a face
Love's mercy-seat, and throne of grace.
Shine but on age, you melt its snow ;
Again fires long-extinguish'd glow,
And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,
Blood, long congealed, liquefies !
True miracle, and fairly done
By heads which are adored while on.

But O, what pity 'tis to find
Such beauties both of form and mind,
By modern breeding much debased,
In half the female world at least !
Hence I with care such lotteries shun,
Where, a prize miss'd, I'm quite undone ;
And han't, by venturing on a wife,
Yet run the greatest risk in life.

Mothers, and guardian aunts, forbear
Your impious pains to form the fair,
Nor lay out so much cost and art,
But to deflower the virgin heart,
Of every folly-fostering bed
By quickening heat of custom bred.
Rather than by your culture spoil'd,
Desist, and give us nature wild,

Delighted with a hoyden-soul,
Which truth and innocence control.
Coquets, leave off affected arts,
Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts ;
Woodcocks to shun your snares have skill,
You show so plain, you strive to kill.
In love the artless catch the game,
And they scarce miss who never aim.

The world's great Author did create
The sex to fit the nuptial state,
And meant a blessing in a wife
To solace the fatigues of life ;
And old inspired times display,
How wives could love, and yet obey.
Then truth, and patience of control,
And housewife arts adorn'd the soul ;
And charms, the gift of nature, shone ;
And jealousy, a thing unknown ;
Veils were the only masks they wore ;
Novels, (receipts to make a whore)
Nor ombre, nor quadrille they knew,
Nor Pam's puissance felt at loo.
Wise men did not, to be thought gay,
Then compliment their power away :
But lest, by frail desires misled,
The girls forbidden paths should tread,
Of ignorance raised the safe high wall ;
We sink haw-haws, that show them all.
Thus we at once solicit sense,
And charge them not to break the fence.

Now, if untired, consider, friend,
What I avoid to gain my end.

I never am at Meeting seen,
Meeting, that region of the Spleen ;

The broken heart, the busy fiend,
The inward call, on Spleen depend.

Law, licensed breaking of the peace,
To which vacation is disease ;
A gipsy diction, scarce known well
By the magi, who law-fortunes tell,
I shun ; nor let it breed within
Anxiety, and that the Spleen ;
Law, grown a forest, where perplex
The mazes, and the brambles vex ;
Where its twelve verderers every day
Are changing still the public way :
Yet if we miss our path and err,
We grievous penalties incur ;
And wanderers tire, and tear their skin,
And then get out where they went in.

I never game, and rarely bet,
Am loth to lend, or run in debt.
No compter-writs me agitate ;
Who moralizing pass the gate,
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding visits there,
And forces folly through the grate
Her panegyric to repeat.
This view, profusely when inclined,
Enters a *caveat* in the mind :
Experience join'd with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.

Passion, (as frequently is seen)
Subsiding, settles into Spleen.
Hence, as the plague of happy life,
I run away from party-strife.

A prince's cause, a church's claim,
I've known to raise a mighty flame,
And priest, as stoker, very free
To throw in peace and charity.

That tribe, whose practicals decree
Small beer the deadliest heresy ;
Who, fond of pedigree, derive
From the most noted whore alive ;
Who own wine's old prophetic aid,
And love the mitre Bacchus made ;
Forbid the faithful to depend
On half-pint drinkers for a friend ;
And in whose gay, red-letter'd face,
We read good living more than grace :
Nor they so pure, and so precise,
Immaculate as their white of eyes,
Who for the spirit hug the Spleen,
Phylacter'd throughout all their mien ;
Who their ill-tasted home-brew'd prayer,
To the state's mellow forms prefer ;
Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,
Which are not steep'd in vinegar,
And samples of heart-chested grace
Expose in show-glass of the face,
Did never me as yet provoke
Either to honour band and cloke,
Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.

I rail not, with mock-patriot grace,
At folks, because they are in place ;
Nor, hired to praise with stallion pen,
Serve the ear-lechery of men ;
But, to avoid religious jars,
The laws are my expositors,

Which in my doubting mind create
Conformity to church and state.
I go, pursuant to my plan,
To Mecca with the Caravan ;
And think it right in common sense
Both for diversion and defence.

Reforming schemes are none of mine ;
To mend the world's a vast design :
Like theirs, who tug in little boat,
To pull to them the ship afloat,
While to defeat their labour'd end,
At once both wind and stream contend :
Success herein is seldom seen,
And zeal, when baffled, turns to Spleen.

Happy the man, who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent ;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pull'd against the tide.
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd,
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.

By these reflections, I repeal
Each hasty promise made in zeal.
When gospel propagators say,
We're bound our great light to display,
And Indian darkness drive away ;
Yet none but drunken watchmen send
And scoundrel link-boys for that end ;
When they cry up this holy war,
Which every Christian should be for,
Yet such as owe the law their ears,
We find employ'd as engineers ;—

This view my forward zeal so shocks,
In vain they hold the money-box.
At such a conduct, which intends
By vicious means such virtuous ends,
I laugh off Spleen, and keep my pence
From spoiling Indian innocence.

Yet philosophic love of ease
I suffer not to prove disease,
But rise up in the virtuous cause
Of a free press, and equal laws.
The press restrain'd ! nefarious thought !
In vain our sires have nobly fought :
While free from force the press remains,
Virtue and Freedom cheer our plains,
And Learning largesses bestows,
And keeps uncensured open house.
We to the nation's public mart
Our works of wit, and schemes of art,
And philosophic goods this way,
Like water carriage, cheap convey.
This tree, which knowledge so affords,
Inquisitors with flaming swords
From lay-approach with zeal defend,
Lest their own paradise should end.
The press from her fecundous womb
Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome ;
Her offspring, skill'd in logic war,
Truth's banner waved in open air ;
The monster Superstition fled,
And hid in shades its Gorgon head ;
And lawless power, the long-kept field,
By reason quell'd, was forced to yield.
This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence
To chain, is treason against sense ;

And, Liberty, thy thousand tongues
None silence, who design no wrongs ;
For those, who use the gag's restraint,
First rob, before they stop complaint.

Since disappointment galls within,
And subjugates the soul to Spleen,
Most schemes, as money-snares, I hate,
And bite not at projector's bait.
Sufficient wrecks appear each day,
And yet fresh fools are cast away.
Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
Their painted vessel runs aground ;
Or in deep seas it oversets
By a fierce hurricane of debts ;
Or helm-directors in one trip,
Freight first embezzled, sink the ship.
Such was of late a corporation,¹
The brazen-serpent of the nation,
Which, when hard accidents distress'd,
The poor must look at to be bless'd,
And thence expect, with paper seal'd
By fraud and usury, to be heal'd.

I in no soul-consumption wait
Whole years at levees of the great,
And hungry hopes regale the while
On the spare diet of a smile.

¹ The Charitable Corporation, instituted for the relief of the industrious poor, by assisting them with small sums upon pledges at legal interest. By the villany of those who had the management of this scheme, the proprietors were defrauded of very considerable sums of money. In 1732 the conduct of the directors of this body became the subject of a parliamentary inquiry, and some of them, who were members of the House of Commons, were expelled for their concern in this iniquitous transaction.

There you may see the idol stand
With mirror in his wanton hand ;
Above, below, now here, now there,
He throws about the sunny glare :
Crowds pant, and press to seize the prize,
The gay delusion of their eyes.

When Fancy tries her limning skill
To draw and colour at her will,
And raise and round the figure well,
And show her talent to excel ;
I guard my heart, lest it should woo
Unreal beauties Fancy drew,
And, disappointed, feel despair
At loss of things, that never were.

When I lean politicians mark
Grazing on ether in the Park ;
Who, e'er on wing, with open throats
Fly at debates, expresses, votes,
Just in the manner swallows use,
Catching their airy food of news ;
Whose latrant stomachs oft molest
The deep-laid plans their dreams suggest ;
Or see some poet pensive sit,
Fondly mistaking Spleen for Wit :
Who, though short-winded, still will aim
To sound the epic trump of Fame ;
Who still on Phœbus' smiles will dote,
Nor learn conviction from his coat ;
I bless my stars, I never knew
Whimsies, which, close pursued, undo,
And have from old experience been
Both parent and the child of Spleen.
'These subjects of Apollo's state,
Who from false fire derive their fate,

With airy purchases undone
Of lands, which none lend money on,
Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,
Nor lost one hour to gather bays.
Their fancies first delirious grew,
And scenes ideal took for true.
Fine to the sight Parnassus lies,
And with false prospects cheats their eyes :
The fabled gods the poets sing,
A season of perpetual spring,
Brooks, flowery fields, and groves of trees,
Affording sweets and similes,
Gay dreams inspired in myrtle bowers,
And wreaths of undecaying flowers,
Apollo's harp with airs divine,
The sacred music of the Nine,
Views of the temple raised to Fame,
And for a vacant niche proud aim,
Ravish their souls, and plainly show
What Fancy's sketching power can do.
They will attempt the mountain steep,
Where on the top, like dreams in sleep,
The Muse's revelations show,
That find men crack'd, or make them so.

You, friend, like me, the trade of rhyme
Avoid, elaborate waste of time,
Nor are content to be undone,
To pass for Phœbus' crazy son.
Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,
Afford the most uncertain gain ;
And lotteries never tempt the wise,
With blanks so many to a prize.
I only transient visits pay,
Meeting the Muses in my way,

Scarce known to the fastidious dames,
Nor skill'd to call them by their names.
Nor can their passports, in these days,
Your profit warrant, or your praise.
On poems by their dictates writ,
Critics, as sworn appraisers, sit ;
And mere upholsterers, in a trice
On gems and paintings set a price.
These tailoring artists, for our lays
Invent cramp'd rules, and with strait stays
Striving free Nature's shape to hit,
Emaciate sense, before they fit.

A common place, and many friends,
Can serve the plagiary's ends,
Whose easy vamping talent lies,
First wit to pilfer, then disguise.
Thus some devoid of art and skill
To search the mine on Pindus' hill,
Proud to aspire and workmen grow,
By genius doom'd to stay below,
For their own digging show the town
Wit's treasure brought by others down.
Some wanting, if they find a mine,
An artist's judgment to refine,
On fame precipitately fix'd,
The ore with baser metals mix'd
Melt down, impatient of delay,
And call the vicious mass a play.
All these engage, to serve their ends,
A band select of trusty friends,
Who, lesson'd right, extol the thing,
As Psapho¹ taught his birds to sing ;

¹ Psapho was a Libyan, who, desiring to be accounted a god, effected it by this invention ; he took young birds, and

Then to the ladies they submit,
Returning officers on wit :
A crowded house their presence draws,
And on the beaux imposes laws,
A judgment in its favour ends,
When all the pannel are its friends :
Their natures, merciful and mild,
Have from mere pity saved the child ;
In bulrush-ark the hantling found
Helpless, and ready to be drown'd,
They have preserved by kind support,
And brought the baby-muse to court.

But there's a youth¹ that you can name,
Who needs no leading-strings to fame,
Whose quick maturity of brain
The birth of Pallas may explain :
Dreaming of whose depending fate,
I heard Melpomene debate :—
' This, this is he, that was foretold
Should emulate our Greeks of old.
Inspired by me with sacred art,
He sings, and rules the varied heart ;
If Jove's dread anger he rehearse,
We hear the thunder in his verse ;
If he describes love turn'd to rage,
The Furies riot in his page ;
If he fair liberty and law,
By ruffian power expiring, draw,

taught them to sing, ' Psapho is a god.' When they were perfect in their lesson, he let them fly ; and other birds learning the same ditty, repeated it in the woods ; on which his countrymen offered sacrifice to him, and considered him as a deity.

¹ Mr. Glover, the excellent author of *Leonidas*.

The keener passions then engage
Arise, and sanctify their rage;
If he attempt disastrous love,
We hear those plaints that wound the grove:
Within the kinder passions glow,
And tears distill'd from pity flow.'

From the bright vision I descend,
And my deserted theme attend.

Me never did ambition seize,
Strange fever, most inflamed by ease!

The active lunacy of pride,
That courts jilt Fortune for a bride,
This paradise tree, so fair and high,
I view with no aspiring eye:

Like aspen shake the restless leaves,
And Sodom-fruit our pains deceives,
Whence frequent falls give no surprise,
But fits of Spleen call'd *growing wise*.
Greatness, in glittering forms display'd,
Affects weak eyes much used to shade,
And by its falsely-envied scene
Gives self-debasing fits of Spleen.

We should be pleased that things are so,
Who do for nothing see the show,
And, middle-sized, can pass between
Life's hubbub safe, because unseen;
And midst the glare of greatness trace
A watery sun-shine in the face,
And pleasure fled to, to redress
The sad fatigue of idleness.

Contentment, parent of delight!
So much a stranger to our sight,
Say, goddess, in what happy place
Mortals behold thy blooming face;

Thy gracious auspices impart,
And for thy temple choose my heart.
They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
Thy science learn, to bound desire ;
By happy alchymy of mind,
They turn to pleasure all they find ;
They both disdain in outward mien
The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,
And meretricious arts of dress,
To feign a joy, and hide distress :
Unmoved when the rude tempest blows,
Without an opiate they repose ;
And, cover'd by your shield, defy
The whizzing shafts, that round them fly :
Nor meddling with the god's affairs,
Concern themselves with distant cares ;
But place their bliss in mental rest,
And feast upon the good possess'd.

Forced by soft violence of prayer,
The blithsome goddess soothes my care :
I feel the deity inspire,
And thus she models my desire.
Two hundred pounds, half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made,
A farm some twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own ;
Two maids that never saw the town,
A serving-man not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t'other holds the plough ;
A chief, of temper form'd to please,
Fit to converse, and keep the keys ;
And better to preserve the peace,
Commission'd by the name of niece ;

With understandings of a size
To think their master very wise.
May Heaven (it's all I wish for) send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cupboard, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land :
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim ;
Behind a green, like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye and to the feet ;
Where odorous plants, in evening fair,
Breathe all around ambrosial air ;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenced by a slope with bushes crown'd,
Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a song ;
With opening views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy too regale,
Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
Like amphitheatre surrounds :
And woods, impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
From hills through plains in dusk array
Extended far, repel the day.
Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
Invite, and contemplation aid :
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of Fate,
And dreams beneath the spreading beech
Inspire, and docile fancy teach ;
While soft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulses rustle through the mind :

Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In measured motions frisk about,
Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green ;
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
And silver streams through meadows stray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And lesser nymphs, on side of hills,
From play-thing urns pour down the rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life ;
See faction, safe in low degree,
As men at land see storms at sea,
And laugh at miserable elves,
Not kind, so much as to themselves ;
Cursed with such souls of base alloy,
As can possess, but not enjoy ;
Debarr'd the pleasure to impart
By avarice, sphincter of the heart ;
Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
And wearing Virtue's livery-smile,
Prone the distressed to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive ;
With income not in Fortune's power,
And skill to make a busy hour,
With trips to town, life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news,

To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down,
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing in age,
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off, like fruit grown fully ripe ;
Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again.

But now more serious see me grow,
And what I think, my Memmius, know.

The enthusiast's hope, and raptures wild,
Have never yet my reason foil'd.
His springy soul dilates like air,
When free from weight of ambient care,
And, hush'd in meditation deep,
Slides into dreams, as when asleep ;
Then, fond of new discoveries grown,
Proves a Columbus of her own,
Disdains the narrow bounds of place,
And through the wilds of endless space,
Borne up on metaphysic wings,
Chases light forms and shadowy things,
And, in the vague excursion caught,
Brings home some rare exotic thought.
The melancholy man such dreams,
As brightest evidence, esteems ;
Fain would he see some distant scene
Suggested by his restless Spleen,
And Fancy's telescope applies,
With tintured glass, to cheat his eyes.
Such thoughts, as love the gloom of night,
I close examine by the light ;
For who, though bribed by gain to lie,
Dare sun-beam-written truths deny,

And execute plain common sense
On faith's mere hearsay evidence?


That Superstition mayn't create,
And club its ills with those of Fate,
I many a notion take to task,
Made dreadful by its visor-mask;
'Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
Is cured, and certainty I find;
Since optic reason shows me plain,
I dreaded spectres of the brain;
And legendary fears are gone,
Though in tenacious childhood sown.
Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder, in the proper sense,
And neither suit nor service do,
Nor homage to pretenders show,
Who boast themselves, by spurious roll,
Lords of the manor of the soul;
Preferring sense from chin that's bare,
To nonsense throned in whisker'd hair.

'To thee, Creator uncreate!

O *Entium Ens*! divinely great!'—

Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try,
Nor near the blazing glory fly;
Nor, straining, break thy feeble bow,
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw
'Through fields unknown, nor madly stray,
Where no ideas mark the way.
With tender eyes, and colours faint,
And trembling hands, forbear to paint.
Who, features veil'd by light, can hit?
Where can, what has no outline, sit?
My soul, the vain attempt forego;
Thyself, the fitter subject, know.

He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
Who soon lays by the unequal theme,
Nor runs, with wisdom's sirens caught,
On quicksands swallowing shipwreck'd thought ;
But, conscious of his distance, gives
Mute praise, and humble negatives.
In one, no object of our sight,
Immutable, and infinite,
Who can't be cruel or unjust,
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust ;
'To him my past and present state
I owe, and must my future fate.
A stranger into life I'm come,
Dying may be our going home,
Transported here by angry fate,
The convicts of a prior state.
Hence, I no anxious thoughts bestow
On matters I can never know :
Through life's foul way, like vagrant, pass'd,
He'll grant a settlement at last ;
And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
By leave to lay his being down.
If doom'd to dance the eternal round
Of life, no sooner lost but found,
And dissolution, soon to come,
Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,
But can't our state of power bereave
An endless series to receive ;
Then, if hard dealt with here by Fate,
We balance in another state,
And consciousness must go along,
And sign the acquittance for the wrong.
He for his creatures must decree
More happiness than misery,



Or be supposed to create,
Curious to try, what 'tis to hate ;
And do an act, which rage infers,
'Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.

Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
On even keel with gentle gale ;
At helm I make my reason sit,
My crew of passions all submit.
If dark and blustering prove some nights,
Philosophy puts forth her lights ;
Experience holds the cautious glass,
To shun the breakers, as I pass,
And frequent throws the wary lead,
To see what dangers may be hid :
And once in seven years I'm seen
At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.
Though pleased to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way,
With store sufficient for relief,
And wisely still prepared to reef ;
Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
Of cloudy weather in the soul,
I make, (may Heaven propitious send
Such wind and weather to the end !)
Neither becalm'd, nor over-blown,
Life's voyage to the world unknown.

PRIOR.

HENRY AND EMMA;

AND

OTHER POEMS.

PRIOR.
HENRY AND EMMA.
ETC.



Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care,
 Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair;

R. W. Wall, R. A. del.

W. Gordon sc.

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P R I O R.



HENRY AND EMMA,

A POEM,

UPON THE MODEL OF THE NUT-BROWN MAID.

TO CHLOE.

THOU, to whose eyes I bend, at whose command
(Though low my voice, though artless be my hand)
I take the sprightly reed, and sing and play,
Careless of what the censuring world may say ;
Bright Chloe, object of my constant vow,
Wilt thou awhile unbend thy serious brow ?
Wilt thou with pleasure hear thy lover's strains,
And with one heavenly smile o'erpay his pains ?
No longer shall the Nut-brown Maid be old,
Though since her youth three hundred years have
At thy desire she shall again be raised, [roll'd :
And her reviving charms in lasting verse be praised.

No longer man of woman shall complain
That he may love and not be loved again ;
That we in vain the fickle sex pursue,
Who change the constant lover for the new.

Whatever has been writ, whatever said
 Of female passion feign'd, or faith decay'd,
 Henceforth shall in my verse refuted stand,
 Be said to winds, or writ upon the sand :
 And while my notes to future times proclaim
 Unconquer'd love and ever-during flame,
 O, fairest of the sex ! be thou my Muse ;
 Deign on my work thy influence to diffuse :
 Let me partake the blessings I rehearse,
 And grant me, Love, the just reward of verse.

As Beauty's potent queen with every grace
 That once was Emma's has adorn'd thy face,
 And as her son has to my bosom dealt
 That constant flame which faithful Henry felt,
 O let the story with thy life agree,
 Let men once more the bright example see ;
 What Emma was to him be thou to me :
 Nor send me by thy frown from her I love,
 Distant and sad, a banish'd man to rove :
 But, O, with pity long entreated crown
 My pains and hopes ; and when thou say'st that
 one
 Of all mankind thou lovest, O think on me alone.

Where beauteous Isis and her husband Thame
 With mingled waves for ever flow the same,
 In times of yore an ancient baron lived,
 Great gifts bestow'd, and great respect received.

When dreadful Edward with successful care
 Led his free Britons to the Gallic war,
 This lord had headed his appointed bands,
 In firm allegiance to his king's commands,
 And, all due honours faithfully discharged,
 Had brought back his paternal coat, enlarged

With a new mark, the witness of his toil,
And no inglorious part of foreign spoil.

From the loud camp retired and noisy court,
In honourable ease and rural sport
The remnant of his days he safely pass'd,
Nor found they lagg'd too slow, nor flew too fast ;
He made his wish with his estate comply,
Joyful to live, yet not afraid to die.

One child he had, a daughter, chaste and fair,
His age's comfort, and his fortune's heir :
They call'd her Emma, for the beauteous dame
Who gave the virgin birth had borne the name ;
The name the indulgent father doubly loved,
For in the child the mother's charms improved :
Yet as, when little, round his knees she play'd,
He call'd her oft, in sport, his Nut-brown Maid,
The friends and tenants took the fondling word,
(As still they please who imitate their lord)
Usage confirm'd what fancy had begun ;
The mutual terms around the lands were known,
And Emma and the Nut-brown Maid were one.

As with her stature still her charms increased,
Through all the isle her beauty was confess'd.
O what perfections must that virgin share,
Who fairest is esteem'd where all are fair !
From distant shires repair the noble youth,
And find report for once had lessen'd truth.
By wonder first, and then by passion moved,
They came, they saw, they marvell'd, and they loved.
By public praises, and by secret sighs,
Each own'd the general power of Emma's eyes,
In tilts and tournaments the valiant strove,
By glorious deeds, to purchase Emma's love.

In gentle verse the witty told their flame,
And graced their choicest songs with Emma's name.
In vain they combated, in vain they writ,
Useless their strength, and impotent their wit :
Great Venus only must direct the dart,
Which else will never reach the fair one's heart,
Spite of the attempts of Force and soft effects of Art :
Great Venus must prefer the happy one ;
In Henry's cause her favour must be shown,
And Emma, of mankind, must love but him alone.

While these in public to the castle came,
And by their grandeur justified their flame,
More secret ways the careful Henry takes ;
His squires, his arms, and equipage forsakes.
In borrow'd name and false attire array'd,
Oft he finds means to see the beauteous maid.

When Emma hunts, in huntsman's habit dress'd,
Henry on foot pursues the bounding beast ;
In his right hand his beechen pole he bears,
And graceful at his side his horn he wears.
Still to the glade where she has bent her way,
With knowing skill he drives the future prey ;
Bids her decline the hill and shun the brake,
And shows the path her steed may safest take ;
Directs her spear to fix the glorious wound,
Pleased in his toils to have her triumph crown'd,
And blows her praises in no common sound.

A falconer Henry is when Emma hawks ;
With her of tarsels and of lures he talks :
Upon his wrist the towering merlin stands,
Practised to rise and stoop at her commands :
And when superior now the bird has flown,
And headlong brought the tumbling quarry down,

With humble reverence he accosts the fair,
And with the honour'd feather decks her hair.
Yet still as from the sportive field she goes,
His downcast eye reveals his inward woes ;
And by his look and sorrow is express'd
A nobler game pursued than bird or beast.

A shepherd now along the plain he roves,
And with his jolly pipe delights the groves.
The neighbouring swains around the stranger throng,
Or to admire or emulate his song ;
While with soft sorrow he renews his lays,
Nor heedful of their envy nor their praise :
But soon as Emma's eyes adorn the plain,
His notes he raises to a nobler strain,
With dutiful respect and studious fear,
Lest any careless sound offend her ear.

A frantic gipsy now the house he haunts,
And in wild phrases speaks dissembled wants ;
With the fond maids in palmistry he deals :
They tell the secret first which he reveals ;
Says who shall wed, and who shall be beguiled ;
What groom shall get, and squire maintain, the child.
But when bright Emma would her fortune know,
A softer look unbends his opening brow :
With trembling awe he gazes on her eye,
And in soft accents forms the kind reply,
That she shall prove as fortunate as fair,
And Hymen's choicest gifts are all reserved for her.

Now oft had Henry changed his sly disguise,
Unmark'd by all but beauteous Emma's eyes ;
Oft had found means alone to see the dame,
And at her feet to breathe his amorous flame ;
And oft the pangs of absence to remove
By letters, soft interpreters of love ;

Till time and industry (the mighty two
That bring our wishes nearer to our view)
Made him perceive that the inclining fair
Received his vows with no reluctant ear ;
That Venus had confirm'd her equal reign,
And dealt to Emma's heart a share of Henry's pain.

While Cupid smiled, by kind occasion bless'd,
And with the secret kept the love increased,
The amorous youth frequents the silent groves,
And much he meditates, for much he loves.
He loves, 'tis true, and is beloved again :
Great are his joys ; but will they long remain ?
Emma with smiles receives his present flame ;
But, smiling, will she ever be the same ?
Beautiful looks are ruled by fickle minds,
And summer seas are turn'd by sudden winds :
Another love may gain her easy youth ;
Time changes thought, and flattery conquers truth.


O impotent estate of human life !
Where hope and fear maintain eternal strife ;
Where fleeting joy does lasting doubt inspire,
And most we question what we most desire.
Amongst thy various gifts, great Heaven, bestow
Our cup of love unmix'd ; forbear to throw
Bitter ingredients in, nor pall the draught
With nauseous grief ; for our ill-judging thought
Hardly enjoys the pleasurable taste,
Or deems it not sincere, or fears it cannot last.

With wishes raised, with jealousies oppress'd
(Alternate tyrants of the human breast),
By one great trial he resolves to prove
The faith of woman and the force of love :
If, scanning Emma's virtues, he may find
That beauteous frame enclose a steady mind,

He 'll fix his hope, of future joy secure,
And live a slave to Hymen's happy power :
But if the fair one, as he fears, is frail ;
If poised aright in Reason's equal scale,
Light fly her merits, and her faults prevail,
His mind he vows to free from amorous care,
The latent mischief from his heart to tear,
Resume his azure arms, and shine again in war.

South of the castle, in a verdant glade,
A spreading beech extends her friendly shade ;
Here oft the nymph his breathing vows had heard ;
Here oft her silence had her heart declared.
As active Spring awaked her infant buds,
And genial Life inform'd the verdant woods,
Henry, in knots involving Emma's name,
Had half express'd and half conceal'd his flame
Upon this tree ; and as the tender mark
Grew with the year, and widen'd with the bark,
Venus had heard the virgin's soft address,
That, as the wound, the passion might increase.
As potent Nature shed her kindly showers,
And deck'd the various mead with opening flowers,
Upon this tree the nymph's obliging care
Had left a frequent wreath for Henry's hair,
Which as with gay delight the lover found,
Pleased with his conquest, with her present crown'd,
Glorious through all the plains he oft had gone,
And to each swain the mystic honour shown,
The gift still praised, the giver still unknown.

His secret note the troubled Henry writes ;
To the known tree the lovely maid invites :
Imperfect words and dubious terms express
That unforeseen mischance disturb'd his peace ;



That he must something to her ear commend,
On which her conduct and his life depend.

Soon as the fair one had the note received,
The remnant of the day alone she grieved,
For different this from every former note
Which Venus dictated and Henry wrote;
Which told her all his future hopes were laid
On the dear bosom of his Nut-brown Maid;
Which always bless'd her eyes, and own'd her power,
And bid her oft adieu, yet added more.

Now night advanced: the house in sleep were
laid,

The nurse experienced, and the prying maid;
And, last, that sprite which does incessant haunt
The lover's steps, the ancient maiden aunt.
To her dear Henry Emma wings her way,
With quicken'd pace repairing forced delay;
For Love, fantastic power, that is afraid
To stir abroad till watchfulness be laid,
Undaunted then o'er cliffs and valleys strays,
And leads his votaries safe through pathless ways;
Not Argus with his hundred eyes shall find
Where Cupid goes, though he, poor guide, is blind.

The maiden, first arriving, sent her eye
To ask if yet its chief delight were nigh:
With fear and with desire, with joy and pain
She sees, and runs to meet him on the plain;
But, O, his steps proclaim no lover's haste!
On the low ground his fix'd regards are cast;
His artful bosom heaves dissembled sighs,
And tears suborn'd fall copious from his eyes.

With ease, alas! we credit what we love:
His painted grief does real sorrow move

In the afflicted fair : adown her cheek
Trickling the genuine tears their current break :
Attentive stood the mournful nymph : the man
Broke silence first ; the tale alternate ran.

HEN. Sincere, O tell me, hast thou felt a pain,
Emma, beyond what woman knows to feign ?
Has thy uncertain bosom ever strove
With the first tumults of a real love ?
Hast thou now dreaded and now bless'd his sway,
By turns averse and joyful to obey ?
Thy virgin softness hast thou e'er bewail'd,
As reason yielded, and as love prevail'd,
And wept the potent god's resistless dart,
His killing pleasure, his ecstatic smart,
And heavenly poison thrilling through thy heart ?
If so, with pity view my wretched state ;
At least deplore, and then forget my fate :
To some more happy knight reserve thy charms,
By Fortune favour'd and successful arms ;
And only, as the sun's revolving ray
Brings back, each year, this melancholy day,
Permit one sigh, and set apart one tear
To an abandon'd exile's endless care.
For me, alas ! outcast of human race,
Love's anger only waits, and dire disgrace ;
For, lo ! these hands in murder are imbrued,
These trembling feet by justice are pursued :
Fate calls aloud, and hastens me away :
A shameful death attends my longer stay ;
And I this night must fly from thee and love,
Condemn'd in lonely woods a banish'd man to rove.

EMMA. What is our bliss that changeth with the
moon,
And day of life that darkens ere 'tis noon ?

What is true passion, if unblest'd it dies ?
And where is Emma's joy if Henry flies ?
If love, alas ! be pain, the pain I bear
No thought can figure, and no tongue declare.
Ne'er faithful woman felt, nor false one feign'd,
The flames which long have in my bosom reign'd :
The god of love himself inhabits there,
With all his rage, and dread, and grief, and care,
His complement of stores and total war.

O cease then coldly to suspect my love,
And let my deed at least my faith approve.
Alas ! no youth shall my endearments share,
Nor day nor night shall interrupt my care ;
No future story shall with truth upbraid
The cold indifference of the Nut-brown Maid ;
Nor to hard banishment shall Henry run,
While careless Emma sleeps on beds of down.
View me resolved where'er thou lead'st to go,
Friend to thy pain, and partner of thy woe ;
For I attest fair Venus and her son,
That I, of all mankind, will love but thee alone.

HEN. Let prudence yet obstruct thy venturous
way,

And take good heed what men will think and say :
That beauteous Emma vagrant courses took,
Her father's house and civil life forsook ;
That full of youthful blood, and fond of man,
She to the woodland with an exile ran.
Reflect, that lessen'd fame is ne'er regain'd,
And virgin honour once, is always stain'd :
Timely advised, the coming evil shun ;
Better not do the deed, than weep it done :
No penance can absolve our guilty fame,
Nor tears, that wash out sin, can wash out shame.

Then fly the sad effects of desperate love,
And leave a banish'd man through lonely woods to
rove.

EMMA. Let Emma's hapless case be falsely told
By the rash young or the ill-natured old;
Let every tongue its various censures choose,
Absolve with coldness, or with spite accuse;
Fair Truth at last her radiant beams will raise,
And Malice vanquish'd heightens Virtue's praise.
Let then thy favour but indulge my flight,
O let my presence make thy travels light,
And potent Venus shall exalt my name
Above the rumours of censorious Fame;
Nor from that busy demon's restless power
Will ever Emma other grace implore,
Than that this truth should to the world be known,
That I, of all mankind, have loved but thee alone.

HEN. But canst thou wield the sword, and bend
the bow?

With active force repel the sturdy foe?
When the loud tumult speaks the battle nigh,
And winged deaths in whistling arrows fly,
Wilt thou, though wounded, yet undaunted stay,
Perform thy part, and share the dangerous day?
Then, as thy strength decays, thy heart will fail,
Thy limbs all trembling, and thy cheeks all pale;
With fruitless sorrow thou, inglorious maid,
Wilt weep thy safety by thy love betray'd;
Then to thy friend, by foes o'ercharged, deny
Thy little useless aid, and coward fly;
Then wilt thou curse the chance that made thee love
A banish'd man, condemn'd in lonely woods to rove.

EMMA. With fatal certainty Thalestris knew
To send the arrow from the twanging yew:

And great in arms, and foremost in the war,
Bonduca brandish'd high the British spear.
Could thirst of vengeance and desire of fame
Excite the female breast with martial flame?
And shall not love's diviner power inspire
More hardy virtue, and more generous fire?

Near thee, mistrust not, constant I'll abide,
And fall or vanquish, fighting by thy side.
Though my inferior strength may not allow
That I should bear or draw the warrior bow,
With ready hand I will the shaft supply,
And joy to see thy victor arrows fly.
Touch'd in the battle by the hostile reed,
Shouldst thou, (but Heaven avert it!) shouldst
thou bleed,

To stop the wounds my finest lawn I'd tear,
Wash them with tears, and wipe them with my hair;
Bless'd when my dangers and my toils have shown
That I, of all mankind, could love but thee alone.

HEN. But canst thou, tender maid, canst thou
sustain

Afflictive want, or hunger's pressing pain?
Those limbs, in lawn and softer silk array'd,
From sunbeams guarded, and of winds afraid,
Can they bear angry Jove? can they resist
The parching Dog-star and the bleak North-east?
When, chill'd by adverse snows and beating rain,
We tread with weary steps the longsome plain;
When with hard toil we seek our evening food,
Berries and acorns, from the neighbouring wood,
And find among the cliffs no other house
But the thin covert of some gather'd boughs,
Wilt thou not then reluctant send thine eye
Around the dreary waste, and, weeping, try

(Though then, alas ! that trial be too late)
To find thy father's hospitable gate,
And seats where ease and plenty brooding sate ?
Those seats whence, long excluded, thou must mourn ;
That gate for ever barr'd to thy return ;
Will thou not then bewail ill-fated love,
And hate a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to
rove ?

EMMA. Thy rise of fortune did I only wed,
From its decline determined to recede ;
Did I but purpose to embark with thee
On the smooth surface of a summer's sea,
While gentle zephyrs play in prosperous gales,
And Fortune's favour fills the swelling sails,
But would forsake the ship, and make the shore,
When the winds whistle and the tempests roar ?
No, Henry, no : one sacred oath has tied
Our loves ; one destiny our life shall guide,
Nor wild nor deep our common way divide.

When from the cave thou risest with the day,
To beat the woods and rouse the bounding prey,
The cave with moss and branches I'll adorn,
And cheerful sit to wait my lord's return.
And when thou frequent bring'st the smitten deer,
(For seldom, archers say, thy arrows err),
I'll fetch quick fuel from the neighbouring wood,
And strike the sparkling flint, and dress the food ;
With humble duty and officious haste
I'll cull the furthest mead for thy repast ;
The choicest herbs I to thy board will bring,
And draw thy water from the freshest spring :
And when at night, with weary toil oppress'd,
Soft slumbers thou enjoy'st and wholesome rest,

Watchful I'll guard thee, and with midnight prayer
Weary the gods to keep thee in their care ;
And joyous ask, at morn's returning ray,
If thou hast health, and I may bless the day.
My thoughts shall fix, my latest wish depend
On thee, guide, guardian, kinsman, father, friend :
By all these sacred names be Henry known
To Emma's heart ; and, grateful, let him own
That she, of all mankind, could love but him alone.

HEN. Vainly thou tell'st me what the woman's
Shall in the wildness of the wood prepare : [care
Thou, ere thou goest, unhappiest of thy kind,
Must leave the habit and the sex behind.
No longer shall thy comely tresses break
In flowing ringlets on thy snowy neck,
Or sit behind thy head, an ample round,
In graceful braids, with various ribbon bound ;
No longer shall the bodice, aptly laced
From thy full bosom to thy slender waist,
That air and harmony of shape express,
Fine by degrees, and beautifully less ;
Nor shall thy lower garments' artful plait,
From thy fair side dependent to thy feet,
Arm their chaste beauties with a modest pride,
And double every charm they seek to hide.
The ambrosial plenty of thy shining hair
Cropp'd off and lost, scarce lower than thy ear,
Shall stand uncouth ; a horseman's coat shall hide
Thy taper shape and comeliness of side ;
The short trunk-hose shall show thy foot and knee
Licentious, and to common eyesight free ;
And with a bolder stride and looser air,
Mingled with men, a man thou must appear.

Nor solitude, nor gentle peace of mind,
Mistaken maid, shalt thou in forests find :
'Tis long since Cynthia and her train were there,
Or guardian gods made innocence their care :
Vagrants and outlaws shall offend thy view,
For such must be my friends ; a hideous crew,
By adverse fortune mix'd in social ill,
Train'd to assault, and disciplined to kill ;
Their common loves a lewd abandon'd pack,
The beadle's lash still flagrant on their back ;
By sloth corrupted, by disorder fed,
Made bold by want, and prostitute for bread :
With such must Emma hunt the tedious day,
Assist their violence, and divide their prey ;
With such she must return at setting light,
Though not partaker, witness of their night.
Thy ear, inured to charitable sounds
And pitying love, must feel the hateful wounds
Of jest obscene and vulgar ribaldry,
The ill-bred question and the lewd reply ;
Brought by long habitude from bad to worse,
Must hear the frequent oath, the direful curse,
That latest weapon of the wretches' war,
And blasphemy, sad comrade of despair.

Now, Emma, now the last reflection make,
What thou wouldst follow, what thou must forsake :
By our ill-omen'd stars and adverse heaven
No middle object to thy choice is given :
Or yield thy virtue to attain thy love,
Or leave a banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to
rove.

EMMA. O grief of heart ! that our unhappy fates
Force thee to suffer what thy honour hates ;

Mix thee amongst the bad, or make thee run
Too near the paths which Virtue bids thee shun.
Yet with her Henry still let Emma go,
With him abhor the vice, but share the woe :
And sure my little heart can never err
Amidst the worst, if Henry still be there.
Our outward act is prompted from within,
And from the sinner's mind proceeds the sin :
By her own choice free Virtue is approved,
Nor by the force of outward objects moved.
Who has essay'd no danger gains no praise.
In a small isle, amidst the widest seas,
Triumphant Constauncy has fix'd her seat ;
In vain the Sirens sing, the tempests beat :
Their flattery she rejects, nor fears their threat.

For thee alone these little charms I dress'd,
Condemn'd them or absolved them by thy test :
In comely figure ranged, my jewels shone,
Or negligently placed, for thee alone :
For thee again they shall be laid aside ;
The woman, Henry, shall put off her pride
For thee : my clothes, my sex, exchanged for thee,
I'll mingle with the people's wretched lee ;
O line extreme of human infamy !
Wanting the scissars, with these hands I'll tear
(If that obstructs my flight) this load of hair ;
Black soot or yellow walnut shall disgrace
This little red and white of Emma's face :
These nails with scratches shall deform my breast ;
Lest by my look or colour be express'd
The mark of aught high-born, or ever better dress'd.
Yet in this commerce, under this disguise,
Let me be grateful still to Henry's eyes ;

Lost to the world, let me to him be known ;
My fate I can absolve if he shall own
That, leaving all mankind, I love but him alone.

HEN. O wildest thought of an abandon'd mind !
Name, habit, parents, woman, left behind,
Ev'n honour dubious, thou preferr'st to go
Wild to the woods with me. Said Emma so ?
Or did I dream what Emma never said ?
O guilty error ! and O wretched maid !
Whose roving fancy would resolve the same
With him who next should tempt her easy fame,
And blow with empty words the susceptible flame.
Now why should doubtful terms thy mind perplex ?
Confess thy frailty, and avow thy sex :
No longer loose desire for constant love
Mistake, but say 'tis man with whom thou long'st
to rove.

EMMA. Are there not poisons, racks, and flames,
and swords,
That Emma thus must die by Henry's words ?
Yet what could swords or poison, racks or flame,
But mangle and disjoint this brittle frame ?
More fatal Henry's words—they murder Emma's
fame.

And fall these sayings from that gentle tongue,
Where civil speech and soft persuasion hung ?
Whose artful sweetness and harmonious strain,
Courting my grace, yet courting it in vain,
Call'd sighs, and tears, and wishes, to its aid,
And, whilst it Henry's glowing flame convey'd,
Still blamed the coldness of the Nut-brown Maid ?

Let envious Jealousy and canker'd Spite
Produce my actions to severest light,
And tax my open day or secret night.

Did e'er my tongue speak my unguarded heart
The least inclined to play the wanton's part ?
Did e'er my eye one inward thought reveal
Which angels might not hear and virgins tell ?
And hast thou, Henry, in my conduct known
One fault but that which I must ever own,
That I, of all mankind, have loved but thee alone

HEN. Vainly thou talk'st of loving me alone ;
Each man is man, and all our sex is one :
False are our words, and fickle is our mind ;
Nor in Love's ritual can we ever find
Vows made to last, or promises to bind.

By nature prompted, and for empire made,
Alike by strength or cunning we invade :
When arm'd with rage we march against the foe,
We lift the battle-axe and draw the bow ;
When fired with passion we attack the fair,
Delusive sighs and brittle vows we bear :
Our falsehood and our arms have equal use,
As they our conquest or delight produce.

The foolish heart thou gavest again receive,
The only boon departing Love can give.
To be less wretched be no longer true ;
What strives to fly thee, why shouldst thou pursue ?

Forget the present flame, indulge a new :
Single the loveliest of the amorous youth ;
Ask for his vow, but hope not for his truth.
The next man (and the next thou shalt believe)
Will pawn his gods, intending to deceive ;
Will kneel, implore, persist, o'ercome, and leave
Hence let thy Cupid aim his arrows right :
Be wise and false, shun trouble, seek delight ;
Change thou the first, nor wait thy lover's flight.

Why shouldst thou weep ? let Nature judge our case :

I saw thee young and fair ; pursued the chase
Of youth and beauty : I another saw
Fairer and younger ; yielding to the law
Of our all-ruling mother, I pursued
More youth, more beauty. Bless'd vicissitude !
My active heart still keeps its pristine flame,
The object alter'd, the desire the same.

This younger, fairer, pleads her rightful charms,
With present power compels me to her arms ;
And much I fear from my subjected mind
(If beauty's force to constant love can bind)
That years may roll ere in her turu the maid
Shall weep the fury of my love decay'd,
And weeping follow me, as thou dost now,
With idle clamours of a broken vow.

Nor can the wildness of thy wishes err
So wide to hope that thou mayst live with her :
Love, well thou know'st, no partnership allows ;
Cupid, averse, rejects divided vows.
Then from thy foolish heart, vain maid, remove
An useless sorrow and an ill-starr'd love,
And leave me, with the fair, at large in woods to rove.

EMMA. Are we in life through one great error led ?
Is each man perjured, and each nymph betray'd ?
Of the superior sex art thou the worst ?
Am I of mine the most completely cursed ?
Yet let me go with thee, and going prove,
From what I will endure, how much I love.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our different care,

Her let me follow ; her let me attend,
A servant (she may scorn the name of friend) ;
What she demands incessant I'll prepare ;
I'll weave her garlands, and I'll plait her hair :
My busy diligence shall deck her board
(For there, at least, I may approach my lord) ;
And when her Henry's softer hours advise
His servant's absence, with dejected eyes
Far I'll recede, and sighs forbid to rise.

Yet when increasing grief brings slow disease,
And ebbing life, on terms severe as these,
Will have its little lamp no longer fed,
When Henry's mistress shows him Emma dead,
Rescue my poor remains from vile neglect :
With virgin honours let my hearse be deck'd,
And decent emblem ; and, at least, persuade
This happy nymph that Emma may be laid
Where thou, dear author of my death, where she
With frequent eye my sepulchre may see.
The nymph, amidst her joys, may haply breathe
One pious sigh, reflecting on my death,
And the sad fate which she may one day prove,
Who hopes from Henry's vows eternal love.
And thou forsworn, thou cruel, as thou art,
If Emma's image ever touch'd thy heart,
Thou sure must give one thought, and drop one tear
To her whom love abandon'd to despair ;
To her who, dying, on the wounded stone,
Bid it in lasting characters be known
That, of mankind, she loved but thee alone.

HEN. Hear, solemn Jove, and, conscious Venus,
hear ;
And thou, bright maid, believe me whilst I swear ;

No time, no change, no future flame, shall move
The well-placed basis of my lasting love.
O powerful Virtue ! O victorious fair !
At least excuse a trial too severe ;
Receive the triumph, and forget the war.

No banish'd man, condemn'd in woods to rove,
Entreats thy pardon, and implores thy love :
No perjured knight desires to quit thy arms,
Fairest collection of thy sex's charms,
Crown of my love, and honour of my youth ;
Henry, thy Henry, with eternal truth,
As thou mayst wish, shall all his life employ,
And found his glory, in his Emma's joy.

In me behold the potent Edgar's heir,
Illustrious earl, him terrible in war,
Let Loire confess, for she has felt his sword,
And trembling fled before the British lord.
Him, great in peace and wealth, fair Deva knows,
For she amidst his spacious meadows flows ;
Inclines her urn upon his fatten'd lands,
And sees his numerous herds imprint her sands.

And thou, my fair, my dove, shalt raise thy thought
To greatness next to empire ; shalt be brought
With solemn pomp to my paternal seat,
Where peace and plenty on thy word shall wait :
Music and song shall wake the marriage day ;
And, while the priests accuse the bride's delay,
Myrtles and roses shall obstruct her way.

Friendship shall still thy evening feasts adorn,
And blooming Peace shall ever bless thy morn ;
Succeeding years their happy race shall run,
And Age unheeded by delight come on,
While yet superior Love shall mock his power ;
And when old Time shall turn the fated hour,

Which only can our well-tied knot unfold,
What rests of both, one sepulchre shall hold.

Hence, then, for ever, from my Emma's breast,
(That heaven of softness, and that seat of rest)
Ye doubts and fears, and all that know to move
Tormenting grief, and all that trouble love :
Scatter'd by winds recede, and wild in forest rove.

EMMA. O day, the fairest sure that ever rose !
Period and end of anxious Emma's woes !
Sire of her joy, and source of her delight,
O, wing'd with pleasure, take thy happy flight,
And give each future morn a tincture of thy white.
Yet tell thy votary, potent queen of Love,
Henry, my Henry, will he never rove ?
Will he be ever kind, and just, and good ?
And is there yet no mistress in the wood ?
None, none there is : the thought was rash and vain,
A false idea, and a fancied pain.
Doubt shall for ever quit my strengthen'd heart,
And anxious jealousy's corroding smart ;
Nor other inmate shall inhabit there,
But soft belief, young joy, and pleasing care.

Hence let the tides of plenty ebb and flow,
And Fortune's various gale unheeded blow.
If at my feet the suppliant goddess stands,
And sheds her treasure with unwearied hands,
Her present favour cautious I'll embrace,
And not unthankful use the proffer'd grace ;
If she reclaims the temporary boon,
And tries her pinions, fluttering to be gone,
Secure of mind, I'll obviate her intent,
And unconcern'd return the goods she lent.
Nor happiness can I, nor misery, feel,
From any turn of her fantastic wheel :

Friendship's great laws, and Love's superior powers,
Must mark the colour of my future hours.
From the events which thy commands create,
I must my blessings or my sorrows date,
And Henry's will must dictate Emma's fate.

Yet while with close delight and inward pride
(Which from the world my careful soul shall hide)
I see thee, lord and end of my desire,
Exalted high as virtue can require,
With power invested, and with pleasure cheer'd,
Sought by the good, by the oppressor fear'd,
Loaded and bless'd with all the affluent store
Which human vows at smoking shrines implore ;
Grateful and humble grant me to employ
My life subservient only to thy joy,
And at my death to bless thy kindness, shown
To her who, of mankind, could love but thee alone.

While thus the constant pair alternate said,
Joyful above them and around them play'd
Angels and sportive Loves, a numerous crowd ;
Smiling they clapp'd their wings, and low they
bow'd :

They tumbled all their little quivers o'er,
To choose propitious shafts a precious store,
That when their god should take his future darts,
To strike, however rarely, constant hearts,
His happy skill might proper arms employ,
All tipp'd with pleasure, and all wing'd with joy ;
And those, they vow'd, whose lives should imitate
These lovers' constancy, should share their fate.

The queen of beauty stopp'd her bridled doves ;
Approved the little labour of the Loves ;

Was proud and pleased the mutual vow to hear,
And to the triumph call'd the god of war :
Soon as she calls the god is always near.

‘ Now Mars,’ she said, ‘ let Fame exalt her voice,
Nor let thy conquests only be her choice :
But when she sings great Edward from the field
Return’d, the hostile spear and captive shield
In Concord’s temple hung, and Gallia taught to
yield.

And when, as prudent Saturn shall complete
The years design’d to perfect Britain’s state,
The swift-wing’d power shall take her trump again,
To sing her favourite Anna’s wondrous reign ;
To recollect the unwearied Marlborough’s toils,
Old Rufus’ Hall unequal to his spoils ;
The British soldier from his high command
Glorious, and Gaul thrice vanquish’d by his hand,
Let her at least perform what I desire,
With second breath the vocal brass inspire,
And tell the nations, in no vulgar strain,
What wars I manage, and what wreaths I gain :
And when thy tumults and thy fights are past,
And when thy laurels at my feet are cast,—
Faithful mayst thou, like British Henry, prove,
And, Emma-like, let me return thy love.

‘ Renown’d for truth let all thy sons appear,
And constant beauty shall reward their care.’

Mars smiled, and bow’d : the Cyprian deity
Turn’d to the glorious ruler of the sky ;
‘ And thou,’ she smiling said, ‘ great god of Days
And Verse, behold my deed, and sing my praise ;
As on the British earth, my favourite isle,
Thy gentle rays and kindest influence smile,

Through all her laughing fields and verdant groves
Proclaim with joy these memorable loves,
From every annual course let one great day
To celebrated sports and floral play
Be set aside ; and in the softest lays
Of thy poetic sons be solemn praise
And everlasting marks of honour paid
To the true lover and the Nut-brown Maid.

THE GARLAND.

THE pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsafed to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day,
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undress'd at evening, when she found
Their odours lost, their colours past,
She changed her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eyes she cast.

That eye dropp'd sense distinct and clear
As any Muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
'My love, my life,' said I, 'explain
This change of humour; prithee tell,
That falling tear—what does it mean?'

She sigh'd, she smiled ; and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely moralist said,
' See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder what a change is made.

' Ah me ! the blooming pride of May
And that of Beauty are but one ;
At morn both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

' At dawn poor Stella danced and sung,
The amorous youth around her bow'd ;
At night her fatal knell was rung ;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her shroud.

' Such as she is who died to-day,
Such I, alas ! may be to-morrow :
Go, Damon, bid thy Muse display
The justice of thy Chloe's sorrow.'

PROTOGENES AND APELLES.

WHEN poets wrote and painters drew
As Nature pointed out the view,
Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece,
To spoil the well-proportion'd piece ;
And in our verse ere monkish rhymes
Had jangled their fantastic chimes ;
Ere on the flowery lands of Rhodes
Those knights had fix'd their dull abodes,
Who knew not much to paint or write,
Nor cared to pray, nor dared to fight ;
Protophenes, historians note,
Lived there, a burgess, scot and lot ;
And, as old Pliny's writings show,
Apelles did the same at Co.
Agreed these points of time and place,
Proceed we in the present case.

Piqued by Protophenes's fame,
From Co to Rhodes Apelles came,
To see a rival and a friend
Prepared to censure or commend ;
Here to absolve, and there object,
As art with candour might direct.
He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings ;
His servants follow with the things :
Appears the *gouvernante* of the house
(For such in Greece were much in use) ;
If young or handsome, yea or no,
Concerns not me or thee to know.

‘ Does squire Protophenes live here ?’

‘ Yes, sir,’ says she, with gracious air
And curtsy low, ‘ but just call’d out
By lords peculiarly devout,

Who came on purpose, sir, to borrow
Our Venus for the feast to-morrow,

• To grace the church : ‘ tis Venus’ day.

I hope, sir, you intend to stay

To see our Venus : ‘ tis the piece

The most renown’d throughout all Greece ;

So like the original, they say ;

But I have no great skill that way.

But, sir, at six (‘ tis now past three)

Dromo must make my master’s tea :

At six, sir, if you please to come,

You ‘ ll find my master, sir, at home.’

Tea, says a critic, big with laughter,

Was found some twenty ages after :

Authors, before they write, should read.

‘ Tis very true ; but we ‘ ll proceed.

‘ And, sir, at present would you please
To leave your name ?’—‘ Fair maiden, yes.

Reach me that board.’ No sooner spoke

But done. With one judicious stroke,

On the plain ground Apelles drew

A circle regularly true.

‘ And will you please, sweetheart,’ said he,

‘ To show your master this from me ?

By it he presently will know

How painters write their names at Co.’

He gave the panel to the maid.

Smiling and curtsying, ‘ Sir,’ she said,

‘ I shall not fail to tell my master :

And, sir, for fear of all disaster,

PRIOR:

I'll keep it my own self—Safe bind,
Says the old proverb, and safe find.
So, sir, as sure as key or lock—
Your servant, sir—at six o'clock.'

Again, at six, Apelles came,
Found the same prating civil dame.
'Sir, that my master has been here
Will by the board itself appear:
If from the perfect line be found
He has presumed to swell the ground,
Or colours on the draught to lay,
'Tis thus, he order'd me to say,
Thus write the painters of this isle:
Let those of Co remark the style.'

She said; and to his hand restored
The rival pledge, the missive board.
Upon the happy line were laid
Such obvious light and easy shade,
That Paris' apple stood confess'd,
Or Leda's egg, or Chloe's breast.

Apelles view'd the finish'd piece;
And live, said he, the arts of Greece!
Howe'er Protogenes and I
May in our rival talents vie,
Howe'er our works may have express'd
Who truest drew or colour'd best,
When he beheld my flowing line
He found at least I could design;
And from his artful round I grant
That he with perfect skill can paint.

The dullest genius cannot fail
To find the moral of my tale:
That the distinguish'd part of men,
With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,

Should in life's visit leave their name
In characters which may proclaim
That they with ardour strove to raise
At once their arts and country's praise ;
And in their working took great care
That all was full, and round, and fair.

ODE.

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name ;
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay,
When Chloe noted her desire
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
But with my numbers mix my sighs ;
And, whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blush'd ; Euphelia frown'd ;
I sung and gazed ; I play'd and trembled :
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd how ill we all dissembled,

PRIOR.

THE
LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

CELIA and I the other day
Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea ;
The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost ;
And on the surface of the deep
The winds lay, only not asleep :
The nymph did, like the scene, appear
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair ;
Soft fell her words as flew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say,
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.

But, O the change ! the winds grow high ;
Impending tempests charge the sky ;
The lightning flies, the thunder roars,
And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight,
And, trembling, vows she 'll ne'er again
Approach the shore, or view the main.

' Once more, at least, look back,' said I,
' Thyself in that large glass descry ;
When thou art in good humour dress'd,
When gentle reason rules thy breast,
The sun, upon the calmest sea,
Appears not half so bright as thee :

'Tis then that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love ;
I bless my chain, I hand my oar,
Nor think on all I left on shore.


‘ But when vain doubt and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear,
When the big lip and watery eye
Tell me the rising storm is nigh,
’Tis then thou art yon angry main,
Deform’d by winds, and dash’d by rain ;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labours less than I.

‘ Shipwreck’d, in vain to land I make,
While Love and Fate still drive me back :
Forced to dote on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched, when from thee ; vex’d, when nigh ;
I with thee or without thee die.’

PARTIAL FAME.


THE sturdy man, if he in love obtains,
In open pomp and triumph reigns :
The subtle woman, if she should succeed,
Disowns the honour of the deed.

Though he, for all his boast, is forced to yield ;
Though she can always keep the field ;
He vaunts his conquests, she conceals her shame :
How partial is the voice of Fame !



S O N G.

IN vain you tell your parting love
You wish fair winds may waft him over:
Alas! what winds can happy prove
That bear me far from what I love?
Alas! what dangers on the main
Can equal those that I sustain
From slighted vows and cold disdain?
Be gentle, and in pity choose
To wish the wildest tempest loose,
That, thrown again upon the coast
Where first my shipwreck'd heart was lost
I may once more repeat my pain,
Once more in dying notes complain,
Of slighted vows and cold disdain.



B L A I R.

THE GRAVE,

ETC.



BLAIR.
THE GRAVE
ETC.



Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf.



BLAIR.



THE GRAVE.

The house appointed for all living.—*Job.*

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the shade,
Some flee the city, some the hermitage,
Their aims as various as the roads they take
In journeying through life ; the task be mine
To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb ;
The appointed place of rendezvous, where all
These travellers meet. Thy succours I implore,
Eternal King ! whose potent arm sustains
The keys of hell and death. The Grave, dread thing !
Men shiver when thou art named : Nature, appall'd,
Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah ! how dark
Thy long-extended realms and rueful wastes ;
Where naught but silence reigns, and night, dark
night,
Dark as was Chaos ere the infant Sun
Was roll'd together, or had tried its beams
Athwart the gloom profound ! The sickly taper,
By glimmering through thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
Furr'd round with mouldy damp, and ropy slime,

Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew ;
Cheerless, unsocial plant ! that loves to dwell
Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms ;
Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
Beneath the wan cold moon (as fame reports)
Embodied thick, perform their mystic rounds.
No other merriment, dull tree, is thine !

See yonder hallow'd fane ! the pious work
Of names once famed, now dubious or forgot,
And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were :
There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.

The wind is up : hark ! how it howls ! Methinks,
Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary :

Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul bird
Rook'd in the spire screams loud ; the gloomy ailes
Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of
scutcheons,

And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound,
Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
The mansions of the dead. Roused from their
slumbers,

In-grim array the grizly spectres rise,

Grin horrible, and obstinately sullen

'Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.

Again ! the screech-owl shrieks : ungracious sound !

I 'll hear no more ; it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of reverend elms,

Coeval near with that, all ragged show,

Long lash'd by the rude winds : some rift half down

Their branchless trunks ; others so thin a-top,

That scarce two crows could lodge in the same
tree.

Strange things, the neighbours say, have happen'd
here :

Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs ;
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about ;
And the great bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd.
Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
When it draws near to witching-time of night.

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
By glimpse of moonshine, chequering through the
trees,

The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
(With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)
That tell in homely phrase who lie below.
Sudden he starts ! and hears, or thinks he hears,
The sound of something purring at his heels :
Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows,
Who gather round, and wonder at the tale
Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
O'er some new-open'd grave ; and, strange to tell !
Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow too I've sometimes spied,
Sad sight ! slow-moving o'er the prostrate dead :
Listless she crawls along in doleful black,
While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
Fast-falling down her now untasted cheek.
Prone on the lonely grave of the dear man
She drops ; whilst busy meddling memory,
In barbarous succession, musters up
The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks

She sees him, and, indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweetener of life, and solder of society!
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserved from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I proved the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of the gentle heart
Anxious to please. O! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors through the underwood
Sweet murmuring; methought the shrill-tongued
thrush

Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd every note;
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assumed a dye more deep; whilst every flower
Vied with his fellow plant in luxury
Of dress. O! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste: still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull Grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youthful
blood;
Strike out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And every smirking feature from the face;

Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the man of health,
Complexionally pleasant? where the droll,
Whose every look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lipp'd musing Melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them!

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war;
The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe,
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was hamper'd,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas! how slim, dishonourably slim!
And cramm'd into a space we blush to name!
Proud royalty, how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the moruing! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now,
Like new-born infant bound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife:
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hoped for in the peaceful Grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.
Araby's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the heralds duly paid

In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple :
 O cruel irony ! these come too late ;
 And only mock whom they were meant to honour.
 Surely, there 's not a dungeon-slave that 's buried
 In the highway, unshrouded and uncoffin'd,
 But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
 Sorry pre-eminence of high descent
 Above the vulgar-born, to rot in state !

But see ! the well-plumed hearse comes nodding
 on,

Stately and slow ; and properly attended
 By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
 The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
 By letting out their persons by the hour
 To mimic sorrow, when the heart 's not sad !
 How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd
 And glittering in the sun ! Triumphant entries
 Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
 In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
 Retard the unwieldy show ; whilst from the case-
 ments,

And houses' tops, ranks behind ranks close wedged,
 Hang bellying o'er. But tell us, why this waste ?
 Why this ado in earthing up a carcass
 That 's fallen into disgrace, and in the nostril
 Smells horrible ? Ye undertakers ! tell us,
 'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
 Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
 You make this mighty stir ? 'Tis wisely done :
 What would offend the eye in a good picture
 The painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st !
 Below the envy of the private man !
 Honour, that meddlesome officious ill,

Pursues thee ev'n to death ; nor there stops short.
Strange persecution ! when the grave itself
Is no protection from rude sufferance.

Absurd ! to think to over-reach the grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours !
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away : only themselves die faster.
The far-famed sculptor, and the laurel'd bard,
Those bold insurers of eternal fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tapering pyramid, the Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world, whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long outlived
The angry shaking of the winter's storm ;
Yet spent at last by the injuries of heaven,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone, with hieroglyphics crusted,
Gives way. O lamentable sight ! at once
The labour of whole ages lumbers down ;
A hideous and misshapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
With all-subduing Time ; his cankering hand
With calm deliberate malice wasteth them :
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.
Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sovereign rule through seas of blood ;
The oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravaged kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of power
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up

To want the rest ; now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind thy covert.
Vain thought ! to hide them from the general scorn
That haunts and dogs them like an injured ghost
Implacable. Here too the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er noticed,
And, well for neighbouring grounds, of arm as short,
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And griped them like some lordly beast of prey,
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
Of the same common nature with his lord) ;
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his
kinsman ;

Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
Precedency's a jest ; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or others' adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were something
Above the common level of our kind ;
The grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd flattery,

And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty ! thou pretty plaything ! dear deceit !
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse unknown before !
The grave discredits thee : thy charms expunged,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of ? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage ?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid ;
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek,

The high-fed worm, in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscared. For this was all thy caution ?
For this thy painful labours at thy glass,
To improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not ? Foul feeder !
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.
Look how the fair-one weeps ! the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flowers :
Honest effusion ! the swoln heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength, too ! thou surly and less gentle boast
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring !
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dared thee to the unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard ? deep groan indeed,
With anguish heavy laden ! let me trace it :
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick ! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play ! What now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs, and well-spread
shoulders ?

See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain ! eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning ! hideous sight !
O ! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly !
Whilst the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan ?
It was his last. See how the great Goliath,

Just like a child that brawl'd itself to rest,
Lies still! What mean'st thou then, O mighty
boaster!

To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife?

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube;
And travelling through the boundless length of
space,

Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs,
That roll with regular confusion there,
In ecstasy of thought. But ah! proud man!
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head:
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails;
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies! disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonour'd, like a wretch that's gagg'd,
And cannot tell his ail to passers-by.
Great man of language! whence this mighty change,
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue;
Alas! how chop-fallen now! thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing. Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tuned voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?

Ah ! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been !
Razed from the book of fame : or, more provoking,
Perhaps some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhymes
With heavy halting pace that drawl along ;
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

Here the great masters of the healing art,
These mighty mock defrauders of the tomb !
Spite of their julaps and catholicons,
Resign to fate. Proud Æsculapius' son,
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health ?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escaped thy rifling hand : from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrungst their shy retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire : nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escaped thy deep research.
But why this apparatus ? why this cost ?
Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave !
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures ?
Alas ! thou speakest not. The bold impostor
Looks not more silly when the cheat's found out.

Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons !
Who meanly stole, discreditable shift !
From back and belly too their proper cheer ;
Eased of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcass, now lies cheaply lodged,
By clamorous appetites no longer teased,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But, ah ! where are his rents, his comings in ?

Aye! now you've made the rich man poor indeed :
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind ?
O cursed lust of gold ! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his interest in both worlds,
First starved in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death !
To him that is at ease in his possessions ;
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come !
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain ! how wishfully she looks
On all she 's leaving, now no longer hers !
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage ! Mournful sight !
Her very eyes weep blood ; and every groan
She heaves is big with horror : but the foe,
Like a staunch murderer, steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through every lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on :
All forced at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die, my soul !
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end thou hast the gulf in view !
That awful gulf no mortal e'er repass'd
To tell what 's doing on the other side !
Nature runs back and shudders at the sight,
And every life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting !
For part they must : body and soul must part ;
Fond couple ! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,

The witness of its actions, now its judge ;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher, of no use.

If death was nothing, and naught after death ;
If, when men died, at once they ceased to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprung ; then might the de-
bauchee

Untrembling mouth the heavens ; then might the
drunkard

Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh
At the poor bug-bear Death ; then might the wretch
That 's weary of the world, and tired of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleased,
And by what way ; whether by hemp or steel :
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could force
The ill-pleased guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes ? Sure ! he does well
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able. But if there is an *hereafter*,
And that there is, conscience uninfluenced,
And suffer'd to speak out, tells every man,
Then must it be an awful thing to die ;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder ! name it not ; our island's shame,
That makes her the reproach of neighbouring states.
Shall Nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act ?
Forbid it, Heaven ! let not, upon disgust,
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
With blood of its own lord. Dreadful attempt !
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage

To rush into the presence of our Judge !
As if we challenged him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath. Unheard-of tortur
Must be reserved for such : these herd together ;
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul. .
Our time is fix'd, and all our days are number'd
How long, how short, we know not : this we know
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heaven shall give permission
Like sentries, that must keep their destined stand
And wait the appointed hour, till they're relieved
Those only are the brave who keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick : to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly venturing on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark ! 'tis mad :
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead ! will none of you in pity
To those you left behind, disclose the secret ?
O ! that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be !
I've heard, that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death : 'twas kindly done
To knock and give the alarm. But what means
This stinted charity ? 'Tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves. Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die ? Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice ? I'll ask no more ;
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine .
Enlightens but yourselves : well—'tis no matter

A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.
Death's shafts fly thick ! Here falls the village
swain,
And there his pamper'd lord ! The cup goes round,
And who so artful as to put it by ?
'Tis long since death had the majority ;
Yet, strange ! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle !
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear ; with mattock in his hand
Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance
By far his juniors ! Scarce a scull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell
Some passage of his life. Thus, hand in hand,
The sot has walk'd with death twice twenty years ;
And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a smuttier tale : when drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch ! he minds not
That soon some trusty brother of the trade
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn ; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegenerate days
Could scarce have leisure for ; fools that we are !
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time ; as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. O more than sottish !
For creatures of a day, in gamesome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink,
Unapprehensive ; when, for aught we know,

The very first swollen surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, Time hurries on
With a resistless, unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. What is this world ?
What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals,
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones ?
The very turf on which we tread once lived ;
And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring : in their turns
They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet !
The shivering Iceland, and sun-burnt Moor ;
Men of all climes, that never met before ;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favourite yet prouder,
His sovereign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts :
Now vain their treaty-skill ! Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders ; and when the cruel tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought escapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the bubbling stream,
Time out of mind the favourite seats of love,
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes

Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-robed prelate, and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams
That some rude interposing rock had split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant ; here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch :
Here is the mother with her sons and daughters ;
The barren wife ; the long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smiled like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclosed. Strange medley here !
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale ;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose every day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth : the shrill-tongued
shrew,

Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the generous, and the brave ;
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane,
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred ;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean,
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern ;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man ! how happy once in thy first state,
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and well-pleased
Smiled on his last fair work ! Then all was well.

Sound was the body, and the soul serene ;
Like two sweet instruments, ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts. Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache ; nor was there cause they should,
For all was pure within : no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings up of what may be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom : summer seas
Show not more smooth when kiss'd by southern
winds,

Just ready to expire. Scarce importuned,
The generous soil with a luxuriant hand
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And every thing most perfect in its kind.
Blessed, thrice blessed days ! but, ah, how short !
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men,
But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.
O slippery state of things ! What sudden turns,
What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
Of man's sad history ! to-day most happy ;
And, ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject !
How scant the space between these vast extremes !
Thus fared it with our sire : not long he enjoy'd
His paradise ; scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again. And must he go ?
Can naught compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man ? Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odours of the place
Offer'd in incense can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel
With flaming sword forbids his longer stay,

And drives the loiterer forth ; nor must he take
One last and farewell round. At once he lost
His glory and his God. If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder ! Man has sinn'd :
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try ; nor tried in vain.
(Dreadful experiment ! destructive measure !
Where the worst thing could happen, is success.)
Alas ! too well he sped : the good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-used ghost,
Not to return ; or, if it did, its visits
Like those of angels, short, and far between :
Whilst the black dæmon, with his hell-'scaped train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone ;
Lording it o'er the man, who now too late
Saw the rash error which he could not mend ;
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage ! human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds through every vein.

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, Sin !
Greatest and first of ills ! the fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions ! but for thee
Sorrow had never been. All noxious things
Of vilest nature, other sorts of evils,
Are kindly circumscribed, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involved in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops. The big-swoln inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,

Buries whole tracts of country, threatening more ;
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these, sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world ;
Dispatching at a wide-extended blow
Entire mankind, and for their sakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands ;
Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accursed thing ! O where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors ? pregnant womb of ills !
Of temper so transcendently malign,
That toads and serpents of most deadly kind
Compared to thee are harmless. Sickneses
Of every size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues are thine ! See how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round ;
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her
heels,
Wades deep in blood new-spilt ; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.


But hold ! I've gone too far ; too much discover'd
My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.
Here let me pause ! and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty, and condolence,
O'er all those ample deserts Death hath spread,
This chaos of mankind. O great man-eater,
Whose every day is carnival, not sated yet !
Unheard-of epicure ! without a fellow !
The veriest gluttons do not always cram ;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite : thou seekest none.

Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
But, ah ! rapacious still, thou gapest for more :
Like one, whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank Hunger lays his skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings.
(As if Diseases, Massacre, and Poison,
Famine, and War, were not thy caterers !)

But now that thou must render up thy dead,
And with high interest too ! they are not thine ;
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promised day of restitution ;
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of strong-lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
Day-light, and liberty.—

Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal
The mines that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immured ; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
And inquisition of the forge. We know
The illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy power
Thou couldst not hold : self-vigorous he rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent.
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall !)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And show'd himself alive to chosen witnesses
By proofs so strong, that the most slow-assenting
Had not a scruple left. This having done,
He mounted up to heaven. Methinks I see him

Climb the ærial heights, and glide along
Athwart the severing clouds : but the faint eye,
Flung backward in the chase, soon drops its hold,
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in ;
Nor are his friends shut out : as some great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train ; it was his royal will,
That where he is, there should his followers be.
Death only lies between, a gloomy path,
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fear !
But nor untrod, nor tedious : the fatigue
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no by-road
To bliss. Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air and softer skies,
And a ne'er-setting sun ? Fools that we are !
We wish to be where sweets unwithering bloom ;
But straight our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
Fast by the rivulet's brink, a youngster play :
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide !
This moment resolute, next unresolved :
At last he dips his foot ; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From the inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flowers that paint the further bank,
And smiled so sweet of late. Thrice welcome Death !
That after many a painful bleeding step,
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long wish'd-for shore. Prodigious change !
Our bane turn'd to a blessing ! Death disarm'd
Loses his fellness quite ; all thanks to him
Who scourged the venom out ! Sure the last end



Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit !
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him ! in the evening-tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was
His riper years should not upbraid his green :
By unperceived degrees he wears away ;
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting !
High in his faith and hopes, look, how he reaches
After the prize in view ! and, like a bird
That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away !
Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
Of the fast-coming harvest. Then ! O then !
Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
Shrunk to a thing of naught. O how he longs
To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd !
'Tis done, and now he's happy ! The glad soul
Has not a wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag flesh
Rests too in hope of meeting once again
Its better half, never to sunder more.
Nor shall it hope in vain : the time draws on
When not a single spot of burial-earth,
Whether on laud, or in the spacious sea,
But must give back its long committed dust
Inviolatè : and faithfully shall these
Make up the full account ; not the least atom
Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
Each soul shall have a body ready-furnish'd ;
And each shall have his own. Hence, ye profane
Ask not how this can be. Sure the same Power
That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
And put them as they were ; Almighty God

Has done much more ; nor is his arm impair'd
Through length of days ; and what he can he will :
His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.

When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumbering
dust,

Not unattentive to the call, shall wake ;
And every joint possess its proper place,
With a new elegance of form, unknown
To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
Mistake its partner : but amidst the crowd,
Singling its other half, into its arms
Shall rush, with all the impatience of a man
That's new come home, who, having long been ab-
sent,

With haste runs over every different room,
In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting !
Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.


'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night ;
We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.

Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake
Cowers down, and dozes till the dawn of day ;
Then claps his well-fledged wings, and bears away.

D E A T H.


BY DR. PORTEUS, BISHOP OF LONDON.

FRIEND to the wretch whom every friend forsakes,
I woo thee, Death! in Fancy's fairy paths
Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill
The strain of empty joy. Life and its joys
I leave to those that prize them. At this hour,
This solemn hour, when silence rules the world,
And wearied nature makes a general pause;
Wrapt in night's sable robe, through cloisters drear
And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng
Of meagre phantoms shooting cross my path
With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale
Of Death. Deep in a murky cave's recess,
Laved by Oblivion's listless stream, and fenced
By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors
Of yew and cypress shade, from all intrusion
Of busy noontide beam, the Monarch sits
In unsubstantial majesty enthroned.
At his right hand, nearest himself in place
And fruitfulness of form, his parent Sin,
With fatal industry and cruel care
Busies herself in pointing all his stings,
And tipping every shaft with venom drawn
From her infernal store: around him ranged
In terrible array, and mixture strange
Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread ministers.
Foremost Old Age, his natural ally
And firmest friend; next him diseases thick,
A motley train; Fever with cheek of fire;



Consumption wan ; Palsy, half-warm with life,
And half a clay-cold lump ; joint-torturing Gout ;
And ever-gnawing Rheum ; Convulsion wild ;
Swoln Dropsy ; panting Asthma ; Apoplex
Full-gorged. There too the Pestilence that walks
In darkness, and the Sickness that destroys
At broad noon-day. These, and a thousand more,
Horrid to tell, attentive wait ; and, when
By Heaven's command Death waves his ebon wand,
Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose,
And scatter desolation o'er the earth.

Ill-fated Man, for whom such various forms
Of misery wait, and mark their future prey !
Ah ! why, all-righteous Father, didst thou make
This creature, Man ? Why wake the unconscious dust
To life and wretchedness ? O better far
Still had he slept in uncreated night,
If this the lot of being ! Was it for this
Thy breath divine kindled within his breast
The vital flame ? For this was thy fair image
Stamp'd on his soul in godlike lineaments ?
For this dominion given him absolute
O'er all thy works, only that he might reign
Supreme in woe ? From the bless'd source of Good
Could Pain and Death proceed ? Could such foul ills
Fall from fair Mercy's hands ? Far be the thought,
The impious thought ! God never made a creature
But what was good. He made a living Soul ;
The wretched Mortal was the work of man.
Forth from his Maker's hands he sprung to life,
Fresh with immortal bloom : no pain he knew,
No fear of change, no check to his desires,
Save one command. That one command, which stood
'Twixt him and Death, the test of his obedience,
Urged on by wanton curiosity,



He broke. There in one moment was undone
The fairest of God's works. The same rash hand,
That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit,
Unbarr'd the gates of Hell, and let loose Sin
And Death, and all the family of Pain,
To prey upon mankind. Young Nature saw
The monstrous crew, and shook through all her
frame :

Then fled her new-born lustre, then began
Heaven's cheerful face to lower, then vapours choked
The troubled air, and form'd a veil of clouds
To hide the willing sun. The earth, convulsed
With painful throes, threw forth a bristly crop
Of thorns and briers ; and insect, bird, and beast,
That wont before with admiration fond
To gaze at man, and fearless crowd around him,
Now fled before his face, shunning in haste
The infection of his misery. He alone
Who justly might, the offended Lord of man,
Turn'd not away his face : he, full of pity,
Forsook not in this uttermost distress
His best-loved work. That comfort still remain'd
(That best, that greatest comfort in affliction,
The countenance of God), and through the gloom
Shot forth some kindly gleams, to cheer and warm
The offender's sinking soul. Hope sent from Heaven
Upraised his drooping head, and show'd afar
A happier scene of things—the promised Seed
Trampling upon the Serpent's humbled crest ;
Death of his sting disarm'd ; and the dark grave,
Made pervious to the realms of endless day,
No more the limit, but the gate of life.

Cheer'd with the view, Man went to till the ground
From whence he rose ; sentenced indeed to toil,

As to a punishment, yet (ev'n in wrath,
So merciful is Heaven) this toll became
The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard
Against Disease and Death. Death, tho' denounced,
Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm
Of Age, his sole support, led slowly on.
Not then, as since, the short-lived sons of men
Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes;
Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years
One solitary ghost went shivering down
To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
'The venerable Patriarch guileless held
'The tenor of his way; Labour prepared
His simple fare, and Temperance ruled his board.
'Tired with his daily toil, at early eve
He sunk to sudden rest; gentle and pure
As breath of evening Zephyr, and as sweet,
Werc all his slumbers; with the Sun he rose,
Alert and vigorous as he to run
His destined course. Thus nerved with giant strength,
He stemm'd the tide of time, and stood the shock
Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.
At life's meridian point arrived, he stood,
And looking round, saw all the valleys fill'd
With nations from his loins: full well content
To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the earth,
Along the gentle slope of life's decline
He bent his gradual way, till full of years
He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave.

Such in the infancy of Time was Man;
So calm was life, so impotent was Death!
O had he but preserved these few remains,

The shatter'd fragments of lost happiness,
Snatch'd by the hand of Heaven from the sad wreck
Of innocence primeval ; still had he lived
In ruin great ; though fallen, yet not forlorn ;
Though mortal, yet not every where beset
With Death in every shape ! But he, impatient
To be completely wretched, hastes to fill up
The measure of his woes :—"Twas Man himself
Brought Death into the world ; and Man himself
Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
And multiplied destruction on mankind.

First Envy, eldest-born of Hell, imbrued
Her hands in blood, and taught the sons of men
To make a Death which Nature uever made,
And God abhorr'd ; with violence rude to break
The thread of life ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improved
The execrable deed. "Twas not enough
By subtle fraud to snatch a single life ;
Puny impiety ! whole kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of power : more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature,
Became its boast. *One* murder made a villain ;
Millions a hero. Princes were privileged
To kill, and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah ! why will kings forget that they are men,
And men that they are brethren ? Why delight
In human sacrifice ? Why burst the ties
Of Nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love ?
Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,

Artificers of Death ! Still monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin. Blast the design,
Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine !

Yet say, should tyrants learn at last to feel,
And the loud din of battle cease to bray ;
Should dove-eyed Peace o'er all the earth extend
Her olive-branch, and give the world repose,
Would Death be foil'd ? Would health, and strength,
and youth

Defy his power ? Has he no arts in store,
No other shafts save those of War ? Alas !
Ev'n in the smile of Peace, that smile which sheds
A heavenly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
That serpent Luxury. War its thousands slays ;
Peace its ten thousands. In the embattled plain,
Though Death exults, and claps his raven wings,
Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,
So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where, in the intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless love,
He snares the simple youth, who, naught suspecting,
Means to be blest—but finds himself undone.

Down the smooth stream of life the stripling darts,
Gay as the morn ; bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells his sails, and Passion steers his course.
Safe glides his little bark along the shore
Where Virtue takes her stand ; but if too far
He launches forth beyond Discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the surges roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
O sad but sure mischance ! O happier far

To lie like gallant Howe 'midst Indian wilds
A breathless corse, cut off by savage hands
In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice
To Freedom's holy cause, than so to fall,
Torn immature from Life's meridian joys,
A prey to Vice, Intemperance, and Disease.

Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather perish still,
Ye sons of Pleasure, by the Almighty stricken,
Than ever dare (though oft, alas ! ye dare)
To lift against yourselves the murderous steel,
To wrest from God's own hand the sword of Justice,
And be your own avengers ! Hold, rash man,
Though with anticipating speed thou 'st ranged
Through every region of delight, nor left
One joy to gild the evening of thy days ;
Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face Despair ;
Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe,
Compared with thy hereafter. Think, O think,
And, ere thou plunge into the vast abyss,
Pause on the verge awhile : look down and see
Thy future mansion. Why that start of horror ?
From thy slack hand why drops the uplifted steel ?
Didst thou not think such vengeance must await
The wretch, that with his crimes all fresh about him,
Rushes irreverent, unprepared, uncall'd,
Into his Maker's presence, throwing back
With insolent disdain his choicest gift ?

Live, then, while Heaven in pity lends thee life,
And think it all too short to wash away,
By penitential tears and deep contrition,
The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find
Rest to thy soul ; so unappall'd shalt meet
Death when he comes, not wantonly invite
His lingering stroke. Be it thy sole concern

With innocence to live : with patience wait
The appointed hour : too soon that hour will come,
Tho' Nature run her course. But Nature's God,
If need require, by thousand various ways,
Without thy aid, can shorten that short span,
And quench the lamp of life. O when he comes,
Roused by the cry of wickedness extreme,
To Heaven ascending from some guilty land,
Now ripe for vengeance ; when he comes array'd
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath,
Forth from his bosom plucks his lingering arm,
And on the miscreants pours destruction down ;
Who can abide his coming ? Who can bear,
His whole displeasure ? In no common form
Death then appears, but starting into size
Enormous, measures with gigantic stride
The astonish'd earth, and from his looks throws round
Unutterable horror and dismay.
All Nature lends her aid : each element
Arms in his cause. Ope fly the doors of Heaven ;
The fountains of the deep their barriers break ;
Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
And drown Creation ; or in floods of fire
Descends a livid cataract, and consumes
An impious race. Sometimes, when all seems peace,
Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude embrace
Sweeps nations to their grave, or in the deep
Whelms the proud wooden world ; full many a youth
Floats on his watery bier, or lies unwept
On some sad desert shore ! At dead of night,
In sullen silence stalks forth Pestilence :
Contagion close behind taints all her steps
With poisonous dew ; no smiting hand is seen,
No sound is heard ; but soon her secret path
Is mark'd with desolation ; heaps on heaps

Promiscuous drop. No friend, no refuge near ;
All, all is false and treacherous around ;
All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is death.

But ah ! what means that ruinous roar ? why fail
These tottering feet ? Earth to its centre feels
The Godhead's power, and trembling at his touch
Through all its pillars, and in every pore,
Hurls to the ground, with one convulsive heave,
Precipitating domes, and towns, and towers,
The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight
Of general devastation, millions find
One common grave ; not ev'n a widow left
To wail her sons : the house, that should protect,
Entombs its master ; and the faithless plain,
If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn
Starts from beneath him. Shield me, gracious Heaven,
O snatch me from destruction ! If this globe,
This solid globe, which thine own hand hath made
So firm and sure, if this my steps betray ;
If my own mother Earth, from whence I sprung,
Rise up with rage unnatural to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly ?
Where look for succour ? Where, but up to thee,
Almighty Father ? Save, O save thy suppliant
From horrors such as these ! At thy good time
Let Death approach ; I reck not—let him but come
In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
Too much for man to bear. O rather lend
Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke ;
And at that hour when all aghast I stand
(A trembling candidate for thy compassion)
On this world's brink, and look into the next ;
When my soul, starting from the dark unknown,
Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings

To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
From this fair scene, from all her custom'd joys,
And all the lovely relatives of life,
Then shed thy comforts o'er me, then put on
The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark crimes,
In all their hideous forms then starting up,
Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,
And stab my bleeding heart with two-edged torture,
Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe.
Far be the ghastly crew! And in their stead
Let cheerful Memory from her purest cells
Lead forth a goodly train of Virtues fair,
Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back
With tenfold usury the pious care,
And pouring o'er my wounds the heavenly balm
Of conscious innocence. But chiefly, Thou,
Whom soft-eyed Pity once led down from heaven,
To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
And, O! still harder lesson! how to die;
Disdain not thou to smoothe the restless bed
(Of sickness and of pain. Forgive the tear
That feeble Nature drops; calm all her fears,
Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith;
Till my rapt soul, anticipating heaven,
Bursts from the thralldom of encumbering clay,
And on the wing of Ecstasy upborne,
Springs into liberty, and light, and life.

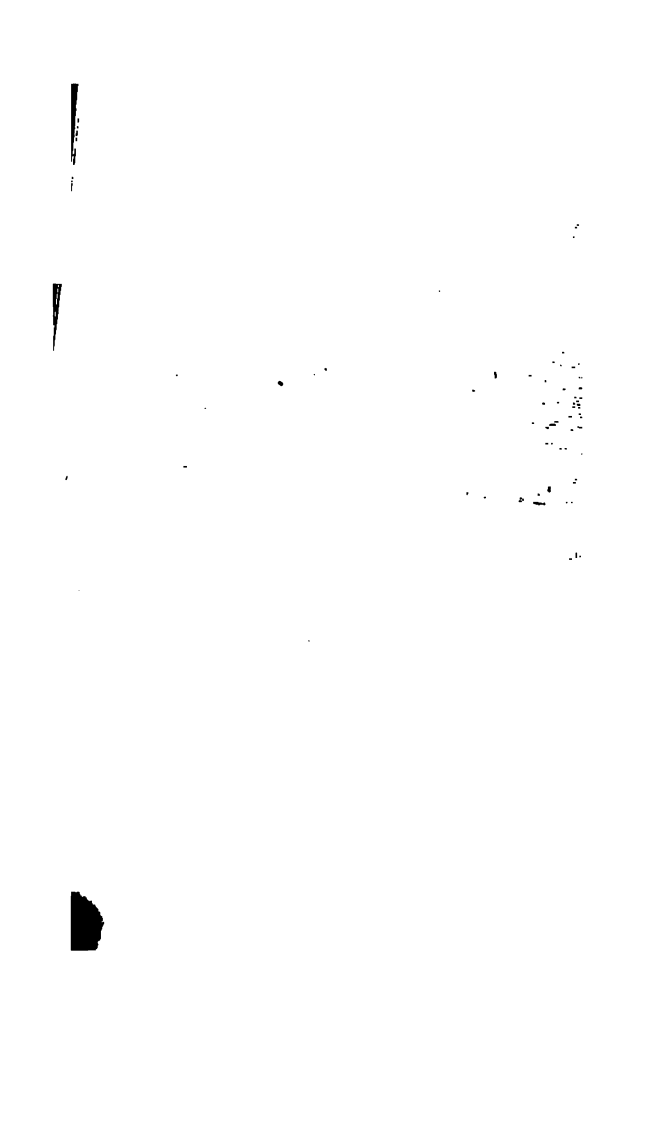
SHENSTONE.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS;

AND

OTHER POEMS.





SHENSTONE.
THE
SCHOOL MISTRESS.



And many a sullen look askance is sent
 Which for his dames amoyance he designs.



SHENSTONE.



THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

IN IMITATION OF SPENSER.

*Auditæ voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ fientes in limine primo. Virg.*

And mingled sounds and infant plaints we hear,
That pierce the entrance shrill, and wound the tender ear.

Alas me ! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise—
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise :
Lend me thy clarion, goddess ! let me try
To sound the praise of Merit ere it dies,
Such as I oft have chaunced to espy
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village mark'd with little spire,
Embower'd in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we Schoolmistress name,

Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame :
They griev'd sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame ;
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did stow ;
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals' mickle woe ;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat low ;
And, as they look'd, they found their horror grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden placed,
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave,
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast :
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look aghast—
Sad servitude ! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste !
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display,
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray,
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day !
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
Do Learning's little tenement betray,
Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
 Emblem right meet of decency does yield ;
 Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
 As is the harebell that adorns the field ;
 And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
 • Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear entwined,
 With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd,
 And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd,
 And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement unkind.

Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet portray'd,
 The childish faces of old Æol's train,
 Libs, Notus, Auster : ¹ these in frowns array'd,
 How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
 Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein ?
 And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
 And were not she her statutes to maintain,
 The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the cell
 Where comely peace of mind and decent order dwell.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown,
 A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air :
 'Twas simple russet, but it was her own ;
 'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair ;
 'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare ;
 And, sooth to say, her pupils, ranged around,
 Through pious awe did term it passing rare,
 For they in gaping wonderment abound, [ground.
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on

Albeit, ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
 Ne pompous title did debauch her ear,
 Goody, good woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
 Or dame, the sole additions she did hear :

¹ The south-west wind, south, &c.

Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear ;
Ne would esteem him act as mought behove
Who should not honour'd eld with these revere ;
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame,
Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came,
Such favour did her past deportment claim ;
And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same ;
For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crum she
found.

Herbs too she knew, and well of each could speak
That in her garden sipp'd the silvery dew,
Where no vain flower disclosed a gandy streak,
But herbs for use and physic, not a few
Of gray renown, within those borders grew ;
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue,
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb,
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to
rhyme.


Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around,
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue,
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound,
And marjoram sweet, in shepherd's posy found,
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,

To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare
perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driven from its envied site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here,
Where, edged with gold, its glittering skirts appear.
O wassel days ! O customs meet and well !
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere ;
Simplicity then sought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lordling
dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete:
If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave,
But in her garden found a summer seat.
Sweet melody ! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
All for the nonce untuning every string, [sing.
Uphung their useless lyres—small heart had they to

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed ;
And in those elfins' ears would oft deplore
The times when Truth by popish rage did bleed,
And tortious death was true Devotion's meed ;
And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
That n'ould on wooden image place her creed ;
And lawny saints in smouldering flames did burn :
Ah, dearest Lord, forefend thilk days should e'er
return !



In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cankering eld defaced,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefast liege is placed,
The matron sate; and some with rank she graced,
(The source of children's and of courtiers' pride!)
Redress'd affronts, for vile affronts there pass'd,
And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise;
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise;
And other some with baleful sprig she frays:
Ev'n absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways;
Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

Lo, now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;
Their books of stature small they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair;
The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare,
On which think wight that has y-gazing been
Kens the forthcoming rod; unpleasing sight, I ween.

Ah! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!
As erst the bard² by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft as he told of deadly dolorous plight,

² Spenser.

Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite ;
For, brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight !
And down they drop, appears his dainty skin,
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthful scene ! when from a nook obscure
His little sister doth his peril see ;
All playful as she sat she grows demure,
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee ;
She meditates a prayer to set him free :
Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree),
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command,
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee, her parent dear !
(Ah ! too remote to ward the shameful blow !)
She sees no kind domestic visage near ;
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But, ah ! what pen his piteous plight may trace,
Or what device his loud laments explain ?
The form uncouth of his disguised face ?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain ?
The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain ?
When he in abject wise implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain ;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And through the thatch his cries each falling stroke
proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with sore dismay,
Attend, and con their tasks with mickle care ;
By turns, astonished, every twig survey,
And from their fellow's hateful wounds beware ;
Knowing, I wist, how each the same may share ;
Till fear has taught them a performance meet,
And to the well-known chest the dame repair,
Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'em greet,
And gingerbread y-rare, now certes doubly sweet !

See to their seats they hie with merry glee,
And in beseemly order sitten there,
All but the wight of bum y'-galled, he
Abhorreth bench, and stool, and fourm, and chair,
(This hand in mouth y'-fix'd, and rends his hair)
And eke with snubs profound, and heaving breast,
Convulsions intermitting ! does declare
His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust behest,
And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be ca-
ress'd.

His face besprent with liquid crystal shines,
His blooming face, that seems a purple flower,
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All smear'd and sullied by a vernal shower.
O the hard bosoms of despotic power !
All, all, but she, the author of his shame,
All, all, but she, regret this mournful hour ;
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flower shall
claim,
If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door, in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff ! pines,
Ne for his fellows' joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns,

And deems it shame if he to peace inclines ;
And many a sullen look askaunce is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs ;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past resent.

Ah me ! how much I fear lest pride it be !
But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware, ye dames ! with nice discernment see
Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires :
Ah ! better far than all the Muses' lyres,
All coward arts, is valour's generous heat ;
The firm fix'd breast which fit and right requires,
Like Vernon's patriot soul ; more justly great
Than craft that pimps for ill, or flowery false deceit.

Yet, nursed with skill, what dazzling fruits appear !
Ev'n now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so,
As Milton, Shakspeare, names that ne'er shall die !
Though now he crawl along the ground so low,
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on high,
Wisheth, poor starveling elf, his paper-kite may fly.

And this, perhaps, who censuring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards doth build,
Shall Dennis be, if rigid Fates incline !
And many an epic to his rage shall yield,
And many a poet quit the Aonian field ;
And, sour'd by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now with 'sdainful fury thrill'd
Surveys mine work, and levels many a sneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries ' What stuff
is here !'

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
And Liberty unbars her prison-door,
And like a rushing torrent out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er
With boisterous revel-rout and wild uproar ;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run—
Heaven shield their short-lived pastime, I implore !
For well may freedom, erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

Enjoy, poor imps ! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers,
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles, or in ladies' bowers.
O vain to seek delight in earthly thing !
But most in courts, where proud Ambition towers.
Deluded wight ! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear !
These rudely carol, most incondite lay ;
'Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer,
Salute the stranger passing on his way ;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay,
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play ;
'Thilk to the huckster's savoury cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens the allotted mite to
spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been,
Apples with cabbage-net y'-cover'd o'er,
Galling full sore the unmoney'd wight, are seen,
And gooseberry, clad in livery red or green ;

And here of lovely dye the Catherine pear,
Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice I ween !
O may no wight e'er pennyless come there,
Lest, smit with ardent love, he pine with hopeless
care !

See ! cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies tied,
Scattering like blooming maid their glances round,
With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside,
And must be bought, though penury betide ;
The plum all azure, and the nut all brown,
And here, each season, do those cakes abide
Whose honour'd names the inventive city own,
Rendering through Britain's isle Salopia's praises
known.³

Admired Salopia ! that with venial pride
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient wave,
Famed for her loyal cares in perils tried,
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings brave :
Ah ! midst the rest, may flowers adorn his grave
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display !
A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray,
Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on their
way.

3 Shrewsbury cakes.

RURAL ELEGANCE.

WHILE orient skies restore the day,
And dew-drops catch the lucid ray,
Amid the sprightly scenes of morn
Will aught the Muse inspire ?
O ! peace to yonder clamorous horn,
That drowns the sacred lyre !

Ye rural thanes ! that o'er the mossy down
Some panting timorous hare pursue,
Does Nature mean your joys alone to crown ?
Say, does she smoothe her lawns for you ?
For you does Echo bid the rocks reply,
And, urged by rude constraint, resound the jovial
cry ?

See from the neighbouring hill, forlorn,
The wretched swain your sport survey ;
He finds his faithful fences torn,
He finds his labour'd crops a prey ;
He sees his flock—no more in circles feed,
Haply beneath your ravage bleed,
And with no random curses loads the deed.
Nor yet, ye swains ! conclude
That Nature smiles for you alone ;
Your bounded souls and your conceptions crude,
The proud, the selfish boast disown :
Yours be the produce of the soil ;
O may it still reward your toil !
Nor ever the defenceless train
Of clinging infants ask support in vain !

But though the various harvest gild your plains,
Does the mere landscape feast your eye ?
Or the warm hope of distant gains
Far other cause of glee supply ?
Is not the red-streak's future juice
The source of your delight profound,
Where Ariconium pours her gems profuse,
Purpling a whole horizon round ?
Athirst ye praise the limpid stream, 'tis true ;
But though, the pebbled shores among,
It mimic no unpleasing song,
The limpid fountain murmurs not for you.

Unpleased, ye see the thickets bloom,
Unpleased, the Spring her flowery robe resume ;
Unmoved, the mountains' airy pile,
The dappled mead without a smile.
O let a rural, conscious Muse,
For well she knows, your froward sense accuse :
Forth to the solemn oak you bring the square,
And span the massy trunk before you cry—'Tis fair.

Nor yet, ye learn'd ! nor yet, ye courtly train !
If haply from your haunts ye stray
To waste with us a summer's day,
Exclude the taste of every swain,
Nor our untutor'd sense disdain :
'Tis Nature only gives exclusive right
To relish her supreme delight ;
She, where she pleases, kind or coy,
Who furnishes the scene, and forms us to enjoy.

Then hither bring the fair ingenuous mind,
By her auspicious aid refined.

Lo ! not an hedge-row hawthorn blows,
Or humble harebell paints the plain,
Or valley winds, or fountain flows,
Or purple heath is tinged in vain :
For such the rivers dash the foaming tides,
The mountain swells, the dale subsides ;
Ev'n thriftless furze detains their wandering sight,
And the rough barren rock grows pregnant with
delight.

With what suspicious fearful care
The sordid wretch secures his claim,
If haply some luxurious heir
Should alienate the fields that wear his name !
What scruples, lest some future birth
Should litigate a span of earth !
Bonds, contracts, feoffments, names unmeet for
prose,
The towering Muse endures not to disclose :
Alas ! her unreversed decree,
More comprehensive and more free,
Her lavish charter, taste, appropriates all we see.

Let gondolas their painted flags unfold,
And be the solemn day enroll'd,
When, to confirm his lofty plea,
In nuptial sort, with bridal gold,
The grave Venetian weds the sea :
Each laughing Muse derides the vow ;
Ev'n Adria scorns the mock embrace,
To some lone hermit on the mountain's brow,
Allotted, from his natal hour,
With all her myrtle shores in dower.

His breast, to admiration prone,
 Enjoys the smile upon her face ;
 Enjoys triumphant every grace,
 And finds her more his own.

Fatigued with Form's oppressive laws,
 When Somerset avoids the great ;
 When, cloy'd with merited applause,
 She seeks the rural calm retreat ;
 Does she not praise each mossy cell,
 And feel the truth my numbers tell ?
 When, deafen'd by the loud acclaim
 Which genius graced with rank obtains,
 Could she not more delighted hear
 Yon throstle chant the rising year ?
 Could she not spurn the wreaths of Fame,
 To crop the primrose of the plains ?
 Does she not sweets in each fair valley find,
 Lost to the sons of Power, unknown to half man-
 kind ?

Ah ! can she covet there to see
 The splendid slaves, the reptile race,
 That oil the tongue and bow the knee,
 That slight her merit, but adore her place ?
 Far happier, if aright I deem,
 When from gay throngs and gilded spires,
 To where the lonely halcyons play,
 Her philosophic step retires ;
 While, studious of the moral theme,
 She to some smooth sequester'd stream
 Likens the swains' inglorious day,
 Pleased from the flowery margin to survey [away.
 How cool, serene, and clear, the current glides

O blind to truth, to virtue blind,
Who slight the sweetly-pensive mind !
On whose fair birth the Graces mild,
And every Muse prophetic smiled.
Not that the poet's boasted fire
Should Fame's wide-echoing trumpet swell,
Or on the music of his lyre
Each future age with rapture dwell ;
The vaunted sweets of praise remove ;
Yet shall such bosoms claim a part
In all that glads the human heart ;
Yet these the spirits form'd to judge and prove
All Nature's charms immense, and Heaven's un-
bounded love.


And, O ! the transport most allied to song,
In some fair villa's peaceful bound,
To catch soft hints from Nature's tongue,
And bid Arcadia bloom around ;
Whether we fringe the sloping hill,
Or smooth below the verdant mead ;
Whether we break the falling rill,
Or through meandering mazes lead ;
Or in the horrid bramble's room
Bid careless groups of roses bloom ;
Or let some shelter'd lake serene
Reflect flowers, woods, and spires, and brighten
all the scene.

O sweet disposal of the rural hour !
O beauties never known to cloy !
While Worth and Genius haunt the favour'd bower,
And every gentle breast partakes the joy ;

While Charity at eve surveys the swain,
Enabled by these toils to cheer
A train of helpless infants dear,
Speed whistling home across the plain ;
See vagrant Luxury, her handmaid grown,
For half her graceless deeds atone,
And hails the bounteous work, and ranks it with
her own.

Why brand these pleasures with the name
Of soft unsocial toils, of indolence and shame ?
Search but the garden or the wood,
Let yon admired carnation own
Not all was meant for raiment or for food,
Not all for needful use alone ;
There, while the seeds of future blossoms dwell,
'Tis colour'd for the sight, perfumed to please the
smell.

Why knows the nightingale to sing ?
Why flows the pine's nectareous juice ?
Why shines with paint the linnet's wing ?
For sustenance alone ? for use ?
For preservation ? Every sphere
Shall bid fair Pleasure's rightful claim appear ;
And sure there seem, of human kind,
Some born to shun the solemn strife ;
Some for amusive tasks design'd,
To soothe the certain ills of life ;
Grace its lone vales with many a budding rose,
New founts of bliss disclose,
Call forth refreshing shades, and decorate repose.



From plains and woodlands, from the view
Of rural Nature's blooming face,
Smit with the glare of rauc and place,
To courts the sons of Fancy flew ;
There long had Art ordain'd a rival seat,
There had she lavish'd all her care,
To form a scene more dazzling fair,
And call'd them from their green retreat,
To share her proud control ;
Had given the robe with grace to flow,
Had taught exotic gems to glow ;
And, emulous of Nature's power,
Mimic'd the plume, the leaf, the flower ;
Changed the complexion's native hue,
Moulded each rustic limb anew,
And warp'd the very soul.


Awhile her magic strikes the novel eye,
Awhile the fairy forms delight ;
And now aloof we seem to fly
On purple pinions through a purer sky,
Where all is wondrous, all is bright :
Now, landed on some spangled shore,
Awhile each dazzled maniac roves,
By sapphire lakes through emerald groves :
Paternal acres please no more ;
Adieu ! the simple, the sincere delight—
The habitual scene of hill and dale,
The rural herds, the vernal gale,
The tangled vetch's purple bloom,
The fragrance of the bean's perfume,
Be theirs alone who cultivate the soil,
And drink the cup of thirst, and eat the bread of toil.

But soon the pageant fades away !
'Tis Nature only bears perpetual sway.
We pierce the counterfeit delight,
Fatigued with splendour's irksome beams ;
Fancy again demands the sight
Of native groves and wonted streams ;
Pants for the scenes that charm'd her youthful eyes,
Where Truth maintains her court, and banishes
Disguise.

Then hither oft, ye senators ! retire ;
With Nature here high converse hold ;
For who, like Stamford, her delights admire,
Like Stamford shall with scorn behold
The unequal bribes of pageantry and gold ;
Beneath the British oak's majestic shade
Shall see fair Truth, immortal maid !
Friendship in artless guise array'd,
Honour and moral beauty shine
With more attractive charms, with radiance more
divine.

Yes, here alone did highest Heaven ordain
The lasting magazine of charms,
Whatever wins, whatever warms,
Whatever fancy seeks to share,
The great, the various, and the fair,
For ever should remain !

Her impulse nothing may restrain .
Or whence the joy mid columns, towers,
Midst all the city's artful trim,
To rear some breathless vapid flowers,
Or shrubs fuliginously grim ?



From rooms of silken foliage vain,
To trace the dun far-distant grove,
Where, smit with undissembled pain,
The woodlark mourns her absent love,
Borne to the dusty town from native air,
To mimic rural life, and soothe some vapour'd fair?

But how must faithless Art prevail,
Should all who taste our joy sincere,
To virtue, truth, or science, dear,
Forego a court's alluring pale,
For dimpled brook and leafy grove,
For that rich luxury of thought they love!
Ah, no! from these the public sphere requires
Example for its giddy bands;
From these impartial Heaven demands
To spread the flame itself inspires;
To sift Opinion's mingled mass,
Impress a nation's taste, and bid the sterling pass.


Happy, thrice happy they,
Whose graceful deeds have exemplary shone
Round the gay precincts of a throne
With mild, effective beams!
Who bands of fair ideas bring,
By solemn grot or shady spring,
To join their pleasing dreams!
Theirs is the rural bliss without alloy;
They only that deserve, enjoy.

What though nor fabled Dryad haunt their grove,
Nor Naiad near their fountains rove?
Yet all embodied to the mental sight,
A train of smiling Virtues bright.

Shall there the wise retreat allow,
Shall twine triumphant palms to deck the wanderer's
brow.

And though, by faithless friends alarm'd,
Art has with Nature waged presumptuous war,
By Seymour's winning influence charm'd,
In whom their gifts united shine,
No longer shall their councils jar.
'Tis hers to mediate the peace ;
Near Percy Lodge, with awe-struck mien,
The rebel seeks her lawful queen,
And havoc and contention cease.
I see the rival powers combine,
And aid each other's fair design ;
Nature exalt the mound where Art shall build,
Art shape the gay alcove, while Nature paints the
field.

Begin, ye songsters of the grove !
O warble forth your noblest lay ;
Where Somerset vouchsafes to rove,
Ye leverets ! freely sport and play.
—Peace to the strepent horn !
Let no harsh dissonance disturb the morn ;
No sounds inelegant and rude
Her sacred solitudes profane,
Unless her candour not exclude
The lowly shepherd's votive strain,
Who tunes his reed amidst his rural cheer,
Fearful, yet not averse, that Somerset should hear.



TO A FRIEND,

On some slight Occasion estranged from him.


HEALTH to my friend, and many a cheerful day !
Around his seat may peaceful shades abide !
Smooth flow the minutes, fraught with smiles, away,
And till they crown our union gently glide !

Ah me ! too swiftly fleets our vernal bloom !
Lost to our wonted friendship, lost to joy !
Soon may thy breast the cordial wish resume,
Ere wintry doubt its tender warmth destroy !

Say, were it ours, by Fortune's wild command,
By chance to meet beneath the torrid zone,
Wouldst thou reject thy Damon's plighted hand ?
Wouldst thou with scorn thy once-loved friend
disown ?

Life is that stranger land, that alien clime :
Shall kindred souls forego their social claim ?
Launch'd in the vast abyss of space and time,
Shall dark suspicion quench the generous flame ?

Myriads of souls, that knew one parent mould,
See sadly sever'd by the laws of Chance !
Myriads, in Time's perennial list enroll'd,
Forbid by Fate to change one transient glance !



But we have met—where ills of every form,
Where passions rage, and hurricanes descend;
Say, shall we nurse the rage, assist the storm,
And guide them to the bosom—of a friend?

Yes, we have met—through rapine, fraud, and
wrong:

Might our joint aid the paths of peace explore!
Why leave thy friend amid the boisterous throng,
Ere death divide us, and we part no more?

For, O! pale Sickness warns thy friend away;
For me no more the vernal roses bloom!
I see stern Fate his ebon wand display,
And point the wither'd regions of the tomb.

Then the keen anguish from thine eye shall start,
Sad as thou follow'st my untimely bier;
'Fool that I was—if friends so soon must part,—
To let suspicion intermix a fear!'

ELEGY,

Describing the Sorrow of an ingenuous Mind on the melancholy Event of a licentious Amour.

WHY mourns my friend? why weeps his downcast eye?

That eye where mirth, where fancy, used to shine;
Thy cheerful meads reprove that swelling sigh;
Spring ne'er enamell'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodged in Fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by Nature's partial care?
Bless'd in thy song, and bless'd in every grace
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair!

'Damon,' said he, 'thy partial praise restrain;
Not Damon's friendship can my peace restore:
Alas! his very praise awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded bosom bleeds the more.

'For, O! that Nature on my birth had frown'd,
Or Fortune fix'd me to some lowly cell:
Then had my bosom 'scaped this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid these vernal sweets farewell.

'But led by Fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious bliss admired;
In Fortune's train the siren Flattery smiled,
And rashly hallow'd all her queen inspired.

'Of folly studious, ev'n of vices vain,
Ah, vices gilded by the rich and gay!
I chased the guileless daughters of the plain,
Nor dropp'd the chase, till Jessy was my prey.

- ‘ Poor artless maid ! to stain thy spotless name
Expense, and art, and toil, united strove ;
To lure a breast that felt the purest flame,
Sustain’d by virtue, but betray’d by love.
- ‘ School’d in the science of Love’s mazy wiles,
I clothed each feature with affected scorn ;
I spoke of jealous doubts and fickle smiles,
And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.
- ‘ Then while the fancied rage alarm’d her care,
Warm to deny, and zealous to disprove,
I bade my words the wonted softness wear,
And seized the minute of returning love.
- ‘ To thee, my Damon, dare I paint the rest ?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline ?
Assured that virtue, by misfortune press’d,
Feels not the sharpness of a pang like mine.
- ‘ Nine envious moons matured her growing shame,
Erewhile to flaunt it in the face of day ;
When, scorn’d of Virtue, stigmatized by Fame,
Low at my feet desponding Jessy lay.
- ‘ ‘ Henry,’ she said, ‘ by thy dear form subdued,
See the sad relics of a nymph undone !
I find, I find this rising sob renew’d ;
I sigh in shades, and sicken at the sun.
- ‘ ‘ Amid the dreary gloom of night I cry,
When will the morn’s once pleasing scenes return ?
Yet what can morn’s returning ray supply,
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn !

‘ ‘ Alas ! no more that joyous morn appears,
That led the tranquil hours of spotless fame ;
For I have steep’d a father’s couch in tears,
And tinged a mother’s glowing cheek with shame.

‘ ‘ The vocal birds that raise their matin strain,
The sportive lambs, increase my pensive moan ;
All seem to chase me from the cheerful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.

‘ ‘ If through the garden’s flowery tribes I stray,
Where bloom the jasmines that could once allure,
‘ Hope not to find delight in us,’ they say,
‘ For we are spotless, Jessy ; we are pure.’

‘ ‘ Ye flowers ! that well reproach a nymph so frail,
Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare ?
The brightest bud that scents the vernal gale
Was not so fragrant, and was not so fair.

‘ ‘ Now the grave old alarm the gentler young,
And all my fame’s abhorr’d contagion flee ;
Trembles each lip, and falters every tongue,
That bids the morn propitious smile on me.

‘ ‘ Thus for your sake I shun each human eye,
I bid the sweets of blooming youth adieu ;
To die I languish, but I dread to die,
. Lest my sad fate should nourish pangs for you.

‘ ‘ Raise me from earth ; the pains of want remove,
And let me, silent, seek some friendly shore ;
There only, banish’d from the form I love,
My weeping virtue shall relapse no more.

‘ ‘ Be but my friend ; I ask no dearer name ;
Be such the meed of some more artful fair ;
Nor could it heal my peace or chase my shame,
That Pity gave what Love refused to share.

‘ ‘ Force not my tongue to ask its scanty bread,
Nor hurl thy Jessy to the vulgar crew ;
Not such the parent’s board at which I fed !
Not such the precept from his lips I drew !

‘ ‘ Haply, when age has silver’d o’er my hair,
Malice may learn to scorn so mean a spoil ;
Envy may slight a face no longer fair,
And Pity welcome to my native soil.’—

‘ She spoke—nor was I born of savage race ;
Nor could these hands a niggard boon assign ;
Grateful she clasp’d me in a last embrace,
And vow’d to waste her life in prayers for mine.

‘ I saw her foot the lofty bark ascend,
I saw her breast with every passion heave ;—
I left her—torn from every earthly friend ;
Oh, my hard bosom, which could bear to leave !

‘ Brief let me be : the fatal storm arose ;
The billows raged, the pilot’s art was vain ;
O’er the tall mast the circling surges close ;
My Jessy—floats upon the watery plain !

‘ And—see my youth’s impetuous fires decay ;
Seek not to stop Reflection’s bitter tear ;
But warn the frolic, and instruct the gay,
From Jessy floating on her watery bier !’

TO MEMORY.

1748.

O MEMORY ! celestial maid !

Who glean'st the flowerets cropp'd by Time,
And, suffering not a leaf to fade,

Preservest the blossoms of our prime ;
Bring, bring those moments to my mind,
When life was new, and Lesbia kind.

And bring that garland to my sight
With which my favour'd crook she bound,
And bring that wreath of roses bright
Which then my festive temples crown'd,
And to my raptur'd ear convey
The gentle things she deign'd to say.

And sketch with care the Muses' bower,
Where Isis rolls her silver tide,
Nor yet omit one reed or flower
That shines on Cherwell's verdant side ;
If so thou mayst those hours prolong,
When polish'd Lycon join'd my song.

The song it 'vails not to recite—

But, sure, to soothe our youthful dreams,
Those banks and streams appear'd more bright
Than other banks, than other streams ;
Or, by thy softening pencil shown,
Assume they beauties not their own ?

And paint that sweetly-vacant scene,
When, all beneath the poplar bough,
My spirits light, my soul serene,
I breathed in verse one cordial vow,
That nothing should my soul inspire
But friendship warm and love entire.

Dull to the sense of new delight,
On thee the drooping Muse attends,
As some fond lover, robb'd of sight,
On thy expressive power depends,
Nor would exchange thy glowing lines,
To live the lord of all that shines.

But let me chase those vows away
Which at Ambition's shrine I made,
Nor ever let thy skill display
Those anxious moments, ill repaid :
O ! from my breast that season rase,
And bring my childhood in its place.

Bring me the bells, the rattle bring,
And bring the hobby I bestrode,
When pleased, in many a sportive ring
Around the room I jovial rode ;
Ev'n let me bid my lyre adieu,
And bring the whistle that I blew.

Then will I muse, and pensive say,
' Why did not these enjoyments last ?
How sweetly wasted I the day,
While innocence allow'd to waste !
Ambition's toils alike are vain,
But, ah ! for pleasure yield us pain.'

THE DYING KID.

Optima quæque dies miseris mortalibus ævi
Prima fugit. *Virg.*

Ah ! wretched mortals we !—our brightest days
On fleetest pinion fly.

A TEAR bedews my Delia's eye,
To think yon playful kid must die ;
From crystal spring and flowery mead
Must in his prime of life recede !

Erewhile, in sportive circles round
She saw him wheel, and frisk, and bound ;
From rock to rock pursue his way,
And on the fearful margin play.

Pleased on his various freaks to dwell,
She saw him climb my rustic cell,
Thence eye my lawns with verdure bright,
And seem all ravish'd at the sight.

She tells with what delight he stood
To trace his features in the flood,
Then 'skipp'd aloof with quaint amaze,
And then drew near again to gaze.

She tells me, how with eager speed
He flew to hear my vocal reed ;
And how, with critic face profound
And stedfast ear, devour'd the sound.

His every frolic, light as air,
Deserves the gentle Delia's care ;
And tears bedew her tender eye,
To think the playful kid must die.

But knows my Delia, timely wise,
How soon this blameless era flies ?
While violence and craft succeed,
Unfair design, and ruthless deed !

Soon would the vine his wounds deplore,
And yield her purple gifts no more ;
Ah ! soon erased from every grove
Were Delia's name and Strephon's love.

No more those bowers might Strephon see,
Where first he fondly gazed on thee ;
No more those beds of flowerets find,
Which for thy charming brows he twined.

Each wayward passion soon would tear
His bosom, now so void of care ;
And when they left his ebbing vein,
What but insipid age remain ?

Then mourn not the decrees of Fate,
That give his life so short a date ;
And I will join my tenderest sighs,
To think that youth so swiftly flies !

JEMMY DAWSON,**A BALLAD:**

**WRITTEN ABOUT THE TIME OF HIS EXECUTION,
IN THE YEAR 1745.**

COME listen to my mournful tale,
Ye tender hearts and lovers dear !
Nor will you scorn to heave a sigh,
Nor need you blush to shed a tear.

And thou, dear Kitty, peerless maid !
Do thou a pensive ear incline ;
For thou canst weep at every woe,
And pity every plaint—but mine.

Young Dawson was a gallant boy,
A brighter never trod the plain ;
And well he loved one charming maid,
And dearly was he loved again.

One tender maid, she loved him dear :
Of gentle blood the damsel came ;
And faultless was her beauteous form,
And spotless was her virgin fame.

But curse on party's hateful strife,
That led the favour'd youth astray
The day the rebel clans appear'd :
O had he never seen that day !

Their colours and their sash he wore,
And in the fatal dress was found ;
And now he must that death endure
Which gives the brave the keenest wound.

How pale was then his true-love's cheek,
When Jemmy's sentence reach'd her ear !
For never yet did Alpine snows
So pale or yet so chill appear.

With faltering voice, she, weeping, said,
' O Dawson, monarch of my heart !
Think not thy death shall end our loves,
For thou and I will never part.

' Yet might sweet mercy find a place,
And bring relief to Jemmy's woes ;
O George ! without a prayer for thee
My orisons should never close.

' The gracious prince that gave him life
Would crown a never-dying flame,
And every tender babe I bore
Should learn to lisp the giver's name.

' But though he should be dragg'd in scorn
To yonder ignominious tree,
He shall not want one constant friend
To share the cruel Fates' decree.'

O then her mourning coach was call'd !
The sledge moved slowly on before ;
Though borne in a triumphal car,
She had not loved her favourite more.

She follow'd him, prepared to view
The terrible behests of law ;
And the last scene of Jemmy's woes
With calm and stedfast eye she saw.

Distorted was that blooming face
Which she had fondly loved so long,
And stifled was that tuneful breath
Which in her praise had sweetly sung :
And sever'd was that beauteous neck
Round which her arms had fondly closed,
And mangled was that beauteous breast
On which her lovesick head reposed :
And ravish'd was that constant heart
She did to every heart prefer ;
For though it could its king forget,
'Twas true and loyal still to her.
Amid those unrelenting flames
She bore this constant heart to see ;
But when 'twas moulder'd into dust,
' Yet, yet,' she cried, ' I follow thee !
' My death, my death alone can show
The pure, the lasting love I bore :
Accept, O Heaven ! of woes like ours,
And let us, let us weep no more.'
The dismal scene was o'er and past,
The lover's mournful hearse retired ;
The maid drew back her languid head,
And, sighing forth his name, expired.
Though justice ever must prevail,
The tear my Kitty sheds is due ;
For seldom shall she hear a tale
So sad, so tender, yet so true.

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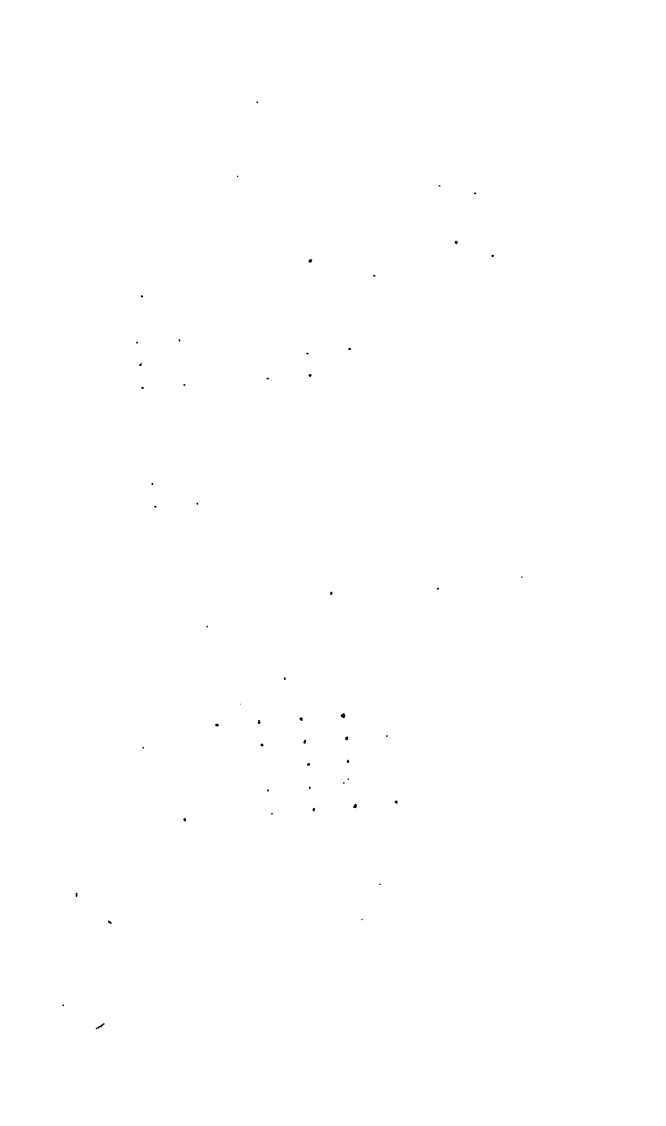
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P O P E.

ESSAY ON MAN,
MORAL ESSAYS,
AND
WINDSOR FOREST.



POPE.
ESSAY ON MAN.



But thinks admitted to that equal sky,
his faithful dog shall bear him company.
Ep. I.



ESSAY ON MAN:

IN FOUR EPISTLES,

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

EPISTLE I.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN, WITH
RESPECT TO THE UNIVERSE.

ARGUMENT.

Of man in the abstract—1. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things—2. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown—3. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends—4. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations—5. The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world which is not in the natural—6. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while, on the one hand, he demands the perfection of the angels, and, on the other, the bodily qualifications of the brutes; though to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree would render him miserable—7. That throughout the whole visible world an universal order and gradation in the sensual

and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason: that reason alone countervails all the other faculties.—8. How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation, must be destroyed.—9. The extravagance, madness, and pride, of such a desire.—10. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state.

AWAKE, my St. John ! leave all meaner things
 To low ambition and the pride of kings.
 Let us (since life can little more supply
 Than just to look about us and to die)
 Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man ;
 A mighty maze ! but not without a plan ;
 A wild where weeds and flowers promiscuous shoot,
 Or garden tempting with forbidden fruit.
 Together let us beat this ample field,
 Try what the open, what the covert yield ;
 The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
 Of all who blindly creep or sightless soar ;
 Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
 And catch the manners living as they rise ;
 Laugh where we must, be candid where we can,
 But vindicate the ways of God to man.

1. Say first, of God above or man below
 What can we reason but from what we know ?
 Of man what see we but his station here,
 From which to reason or to which refer ? [known,
 Through worlds unnumber'd though the God be
 'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.

He who through vast immensity can pierce,
 See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
 Observe how system into system runs,
 What other planets circle other suns,
 What varied being peoples every star,
 May tell why Heaven has made us as we are :
 But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
 The strong connexions, nice dependencies,
 Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
 Look'd through ; or can a part contain the whole ?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
 And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee ?

2. Presumptuous man ! the reason wouldst thou
 Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind ? [find,
 First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
 Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less ?
 Ask of thy mother-earth, why oaks are made
 Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade ?
 Or ask of yonder argent fields above
 Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove ?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confess'd
 That wisdom infinite must form the best,
 Where all must full or not coherent be,
 And all that rises rise in due degree ;
 Then in the scale of reasoning life 'tis plain
 There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man ;
 And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
 Is only this,—If God has placed him wrong ?

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
 May, must be right, as relative to all.
 In human works, though labour'd on with pain,
 A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain ;
 In God's, one single can its end produce,
 Yet serves to second too some other use :

No man, who here seems principal alone,
 Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
 Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal :
 'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. [strains

When the proud steed shall know why man re-
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains ;
 When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
 Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god ;
 'Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
 His actions', passions', being's, use and end ;
 Why doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd ; and why
 'This hour a slave, the next a deity.

'Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault ;
 Say rather man's as perfect as he ought ;
 His knowledge measured to his state and place,
 His time a moment, and a point his space.
 If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matter soon or late, or here or there ?
 'The bless'd to-day is as completely so
 As who began a thousand years ago. [Fate,

3. Heaven from all creatures hides the book of
 All but the page prescribed, their present state :
 From brutes what men, from men what spirits know ;
 Or who could suffer being here below ?
 The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
 Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
 Pleased to the last he crops the flowery food,
 And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
 O blindness to the future ! kindly given,
 That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heaven ;
 Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
 A hero perish, or a sparrow fall ;
 Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
 And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
 Wait the great teacher Death ; and God adore.
 What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
 Man never is, but always to be bless'd :
 The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ;
 His soul proud Science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk or milky way ;
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
 Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, a humbler heaven ;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
 Some happier island in the watery waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
 To be content 's his natural desire ;
 He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

4. Go, wiser thou ! and in thy scale of sense
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;
 Call imperfection what thou fanciest such ;
 Say here he gives too little, there too much ;
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, if man 's unhappy, God 's unjust ;
 If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there ;
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Rejudge his justice, be the god of God.
 In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies ;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.

Pride still is aiming at the bless'd abodes,
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
 Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel :
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of order, sins against the Eternal Cause.

5. Ask for what end the heavenly bodies shine,
 Earth for whose use ? --Pride answers, ' 'Tis for mine :
 For me kind Nature wakes her genial power,
 Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flower ;
 Annual for me the grape, the rose, renew
 The juice nectareous and the balmy dew ;
 For me the mine a thousand treasures brings ;
 For me health gushes from a thousand springs ;
 Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;
 My footstool earth, my canopy the skies.'

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
 From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
 When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
 Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep ?
 ' No, ('tis replied) the first Almighty Cause
 Acts not by partial, but by general laws ;
 The exceptions few ; some change since all began ;
 And what created perfect ?'—Why then man ?
 If the great end be human happiness,
 Then Nature deviates ; and can man do less ?
 As much that end a constant course requires
 Of showers and sunshine, as of man's desires ;
 As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
 As men for ever temperate, calm, and wise.
 If plagues or earthquakes break not Heaven's design,
 Why then a Borgias or a Catiline ?
 Who knows but He, whose hand the lightning forms,
 Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms,

Pours fierce ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge mankind ?
From pride, from pride, our very reasoning springs ;
Account for moral as for natural things :
Why charge we Heaven in those, in these acquit ?
In both, to reason right, is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here ;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discomposed the mind :
But all subsists by elemental strife ;
And passions are the elements of life.
The general order, since the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man. [soar,

6. What would this man ? Now upward will he
And little less than angel, would be more ;
Now looking downwards, just as grieved appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use had he the powers of all ?
Nature to these without profusion kind,
The proper organs, proper powers assign'd ;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force ;
All in exact proportion to the state ;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its own :
Is Heaven unkind to man, and man alone ?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleased with nothing, if not bless'd with all ?

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind ;
No powers of body or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.

Why has not man a microscopic eye?
 For this plain reason—man is not a fly.
 Say, what the use, were finer optics given,
 To inspect a mite, not comprehend the heaven?
 Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
 To smart and agonize at every pore?
 Or quick, effluvia darting through the brain,
 Die of a rose in aromatic pain?
 If Nature thunder'd in his opening ears,
 And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
 How would he wish that Heaven had left him still
 The whispering zephyr, and the purling rill!
 Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
 Alike in what it gives and what denies?

7. Far as creation's ample range extends,
 The scale of sensual, mental powers ascends:
 Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race
 From the green myriads in the peopled grass:
 What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
 The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam!
 Of smell, the headlong lioness between
 And hound sagacious on the tainted green!
 Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
 To that which warbles through the vernal wood!
 The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
 Feels at each thread, and lives along the line.
 In the ulce bee, what sense, so subtly true,
 From poisonous herbs extracts the healing dew!
 How instinct varies in the grovelling swine,
 Compared, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
 Twixt that and reason what a nice barrier!
 For ever separate, yet for ever near!
 Remembrance and reflection how allied!
 What thin partitions sense from thought divide!

And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass the insuperable line !
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee ?
The powers of all subdued by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these powers in one ?

8. See through this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick and bursting into birth !
Above, how high progressive life may go !
Around, how wide ! how deep, extend below !
Vast chain of being ! which from God began ;
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach ; from infinite to thee ;
From thee to nothing.—On superior powers
Were we to press, inferior might on ours ;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd :
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth, or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And if each system in gradation roll,
Alike essential to the amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall.
Let earth unbalanced from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless through the sky ;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world ;
Heaven's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And Nature tremble to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom ? for thee ?
Vile worm !—O madness ! pride ! impiety !

9. What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand to toil, aspired to be the head ?

What if the head, the eye, or ear, repined
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?
 Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another in this general frame;
 Just as absurd to mourn the tasks or pains
 The great directing Mind of All ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul:
 That changed through all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame,
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns:
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all!

10. Cease then, nor order imperfection name;
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
 Submit—In this or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as bless'd as thou canst bear;
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
 Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
 All nature is but art unknown to thee;
 All chance direction, which thou canst not see;
 All discord, harmony not understood;
 All partial evil, universal good:
 And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
 One truth is clear—'Whatever is, is right.'

EPISTLE II.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN, WITH RESPECT TO HIMSELF AS AN INDIVIDUAL.

ARGUMENT.

1. The business of man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature; his powers and frailties—The limits of his capacity—2. The two principles of man, self-love and reason, both necessary—Self-love the stronger, and why—Their end the same—3. The passions, and their use—The predominant passion, and its force—Its necessity, in directing men to different purposes—Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue—4. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident: what is the office of reason—5. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it—6. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections—How usefully these are distributed to all orders of men; how useful they are to society and to individuals, in every state, and every age of life.
-

1. Know then thyself, presume not God to scan;
 The proper study of mankind is man:
 Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great;
 With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
 With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
 He hangs between, in doubt to act or rest;
 In doubt to deem himself a god or beast;
 In doubt his mind or body to prefer;
 Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;

Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much :
Chaos of thought and passion, all confused ;
Still by himself abused or disabused ;
Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd ;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world ! [guides ;

Go, wondrous creature ! mount where science
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides ;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old time, and regulate the sun ;
Go, soar with Plato to the empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God ;
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun,
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool !

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all Nature's law,
Admired such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And show'd a Newton as we show an ape.

Could He, whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind ?

Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning or his end ?

Alas ! what wonder ! man's superior part

Unshock'd may rise, and climb from art to art ;

But when his own great work is but begun,

What reason weaves, by passion is undone.

Trace science, then, with modesty thy guide :

But strip off all her equipage of pride ;

Deduct what is but vanity or dress,
 Or learning's luxury, or idleness ;
 Or tricks to show the stretch of human brain,
 Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain ;
 Expunge the whole, or lop the excrescent parts
 Of all our vices have created arts ;
 Then see how little the remaining sum,
 Which served the past, and must the times to come !

2. Two principles in human nature reign,
 Self-love to urge, and reason to restrain ;
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
 Each works its end, to move or govern all ;
 And to their proper operation still
 Ascribe all good—to their improper, ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
 Man, but for that, no action could attend,
 And but for this, were active to no end :
 Fix'd, like a plant, on his peculiar spot,
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot ;
 Or, meteor-like, flame lawless through the void,
 Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires ;
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
 Sedate and quiet the comparing lies,
 Form'd but to check, deliberate, and advise.
 Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh ;
 Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie :
 That sees immediate good by present sense ;
 Reason, the future and the consequence.
 Thicker than arguments temptations throng ;
 At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
 The action of the stronger to suspend,
 Reason still use, to reason still attend.

Attention habit and experience gains ;
Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite ;
And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire ;
But greedy that, its object would devour ;
This taste the honey, and not wound the flower :
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil or our greatest good.

3. Modes of self-love the passions we may call ;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all :
But since not every good we can divide,
And reason bids us for our own provide,
Passions, though selfish, if their means be fair,
List under reason, and deserve her care ;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name.

In lazy apathy let stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd ; 'tis fix'd as in a frost ;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast ;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest ;
The rising tempest puts in act the soul ;
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale ;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find ;
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, though born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite :

These 'tis enough to temper and employ ;
 But what composes man can man destroy ?
 Suffice that reason keep to nature's road ;
 Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
 Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling train ;
 Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain ;
 These mix'd with art, and to due bounds confined,
 Make and maintain the balance of the mind ;
 The lights and shades, whose well-accorded strife
 Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes ;
 And when in act they cease, in prospect rise :
 Present to grasp, and future still to find,
 The whole employ of body and of mind.
 All spread their charms, but charm not all alike ;
 On different senses different objects strike ;
 Hence different passions more or less inflame,
 As strong or weak the organs of the frame ;
 And hence one master-passion in the breast,
 Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath
 Receives the lurking principle of death ;
 The young disease, that must subdue at length,
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his
 So, cast and mingled with his very frame, [strength :
 The mind's disease, its ruling passion came ;
 Each vital humour, which should feel the whole,
 Soon flows to this, in body and in soul ;
 Whatever warms the heart or fills the head,
 As the mind opens and its functions spread,
 Imagination plies her dangerous art,
 And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse,
 Wit, Spirit, Faculties, but make it worse ;

Reason itself but gives it edge and power,
As Heaven's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects though to lawful sway,
In this weak queen some favourite still obey :
Ah ! if she lend not arms as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools ?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend ;
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend !
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made ;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong :
So when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driven them out.

Yes, Nature's road must ever be preferr'd ;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard ;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe :
A mightier power the strong direction sends,
And several men impels to several ends :
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.
Let power or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease ;
Through life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expense ;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
All, all alike, find reason on their side.

The Eternal Art, educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle :
'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd ;
The dross cements what else were too refined,
And in one interest body acts with mind.

As fruits ungrateful to the planter's care,
 On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear ;
 The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
 Wild nature's vigour working at the root.
 What crops of wit and honesty appear
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear !
 See anger zeal and fortitude supply ;
 Ev'n avarice prudence, sloth philosophy ;
 Lust, through some certain strainers well refined,
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind ;
 Envy, to which the ignoble mind's a slave,
 Is emulation in the learn'd or brave ;
 Nor virtue male or female can we name,
 But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride)
 The virtue nearest to our vice allied :
 Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
 And Nero reigns a Titus if he will.
 The fiery soul, abhorr'd in Catiline,
 In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine :
 The same ambition can destroy or save,
 And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

4. This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
 What shall divide ?—the God within the mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce ;
 In man they join to some mysterious use ;
 Though each by turns the other's bounds invade,
 As in some well-wrought picture light and shade,
 And oft so mix, the difference is too nice
 Where ends the virtue or begins the vice.

Fools ! who from hence into the notion fall
 That vice or virtue there is none at all.
 If white and black blend, soften, and unite
 A thousand ways, is there no black or white ?

Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
 'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.

5. Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
 As to be hated needs but to be seen;
 Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
 We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
 But where the extreme of vice was ne'er agreed,
 Ask where's the north?—at York, 'tis on the Tweed;
 In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
 At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
 No creature owns it in the first degree,
 But thinks his neighbour further gone than he:
 Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
 Or never feel the rage, or never own;
 What happier natures shrink at with affright,
 The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
 Few in the extreme, but all in the degree:
 The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise,
 And ev'n the best by fits what they despise.
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
 For, vice or virtue, self directs it still;
 Each individual seeks a several goal; [whole.
 6. But Heaven's great view is one, and that the
 That counterworks each folly and caprice;
 That disappoints the effect of every vice;
 That happy frailties to all ranks applied,
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
 That virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
 Which seeks no interest, no reward but praise;
 And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
 The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind!

Heaven forming each on other to depend,
 A master, or a servant, or a friend,
 Bids each on other for assistance call,
 Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
 Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
 The common interest, or endear the tie.
 To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
 Each home-felt joy that life inherits here ;
 Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
 Those joys, those loves, those interests, to resign ;
 Taught, half by reason, half by mere decay,
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away.
 Whate'er the passion, knowledge, fame, or pelf,
 Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
 The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
 The fool is happy that he knows no more ;
 The rich is happy in the plenty given,
 The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.
 See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
 The sot a hero, lunatic a king ;
 The starving chemist in his golden views
 Supremely bless'd, the poet in his Muse.

See some strange comfort every state attend,
 And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend :
 See some fit passion every age supply ;
 Hope travels through, nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
 Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw :
 Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite :
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age
 Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
 'Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Meanwhile, Opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;
Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by pride :
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy ;
One prospect lost, another still we gain,
And not a vanity is given in vain :
Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See ! and confess one comfort still must rise ;
'Tis this,—' Though man's a fool, yet God is wise.'

EPISTLE III.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN, WITH
RESPECT TO SOCIETY.

ARGUMENT.

1. The whole universe one system of society—Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another—The happiness of animals mutual—2. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual—Reason or instinct operate also to society in all animals—3. How far society carried by instinct; how much farther by reason—4. Of that which is called the state of nature—Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts; and in the forms of society—5. Origin of political societies; origin of monarchy; patriarchal government—6. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle of love; origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle of fear—The influence of self-love operating to the social and public good—Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle—Mixed government—Various forms of each, and the true end of all.
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HERE then we rest :—‘ the Universal Cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws.’
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day,
But most be present, if we preach or pray. [love

1. Look round our world; behold the chain of
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic Nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.

See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still the general good :
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving, vegetate again :
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borne,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign ; parts relate to whole ;
One all-extending, all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least,
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast :
All served, all serving ; nothing stands alone ;
The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

Has God, thou fool ! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flowery lawn :
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings ?—
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?—
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?
The birds of heaven shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?—
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer.
The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, Nature's children all divide her care ;
The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.
While man exclaims, ' See all things for my use !'
' See man for mine !' replies a pamper'd goose :

And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the powerful still the weak control,
Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole :
Nature that tyrant checks ; he only knows,
And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?
Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings ?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings ?—
Man cares for all : to birds he gives his woods,
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods ;
For some his interest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride :
All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
The extensive blessing of his luxury.

That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the 'savage saves ;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it bless'd ;
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before ;
Thou too must perish when thy feast is o'er !

To each unthinking being, Heaven, a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end :
To man imparts it, but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too :
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle ! that Heaven assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

2. Whether with reason or with instinct bless'd,
Know, all enjoy that power which suits them best ;

To bliss alike by that direction tend,
 And find the means proportion'd to their end.
 Say, where full instinct is the unerring guide,
 What pope or council can they need beside?
 Reason, however able, cool at best,
 Cares not for service, or but serves when press'd,
 Stays till we call, and then not often near;
 But honest instinct comes a volunteer,
 Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit,
 While still too wide or short is human wit;
 Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
 Which heavier reason labours at in vain.

This, too, serves always; reason, never long;
 One must go right, the other may go wrong.
 See then the acting and comparing powers
 One in their nature, which are two in ours;
 And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
 To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
 Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
 Who made the spider parallels design,
 Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
 Who bld the stork, Columbus-like, explore
 Heavens not his own, and worlds unknown before?
 Who calls the council, states the certain day?
 Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

3. God in the nature of each being founds
 Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds;
 But as he framed the whole the whole to bless,
 On mutual wants built mutual happiness:
 So from the first eternal order ran,
 And creature link'd to creature, man to man.

Whate'er of life all-quickenning ether keeps,
 Or breathes through air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
 Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
 The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
 Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
 Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
 Each loves itself, but not itself alone ;
 Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
 Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace :
 They love themselves a third time in their race.
 Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
 The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend ;
 The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
 There stops the instinct, and there ends the care ;
 The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
 Another love succeeds another race.
 A longer care man's helpless kind demands ;
 That longer care contracts more lasting bands :
 Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
 At once extend the interest and the love ;
 With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn ;
 Each virtue in each passion takes its turn ;
 And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
 That graft benevolence on charities.
 Still as one brood, and as another rose,
 These natural love maintain'd, habitual those :
 The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
 Saw helpless him from whom their life began :
 Memory and forecast just returns engage,
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age ;
 While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combined,
 Still spread the interest, and preserved the kind.
 4. Nor think in Nature's state they blindly trod ;
 The state of Nature was the reign of God :

Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of man.
Pride then was not, nor arts that pride to aid ;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade ;
The same his table, and the same his bed ;
No murder clothed him, and no murder fed :
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God :
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undress'd,
Unbribed, unbloody, stood the blameless priest :
Heaven's attribute was universal care,
And man's prerogative to rule, but spare.
Ah ! how unlike the man of times to come !
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb ;
Who, foe to nature, hears the general groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And every death its own avenger breeds ;
The fury passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on man a fiercer savage, man.

See him from nature rising slow to art !
To copy instinct then was reason's part :
Thus then to man the voice of Nature spake :—
' Go, from the creatures thy instructions take ;
Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;
Learn from the beasts the physic of the field ;
Thy arts of building from the bee receive ;
Learn of the mole to plough, the worm to weave ;
Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
Here too all forms of social union find,
And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind :
Here subterranean works and cities see ;
There towns ærial on the waving tree.

Learn each small people's genius, policies,
 The ants' republic, and the realm of bees ;
 How those in common all their wealth bestow,
 And anarchy without confusion know ;
 And these for ever, though a monarch reign,
 Their separate cells and properties maintain.
 Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
 Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate.
 In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
 Entangle justice in her net of law,
 And right, too rigid, harden into wrong,
 Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
 Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
 Thus let the wiser make the rest obey ;
 And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
 Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods adored.'

5. Great Nature spoke ; observant man obey'd ;
 Cities were built, societies were made :
 Here rose one little state ; another near
 Grew by like means, and join'd through love or fear.
 Did here the trees with ruddier burthens bend,
 And there the streams in purer rills descend ?
 What war could ravish, commerce could bestow,
 And he return'd a friend who came a foe.
 Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,
 When love was liberty, and nature law.
 Thus states were form'd, the name of king unknown,
 Till common interest placed the sway in one.
 'Twas virtue only, (or in arts or arms,
 Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
 The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,
 A prince the father of a people made.

6. Till then, by Nature crown'd, each patriarch
 sate
 King, priest, and parent of his growing state ;

On him, their second Providence, they hung,
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wondering furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, control the flood,
Draw forth the monsters of the abyss profound,
Or fetch the ærial eagle to the ground ;
Till drooping, sickening, dying, they began
Whom they revered as God to mourn as man :
Then, looking up from sire to sire, explored
One great First Father, and that first adored :
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son ;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple reason never sought but one.
Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right ;
To virtue in the paths of pleasure trod,
And own'd a father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all the allegiance then,
For Nature knew no right divine in men ;
No ill could fear in God, and understood
A sovereign being but a sovereign good.
True faith, true policy, united ran ;
That was but love of God, and this of man.
Who first taught souls enslaved, and realms un-
done,
The enormous faith of many made for one ;
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
To invert the world, and counterwork its cause ?—
Force first made conquest, and that conquest law ;
Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,
Then shared the tyranny, then lent it aid,
And gods of conquerors, slaves of subjects, made :
She, midst the lightning's blaze and thunder's sound,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the
ground,

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
 To power unseen, and mightier far than they ;
 She, from the rending earth and bursting skies,
 Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise ;
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the bless'd abodes ;
 Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods ;
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose attributes were rage, revenge, or lust :
 Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
 And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
 Zeal then, not charity, became the guide,
 And hell was built on spite, and heaven on pride :
 Then sacred seem'd the ethereal vault no more ;
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore :
 Then first the flamen tasted living food,
 Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood ;
 With heaven's own thunders shook the world below,
 And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

So drives self-love through just and through unjust,
 To one man's power, ambition, lucre, lust :
 The same self-love in all becomes the cause
 Of what restrains him, government and laws.
 For, what one likes if others like as well,
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel ?
 How shall he keep what, sleeping or awake,
 A weaker may surprise, a stronger take ?
 His safety must his liberty restrain :
 All join to guard what each desires to gain.
 Forced into virtue thus by self-defence,
 Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence :
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursued,
 And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head, or generous mind,
 Follower of God, or friend of human kind,

Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral Nature gave before ;
Relumed her ancient light, not kindled new ;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew ;
Taught power's due use to people and to kings,
Taught nor to slack nor strain its tender strings,
The less or greater set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too,
Till jarring interests of themselves create .
The according music of a well-mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things ; [made
Where small and great, where weak and mighty,
To serve, not suffer ; strengthen, not invade ;
More powerful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest ;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.
For forms of government let fools contest ;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best :
For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight ;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity :
All must be false that thwarts this one great end ;
And all of God that bless mankind or mend.

Man, like the generous vine, supported lives ;
The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun ;
So two consistent motions act the soul,
And one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and nature link'd the general frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

EPISTLE IV.

OF THE NATURE AND STATE OF MAN, WITH
RESPECT TO HAPPINESS.

ARGUMENT.

1. False notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered—2. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all—God intends happiness to be equal; and, to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws—As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to consist in these—But, notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two passions of hope and fear—3. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good man has here the advantage—The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune—4. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars—5. That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they must be happiest—6. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of, virtue—That even these can make no man happy without virtue: instanced in Riches—Honours—Nobility—Greatness—Fame—Superior talents, with pictures of human infelicity in men possessed of them all—7. That virtue only constitutes a happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal—That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name:

That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
 For which we bear to live, or dare to die ;
 Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
 O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise.
 Plant of celestial seed ! if dropp'd below,
 Say in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow ?
 Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,
 Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine ?
 Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
 Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field ?
 Where grows ?—where grows it not ? If vain our toil,
 We ought to blame the culture, not the soil :
 Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
 'Tis no where to be found, or every where :
 'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
 And fled from monarchs, St. John ! dwells with thee.

Ask of the learn'd the way ? the learn'd are blind ;
 This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind ;
 Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
 Those call it pleasure, and contentment these ;
 Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain ;
 Some swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain !
 Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
 To trust in every thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
 Than this, that happiness is happiness ?—

Take nature's path, and mad opinions leave ;
 All states can reach it, and all heads conceive ;
 Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell :
 'There needs but thinking right and meaning well ;
 And mourn our various portions as we please,
 Equal is common sense and common ease.

Remember, man, ' the Universal Cause
 Acts not by partial but by general laws,'

And makes what happiness we justly call
 Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
 There 's not a blessing individuals find,
 But some way leans and hearkens to the kind;
 No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
 No cavern'd hermit rests self-satisfied:
 Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
 Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend.
 Abstract what others feel, what others think,
 All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink :
 Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
 Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.
 Order is Heaven's first law; and, this confess'd,
 Some are and must be greater than the rest,
 More rich, more wise: but who infers from hence
 That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
 Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
 If all are equal in their happiness:
 But mutual wants this happiness increase :
 All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
 Condition, circumstance, is not the thing;
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
 In who obtain defence, or who defend,
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
 Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
 One common blessing, as one common soul.
 But fortune's gifts, if each alike possess'd,
 And each were equal, must not all contest?
 If then to all men happiness was meant,
 God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
 And these be happy call'd, unhappy those;
 But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
 While those are placed in hope, and these in fear:

Not present good or ill the joy or curse,
But future views of better or of worse.

O sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise
By mountains piled on mountains to the skies ?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know all the good that individuals find,
Or God and Nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, O Virtue ! peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain ;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means or right ?
Of vice or virtue, whether bless'd or cursed,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first ?
Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains ;
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is to pass for good.

O blind to truth and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe !
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be bless'd ;
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just !
See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust !
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife !—
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life ?
Say, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby ! sunk thee to the grave ?

Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
 Why full of days and honour lives the sire?
 Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath
 When nature sicken'd, and each gale was death?
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)
 Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?

What makes all physical or moral ill?
 There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
 God sends not ill, if rightly understood,
 Or partial ill is universal good,
 Or change admits, or nature lets it fall,
 Short and but rare, till man improved it all.
 We just as wisely might of Heaven complain
 That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,
 As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
 When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
 Think we, like some weak prince, the Eternal Cause
 Prone for his favourites to reverse his laws?

Shall burning *Ætna*, if a sage requires,
 Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
 On air or sea new motions be impress'd,
 O blameless *Bethel*! to relieve thy breast?
 When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
 Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
 Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
 For *Chartres*' head reserve the hanging wall?

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
 Contents us not.—A better shall we have?
 A kingdom of the just then let it be;
 But first consider how those just agree.
 The good must merit God's peculiar care;
 But who but God can tell us who they are?
 One thinks on *Calvin* Heaven's own spirit fell;
 Another deems him instrument of hell:

If Calvin feel Heaven's blessing or its rod,
 'This cries there is, and that there is no God.
 What shocks one part will edify the rest ;
 Nor with one system can they all be bless'd.
 'The very best will variously incline,
 And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
 Whatever is is right.—'This world, 'tis true,
 Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too: [say,
 And which more bless'd ? who chain'd his country,
 Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day ?—

' But sometimes virtue starves while vice is fed.'
 What then ? is the reward of virtue bread ?
 That vice may merit ; 'tis the price of toil ;
 The knave deserves it when he tills the soil,
 The kuave deserves it when he tempts the main,
 Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
 'The good man may be weak, be indolent ;
 Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
 But grant him riches, your demand is o'er ; [power?'
 ' No—shall the good want health, the good want
 Add health and power, and every earthly thing.
 ' Why bounded power ? why private ? why no king ?
 Nay, why external for internal given ?
 Why is not man a god, and earth a heaven ?"—
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
 God gives enough while he has more to give :
 Immense the power, immense were the demand ;
 Say at what part of nature will they stand ?—
 What nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sunshine and the heart-felt joy,
 Is virtue's prize. A better would you fix ?
 Then give humility a coach and six,
 Justice a conqueror's sword, or truth a gown,
 Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.

Weak, foolish man ! will Heaven reward us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here ?
 The boy and man an individual makes,
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes ?
 Go, like the Indian, in another life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife ;
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires, for a godlike mind :
 Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing.
 How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one !
 To whom can riches give repute or trust,
 Content or pleasure, but the good and just ?
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold ;
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.
 O fool ! to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of human-kind,
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.

Honour and shame from no condition rise ;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
 Fortune in men has some small difference made,
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade ;
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
 ' What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl ?'
 I 'll tell you, friend, a wise man and a fool.
 You 'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow ;
 The rest is all but leather or prunello.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings ;
 That thou mayst be by kings, or whores of kings.

Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra or Sir Billy.
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus or on Gripus' wife.
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind!
Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell damn'd to everlasting fame!
If all united thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all;
There in the rich, the honour'd, famed, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings or arms of queens who lay,
How happy, those to ruin, these betray!
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that raised the hero sunk the man;
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stain'd with blood, or ill exchanged for gold;
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
O wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophied arches, storied halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noontide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale that blends their glory with their shame!

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
 ' Virtue alone is happiness below :'
 The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill ;
 Where only merit constant pay receives,
 Is bless'd in what it takes and what it gives ;
 The joy unequall'd if its end it gain,
 And, if it lose, attended with no pain :
 Without satiety, though e'er so bless'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :
 The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears :
 Good from each object, from each place, acquired,
 For ever exercised, yet never tired ;
 Never elated while one man 's oppress'd ;
 Never dejected while another 's bless'd ;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow !
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know :
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss, the good untaught will find ;
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks through nature up to nature's God ;
 Pursues that chain which links the immense design,
 Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine ;
 Sees that no being any bliss can know,
 But touches some above and some below ;
 Learns from this union of the rising whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
 And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
 All end, in love of God and love of man.

For him alone hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still and opens on his soul,

Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfined,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees why nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown :
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wise is her present ; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss ;
At once his own bright prospect to be bless'd,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart ?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part :
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence :
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts : but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;
The centre moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads ;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace ;
His country next, and next all human race ;
Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind
Take every creature in of every kind :
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty bless'd,
And Heaven beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my friend ! my genius ! come along ;
O master of the poet and the song !
And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,

Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
O ! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale ?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend ?
That, urged by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart ;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light,
Show'd erring pride—whatever is is right ;
That reason, passion, answer one great aim ;
That true self-love and social are the same ;
That virtue only makes our bliss below,
And all our knowledge is—ourselves to know.

MORAL ESSAYS: IN FOUR EPISTLES.



EPISTLE I.

TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE, LORD COBHAM.
OF THE KNOWLEDGE AND CHARACTERS OF MEN.

ARGUMENT.

1. That it is not sufficient for this knowledge to consider man in the abstract: books will not serve the purpose, nor yet our own experiences singly—General maxims, unless they be formed upon both, will be but notional—Some peculiarity in every man, characteristic to himself, yet varying from himself—Difficulties arising from our own passions, fancies, faculties, &c.—The shortness of life to observe in, and the uncertainty of the principles of action in men to observe by—Our own principle of action often hid from ourselves—Some few characters plain, but in general confounded, dissembled, or inconsistent—The same man utterly different in different places and seasons—Unimaginable weaknesses in the greatest—Nothing constant and certain but God and nature—No judging of the motives from the actions; the same actions proceeding from contrary motives, and the same motives influencing contrary actions—2. Yet to form characters we can only take the strongest actions of a man's life, and try to make them agree: the utter uncertainty of this, from nature itself, and from policy—Characters given according to the rank of men of the world; and some reason for it—Education alters the nature, or at least the character, of many—Actions, passions, opinions, manners, humours, or principles, all subject to change. No judging by nature—3. It only remains to find (if we can)

his ruling passion : that will certainly influence all the rest, and can reconcile the seeming or real inconsistency of all his actions—Instanced in the extraordinary character of Clodio—A caution against mistaking second qualities for first, which will destroy all possibility of the knowledge of mankind—Examples of the strength of the ruling passion, and its continuation to the last breath.

PART I.

YES, you despise the man to books confined,
 Who from his study rails at human-kind ;
 Though what he learns he speaks, and may advance
 Some general maxims, or be right by chance.
 The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
 That from his cage cries ‘cuckold, whore, and knave,’
 Though many a passenger he rightly call,
 You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
 Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
 To observations which ourselves we make,
 We grow more partial for the observer’s sake ;
 To written wisdom, as another’s, less :
 Maxims are drawn from notions, these from guess.
 There’s some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
 Some unmark’d fibre, or some varying vein.
 Shall only man be taken in the gross ?
 Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss.

That each from other differs, first confess ;
 Next, that he varies from himself no less ;
 Add nature’s, custom’s, reason’s, passion’s strife,
 And all opinion’s colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds ?
 Quick whirls and shifting eddies of our minds.

On human actions reason though you can,
It may be reason, but it is not man :
His principle of action once explore,
That instant 'tis his principle no more.
Like following life through creatures you dissect,
You lose it in the moment you detect.

Yet more ; the difference is as great between
The optics seeing as the objects seen.
All manners take a tincture from our own,
Or come discolour'd, through our passions shown ;
Or fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will life's stream for observation stay ;
It hurries all too fast to mark their way :
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.
Oft in the passions' wild rotation toss'd,
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost :
Tired, not determined, to the last we yield,
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the least image of that troubled heap,
When sense subsides, and fancy sports in sleep
(Though pass'd the recollection of the thought),
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought :
Something as dim to our internal view
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.

True, some are open, and to all men known ;
Others so very close, they're hid from none
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light) ;
Thus gracious Chandos is beloved at sight ;
And every child hates Shylock, though his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when generous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves :

When universal homage Umbra pays,
 All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
 When flattery glares, all hate it in a queen,
 While one there is who charms us with his spleen.

But these plain characters we rarely find ;
 Though strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind :
 Or puzzling contraries confound the whole ;
 Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
 The dull flat falsehood serves for policy ;
 And in the cunning truth itself 's a lie :
 Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise :
 The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.

See the same man in vigour, in the gout,
 Alone, in company, in place, or out ;
 Early at business, and at hazard late,
 Mad at a fox-chase, wise at a debate,
 Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball,
 Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall !

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
 Thinks who endures a knave is next a knave,
 Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
 A rogue with venison to a saint without.

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
 His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
 His comprehensive head, all interests weigh'd,
 All Europe saved, yet Britain not betray'd ?
 He thanks you not, his pride is in piquet,
 Newmarket fame, and judgment at a bet. [ron)

What made (say Montaigne, or more sage Char-
 otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon ?
 A perjured prince a leaden saint revere,
 A godless regent tremble at a star ?
 The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
 Faithless through piety, and duped through wit ?

Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule ;
And just her wisest monarch made a fool ?

Know, God and nature only are the same :
In man the judgment shoots a flying game,
A bird of passage ! gone as soon as found ;
Now in the moon, perhaps, now under ground.

PART II.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from the apparent ~~what~~ conclude the ~~why~~,
Infer the motive from the deed, and show
That what we chanced was what we meant to do.
Behold ! if fortune or a mistress frowns,
Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns :
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an empire, that embroils a state.
The same adust complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.

Not always actions show the man : we find
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind ;
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast ;
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east :
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat ;
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great :
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave ;
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave .
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise ;
His pride in reasoning, not in acting, lies.

But grant that actions best discover man ;
'Take the most strong, and sort them as you can :
'The few that glare each character must mark ;
You balance not the many in the dark.

What will you do with such as disagree ?
 Suppress them, or miscall them policy ?
 Must then at once (the character to save)
 The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave ?
 Alas ! in truth the man but changed his mind ;
 Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not dined.
 Ask why from Britain Cæsar would retreat ?
 Cæsar himself might whisper, he was beat.
 Why risk the world's great empire for a punk ?
 Cæsar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.
 But, sage historians ! 'tis your task to prove
 One action, conduct, one heroic love.
 'Tis from high life high characters are drawn ;
 A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn :
 A judge is just, a chancellor juster still ;
 A gownman learn'd ; a bishop what you will ;
 Wise if a minister ; but if a king,
 More wise, more learn'd, more just, more every
 thing.

Court-virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
 Born where Heaven's influence scarce can penetrate.
 In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like,
 They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
 Though the same sun, with all-diffusive rays,
 Blush in the rose, and in the diamond blaze,
 We prize the stronger effort of his power,
 And justly set the gem above the flower.

'Tis education forms the common mind ;
 Just as the twig is bent the tree 's inclined.
 Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire ;
 The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar ;
 Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave ;
 Will sneaks a scrivener, an exceeding knave.

Is he a churchman?—then he 's fond of power :
 A quaker?—sly : a presbyterian?—sour :
 A smart free-thinker?—all things in an hour.
 Ask men's opinion : Scots now shall tell
 How trade increases, and the world goes well :
 Strike off his pension by the setting sun,
 And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That gay free-thinker, a fine talker once,
 What turns him now a stupid silent dunce ?
 Some god or spirit he has lately found,
 Or chanced to meet a minister that frown'd.

Judge we by nature?—habit can efface,
 Interest o'ercome, or policy take place :
 By actions?—those uncertainty divides :
 By passions?—these dissimulation hides :
 Opinions?—they still take a wider range :
 Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
 Tenets with books, and principles with times.

PART III.

SEARCH then the ruling passion : there alone
 The wild are constant, and the cunning known ;
 The fool consistent, and the false sincere ;
 Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
 This clew once found unravels all the rest,
 The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confess'd.
 Wharton ! the scorn and wonder of our days,
 Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise :
 Born with whate'er could win it from the wise,
 Women and fools must like him, or he dies :
 Though wondering senates hung on all he spoke,
 The club must hail him master of the joke.

Shall parts so various aim at nothing new ?
He 'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too :
Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores ;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the punk applaud, and now the friar.
Thus, with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart ;
Grown all to all ; from no one vice exempt ;
And most contemptible to shun contempt ;
His passion still to covet general praise ;
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways ;
A constant bounty, which no friend has made ;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade ;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refined ;
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves ;
A rebel to the very king he loves ;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still ! flagitious, yet not great !
Ask you why Wharton broke through every rule ?—
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him fool.

Nature well known, no prodigies remain ;
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

Yet in this search the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.
When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store,
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore,
In this the lust, in that the avarice,
Were means, not ends ; ambition was the vice.
That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by chastity at praise.
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabine farm.

In vain the observer eyes the builder's toil,
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigour just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this ; it sticks to our last sand.
Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last ;
As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out,
As sober Lanesborow dancing in the gout.

Behold a reverend sire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,
Shoved from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
By his own son, that passes by unblest ;
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies every sparrow that he sees.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate ;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late.
' Mercy ! ' cries Helluo, ' mercy on my soul !
Is there no hope ?—Alas !—then bring the jowl.'—

The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end,
Collects her breath, as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

' Odious ! in woollen ! 'twould a saint provoke,
Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke :
' No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face :
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead—
And—Betty—give this cheek a little red.'

The courtier smooth, who forty years had shined
An humble servant to all human-kind,

Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue could stir,

‘ If—where I’m going—I could serve you, sir ?’

‘ I give and I devise,’ old Euclio said,

And sigh’d, ‘ my lands and tenements to Ned.’

‘ Your money, sir ?’—‘ My money, sir ! what, all ?’

Why—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul.’

‘ The manor, sir ?’—‘ The manor ! hold,’ he cried ;

‘ Not that—I cannot part with that’—and died.

And you, brave Cobham ! to the latest breath

Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death ;

Such in those moments as in all the past,

‘ O save my country ; Heaven !’ shall be your last.

EPISTLE II.

TO A LADY.

OF THE CHARACTERS OF WOMEN.

ARGUMENT.

That the particular characters of women are not so strongly marked as those of men, seldom so fixed, and still more inconsistent with themselves—Instances of contrarieties given, even from such characters as are more strongly marked, and seemingly, therefore, most consistent: as, 1. in the affected; 2. in the soft-natured; 3. in the cunning and artful; 4. in the whimsical; 5. in the lewd and vicious; 6. in the witty and refined; 7. in the stupid and simple—The former part having shown that the particular characters of women are more various than those of men, it is nevertheless observed that the general characteristic of the sex, as to the ruling passion, is more uniform—This is occasioned partly by their nature, partly by their education, and, in some degree, by necessity—What are the aims and the fate of this sex; 1. as to power; 2. as to pleasure—Advice for their true interest—The picture of an estimable woman, with the best kind of contrarieties.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
 ‘ Most women have no characters at all :’
 Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
 And best distinguish’d by black, brown, or fair.
 How many pictures of one nymph we view,
 All how unlike each other, all how true !
 Arcadia’s countess here, in ermined pride,
 Is there, Pastora by a fountain side :

Here Fannia, leering on her own good mau,
 And there a naked Leda with a swan.
 Let then the fair-one beautifully cry,
 In Magdalen's loose hair and lifted eye ;
 Or dress'd in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
 With simpering angels, palms, and harps divine,
 Whether the charmer sinner it, or saint it,
 If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come then, the colours and the ground prepare !
 Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air ;
 Choose a firm cloud before it fall, and in it
 Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa, whose eye, quick-glancing o'er the Park,
 Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
 Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
 As Sappho's diamonds with her dirty smock,
 Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
 With Sappho fragrant at an evening mask :
 So morning insects, that in muck begun,
 Shine, buzz, and fly-blow in the setting sun.

How soft is Silia ! fearful to offend ;
 The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend.
 To her Calista proved her conduct nice,
 And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
 Sudden she storms ! she raves ! you tip the wink ;
 But spare your censure, Silia does not drink.
 All eyes may see from what the change arose ;
 All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.

Papilia, wedded to her amorous spark,
 Sighs for the shades—' How charming is a park !'
 A park is purchased ; but the fair he sees
 All bathed in tears—' O odious, odious trees !'

Ladies, like variegated tulips show ;
 'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe :

Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots the nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
Awed without virtue, without beauty charm'd ;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes ;
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wise :
Strange graces still, and stranger flights, she had ;
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad ;
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash would hardly stew a child ;
Has ev'n been proved to grant a lover's prayer,
And paid a tradesman once to make him stare ;
Gave alms at Easter in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy, for a whim.
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne ?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name ?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame :
Now deep in 'Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his grace and Chartres :
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns,
And atheism and religion take their turns ;
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad good Christian at her heart.

See sin in state, majestically drunk,
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk ;
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
What then ? let blood and body bear the fault ;
Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought :
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit,
She sins with poets through pure love of wit.


What has not fired her bosom or her brain?—
 Cæsar and Tallboy, Charles and Charlemagne.
 As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
 The nose of haut-goût, and the tip of taste,
 Critiqued your wine, and analysed your meat,
 Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat ;
 So Philomédé, lecturing all mankind
 On the soft passion, and the taste refined,
 The address, the delicacy—stoops at once,
 And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.

Flavia 's a wit, has too much sense to pray ;
 To toast our wants and wishes is her way ;
 Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
 The mighty blessing, ' while we live, to live :'
 Then all for death, that opiate of the soul !
 Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
 Say, what can cause such impotence of mind ?
 A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind.
 Wise wretch ! with pleasures too refined to please ;
 • With too much spirit to be e'er at ease ;
 With too much quickness ever to be taught ;
 With too much thinking to have common thought ;
 You purchase pain with all that joy can give,
 And die of nothing but a rage to live.

Turn then from wits, and look on Simo's mate ;
 No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate :
 Or her that owns her faults, but never mends,
 Because she 's honest, and the best of friends :
 Or her whose life the church and scandal share,
 For ever in a passion or a prayer :
 Or her who laughs at hell, but (like her grace)
 Cries, ' Ah, how charming if there 's no such place !'
 Or who in sweet vicissitude appears
 Of mirth and opium, ratafia and tears ;

'The daily anodyne and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought.
Woman and fool are too hard things to hit,
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind ?
Scarce once herself, by turns all woman-kind !
Who with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth ;
Shines in exposing knaves and painting fools,
Yet is whate'er she hates and ridicules :
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the world has been her trade ;
The wisest fool much time has ever made :
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratified except her rage :
So much the fury still outran the wit,
The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her provokes revenge from hell,
But he 's a bolder man who dares be well.
Her every turn with violence pursued,
Nor more a storm her hate than gratitude :
To that each passion turns or soon or late ;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate.
Superiors ?—death ! and equals ?—what a curse !
But an inferior not dependent ?—worse !
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive ;
Oblige her, and she 'll hate you while you live ;
But die, and she 'll adore you—then the bust
And temple rise—then fall again to dust.
Last night her lord was all that 's good and great ;
A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
Strange ! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robb'd of power, by warmth of friends,



By wealth of followers ! without one distress,
Sick of herself, through very selfishness !
Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir
To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
Or wanders, heaven-directed, to the poor.

Pictures like these, dear Madam ! to design,
Asks no firm hand and no unerring line ;
Some wandering touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke, alone can hit them right ;
For how should equal colours do the knack ?
Chameleons who can paint in white and black ?

‘ Yet Chloe sure was form’d without a spot.’—
Nature in her then err’d not, but forgot.
‘ With every pleasing, every prudent part,
Say, what can Chloe want ?’—She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts, just as she ought,
But never, never reach’d one generous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmoved,
As never yet to love or to be loved.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest ;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair.
Forbid it, Heaven ! a favour or a debt
She e’er should cancel !—but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe’s ear ;
But none of Chloe’s shall you ever hear.
Of all her dears she never slander’d one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you ’re alive or dead ?
She bids her footman put it in her head.

Chloe is prudent—Would you too be wise ?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heaven has varnish'd out and made a queen ;
The same for ever ! and described by all
With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
Poets heap virtues, painters gems, at will,
And show their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well—but, artists ! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of nature it conceals :
The exactest traits of body or of mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queensberry to strip there 's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take a Helen.
From peer or bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God or king.
Alas ! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mahomet or plain parson Hale.

But grant in public men sometimes are shown ;
A woman 's seen in private life alone :
Our bolder talents in full light display'd ;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide ;
There none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
Weakness or delicacy ; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue or a vice.

In men we various ruling passions find ;
In women two almost divide the kind ;
Those only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, and the love of sway.

That nature gives ; and where the lesson taught
Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault ?

Experience this : by man's oppression cursed,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men some to business, some to pleasure take ;
But every woman is at heart a rake :
Men some to quiet, some to public strife ;
But every lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens !
Power all their end, but beauty all the means.
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age :
For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam ;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well-timed retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great !
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone ;
Worn out in public, weary every eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue,
Still out of reach, yet never out of view ;
Sure if they catch to spoil the toy at most,
To covet, flying, and regret when lost :
At last to follies youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend ;
Ashamed to own they gave delight before,
Reduced to feign it when they give no more.
As hags hold sabbaths less for joy than spite,
So these their merry miserable night ;
Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour died.

See how the world its veterans rewards !
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards ;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend ;

A fop their passion, but their prize a sot,
Alive ridiculous, and dead forgot !

Ah, friend ! to dazzle let the vain design ;
To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine !
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the ring
Flaunts and goes down an-unregarded thing.
So when the sun's broad beam has tired the sight,
All mild ascends the moon's more sober light,
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And unobserved the glaring orb declines.

O ! bless'd with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day ;
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules ;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys ;
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will,
Disdains all loss of tickets or codille ;
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, though china fall.

And yet believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman 's at best a contradiction still.
Heaven, when it strives to polish all it can
Its last best work, but forms a softer man ;
Picks from each sex, to make the favourite bless'd,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest ;
Blends, in exception to all general rules,
Your taste of follies with our scorn of fools ;
Reserve with frankness, art with truth allied,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride ;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new :
Shakes all together, and produces—you.

Be this a woman's fame ; with this unblest'd,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promised (I forgot the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere ;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents' simple prayer,
And gave you beauty, but denied the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The generous god, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for duchesses (the world shall know it),
To you gave sense, good-humour, and a poet.

EPISTLE III.
TO ALLEN, LORD BATHURST.
OF THE USE OF RICHES.

ARGUMENT.

That it is known to few, most falling into one of the extremes, avarice or profusion—The point discussed, whether the invention of money has been more commodious or pernicious to mankind—That riches, either to the avaricious or the prodigal, cannot afford happiness, scarcely necessities—That avarice is an absolute frenzy, without an end or purpose—Conjectures about the motives of avaricious men—That the conduct of men, with respect to riches, can only be accounted for by the order of Providence, which works the general good out of extremes, and brings all to its great end by perpetual revolutions—How a miser acts upon principles which appear to him reasonable—How a prodigal does the same—The due medium and true use of riches—The Man of Ross—The fate of the profuse and the covetous, in two examples; both miserable in life and in death—The story of Sir Balaam.

P. Who shall decide when doctors disagree,
 And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
 You hold the word from Jove to Momus given,
 That man was made the standing jest of Heaven;
 And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
 For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind
 (And surely Heaven and I are of a mind),
 Opine that nature, as in duty bound,
 Deep hid the shining mischief under ground;

But when, by man's audacious labour won,
 Flamed forth this rival to its sire the sun,
 Then careful Heaven supplied two sorts of men,
 To squander these, and those to hide again.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
 We find our tenets just the same at last :
 Both fairly owning riches, in effect,
 No grace of Heaven, or token of the elect ;
 Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
 To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil.

B. What nature wants, commodious gold bestows ;
 'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe ;
 'Tis thus we riot, while who sow it starve :
 What nature wants (a phrase I much distrust)
 Extends to luxury, extends to lust :
 Useful I grant, it serves what life requires,
 But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.

B. Trade it may help, society extend :

P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend.

B. It raises armies in a nation's aid :

P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.

In vain may heroes fight and patriots rave,
 If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
 Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloke
 From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
 And jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
 ' Old Cato is as great a rogue as you.'

Bless'd paper-credit ! last and best supply !
 That lends corruption lighter wings to fly !
 Gold, imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
 Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings ;
 A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
 Or ship off senates to some distant shore ;

A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
 Our fates and fortunes as the winds shall blow;
 Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
 And, silent, sells a king or buys a queen.

O ! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
 Still, as of old, encumber'd villany !
 Could France or Rome divert our brave designs
 With all their brandies or with all their wines ?
 What could they more than knights and 'squires
 confound,

Or water all the quorum ten miles round ?
 A statesman's slumbers how this speech would
 spoil !

' Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil ;
 Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door ;
 A hundred oxen at your levee roar.'

Poor Avarice one torment more would find,
 Nor could Profusion squander all in kind :
 Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet,
 And Worldly crying coals from street to street,
 Whom, with a wig so wild and mien so mazed,
 Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman crazed :
 Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and hogs,
 Could he himself have sent it to the dogs ?
 His grace will game : to White's a bull be led,
 With spurning heels and with a butting head :
 To White's be carried, as to ancient games,
 Fair coursers, vases, and alluring dames.
 Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
 Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep ?
 Or soft Adonis, so perfumed and fine,
 Drive to Saint James's a whole herd of swine ?
 O, filthy check on all industrious skill,
 To spoil the nation's last great trade,—quadrille !

Since then, my lord, on such a world we fall,
What say you ? *B.* Say? Why, take it, gold and all.

P. What riches give us let us then inquire :
Meat, fire, and clothes. *B.* What more ? *P.* Meat,
clothes, and fire.

Is this too little? would you more than live ?
Alas ! 'tis more than *Turner* finds they give.
Alas ! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last !
What can they give ? To dying *Hopkins*, heirs ?
To *Chartres*, vigour ? *Japhet*, nose and ears ?
Can they in gems bid pallid *Hippia* glow ?
In *Fulvia's* buckle ease the throbs below ?
Or heal, old *Narses*, thy obscener ail,
With all the embroidery plaster'd at thy tail ?
They might (were *Harpax* not too wise to spend)
Give *Harpax* self the blessing of a friend ;
Or find some doctor that would save the life
Of wretched *Shylock*, spite of *Shylock's* wife.
But thousands die without or this or that,
Die, and endow a college or a cat.
To some indeed Heaven grants the happier fate
To enrich a bastard, or a son they hate.

Perhaps you think the poor might have their part?
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his
heart.

The grave *Sir Gilbert* holds it for a rule
That every man in want is knave or fool.
' God cannot love (says *Blunt*, with tearless eyes)
The wretch he starves'—and piously denies :
But the good bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them, Providence's care.

Yet, to be just to these poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself :

Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it and the slave that hides.

B. Who suffers thus, mere charity should own,
Must act on motives powerful, though unknown.

P. Some war, some plague, or famine, they fore-
Some revelation hid from you and me. [see,
Why Shylock wants a meal the cause is found;
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.
What made directors cheat in South-sea year?
To live on venison, when it sold so dear.
Ask you why Phrynè the whole auction buys?
Phrynè foresees a general excise.
Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?—
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wise Peter sees the world's respect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold.
Glorious ambition! Peter, swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.
Congenial souls! whose life one avarice joins,
And one fate buries in the Asturian mines.

Much-injured Blunt! why bears he Britain's hate?
A wizard told him in these words our fate:—
' At length corruption, like a general flood
(So long by watchful ministers withstood),
Shall deluge all; and avarice creeping on,
Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun;
Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
Peeress and butler share alike the box,
And judges job, and bishops bite the tow,
And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown:

See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
 And France revenged of Anne's and Edward's arms !
 'Twas no court-badge, great scrivener ! fired thy
 Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain : [brain,
 No, 'twas thy righteous end, ashamed to see
 Senates degenerate, patriots disagree,
 And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
 To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.

' All this is madness,' cries a sober sage :—
 ' But who, my friend, has reason in his rage ?
 The ruling passion, be it what it will,
 The ruling passion, conquers reason still.'
 Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,
 Than ev'n that passion, if it has no aim ;
 For though such motives folly you may call,
 The folly's greater to have none at all. [sends,

Hear then the truth :—' 'Tis Heaven each passion
 And different men directs to different ends.
 Extremes in nature equal good produce ;
 Extremes in man concur to general use.'
 Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow ?—
 That Power who bids the ocean ebb and flow ;
 Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
 Through reconciled extremes of drought and rain ;
 Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
 And gives the eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
 Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
 Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
 Sees but a backward steward for the poor ;
 This year a reservoir to keep and spare,
 The next a fountain spouting through his hair,
 In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
 And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta shamed his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth :
What though (the use of barbarous spits forgot)
His kitchen vied in coolness with his grot ?
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stored,
With soups unbought, and salads, bless'd his board ?
If Cotta lived on pulse, it was no more
Than bramins, saints, and sages, did before :
To cram the rich was prodigal expense ;
And who would take the poor from Providence ?
Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall ;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round ;
Tenants with sighs the smokeless towers survey,
And turn the unwilling steeds another way ;
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the saved candle and unopening door ;
While the gaunt mastiff, growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar whom he longs to eat.

Not so his son ; he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right :
(For what to shun will no great knowledge need,
But what to follow is a task indeed !)
Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'squire and deep divine !
Yet no mean motive this profusion draws ;
His oxen perish in his country's cause ;
'Tis George and Liberty that crown the cup,
And zeal for that great house which eats him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The sylvens groan—no matter—for the fleet :

Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands;
 Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
 To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
 And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a pope.
 And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
 Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils?
 In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause;
 His thankless country leaves him to her laws.

The sense to value riches, with the art
 To enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
 Not meanly nor ambitiously pursued,
 Not sunk by sloth, nor raised by servitude;
 To balance fortune by a just expense,
 Join with economy magnificence;
 With splendor charity, with plenty health,—
 O teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
 That secret rare, between the extremes to move
 Of mad good-nature and of mean self-love.

B. To worth or want well-weigh'd be bounty
 given,
 And ease or emulate the care of Heaven :
 (Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
 Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
 Wealth in the gross is death, but life diffused,
 As poison heals in just proportion used :
 In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies,
 But well dispersed, is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
 The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that
 cheats.

Is there a lord who knows a cheerful noon
 Without a fiddler, flatterer, or buffoon?
 Whose table wit or modest merit share,
 Unelbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or player?

Who copies yours or Oxford's better part,
 To ease the oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
 Where'er he shines, O Fortune! gild the scene,
 And angels guard him in the golden mean!
 There English bounty yet awhile may stand,
 And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should lords engross?
 Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
 Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
 And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
 Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
 From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
 Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
 Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
 But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
 Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
 Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
 Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
 Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
 'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.
 Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
 The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
 He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
 Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
 Him portion'd maids, apprenticed orphans bless'd,
 'The young who labour, and the old who rest.
 Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
 Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes and gives.
 Is there a variance? enter but his door,
 Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more:
 Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
 And vile attorneys, now a useless race.

B. Thrice happy man, enabled to pursue
 What all so wish, but want the power to do!

O say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines, to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children, clear,
This man possess'd five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw
your blaze;

Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what? no monument, inscription, stone,
His race, his form, his name, almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough that virtue fill'd the space between,
Proved by the ends of being to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living saved a candle's end:
Shouldering God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay, extends his hands;
That live-long wig, which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.
Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend!
And see what comfort it affords our end!

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-
hung,

The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—alas! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliefden's proud alcove,
The bower of wauton Shrewsbury and love;

Or just as gay at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store !
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friend
And fame, this lord of useless thousands end

His grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee
And well (he thought) advised him, ' Live !
As well his grace replied : ' Like you, Sir J
That I can do when all I have is gone !'

Resolve me, reason, which of these is worst
Want with a full, or with an empty purse ?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler ! was confessed
Arise, and tell me, was thy death more blest
Cutler saw tenants break and houses fall ;
For very want he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's power ;
For very want he could not pay a dower.

A few gray hairs his reverend temples crown
'Twas very want that sold them for two pence
What ! ev'n denied a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend
What but a want, which you perhaps think
Yet numbers feel,—the want of what he had
Cutler and Brutus dying both exclaim,
' Virtue ! and wealth ! what are ye but a name

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepared
Or are they both in this their own reward
A knotty point ! to which we now proceed
But you are tired—I'll tell a tale—*B.* Ag

P. Where London's column, pointing at the sky
Like a tall bully, lifts the head and lies,
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name

Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth ;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemnized the Lord's :
Constant at church and 'Change ; his gains were sure ;
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The devil was piqued such saintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old ;
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Roused by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surge, and plunge his father in the deep ;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes.
' Live like yourself,' was soon my lady's word ;
And, lo ! two puddings smoked upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away :
He pledged it to the knight ; the knight had wit,
So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eased his thought ;
' I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat ;
Where once I went to church I'll now go twice—
And am so clear too of all other vice !'

The tempter saw his time ; the work he plied ;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on every side,
Till all the demon makes his full descent
In one abundant shower of cent per cent,
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit ;

What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit,
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles as our manners turn :
His compting-house employ'd the Sunday morn :
Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life !)
But duly sent his family and wife :
There (so the devil ordain'd) one Christmas-tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold and died.

A nymph of quality admires our knight ;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite ;
Leaves the dull cits, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in Saint James's air :
First for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies :
His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife ;
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner Saint Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play ; so bad her chance,
He must repair it ; takes a bribe from France :
The house impeach him ; Coningsby harangues ;
The court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs.
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan ! are thy own ;
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown :
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God, and dies.

EPISTLE IV.

TO RICHARD BOYLE, EARL OF BURLINGTON.

OF THE USE OF RICHES.

ARGUMENT.

The vanity of expense in people of wealth and quality. The abuse of the word taste—That the first principle and foundation in this, as in every thing else, is good sense—The chief proof of it is to follow nature, even in works of mere luxury and elegance. Instanced in architecture and gardening, where all must be adapted to the genius and use of the place, and the beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it—How men are disappointed in their most expensive undertakings for want of this true foundation, without which nothing can please long, if at all; and the best examples and rules will be but perverted into something burdensome and ridiculous—A description of the false taste of magnificence; the first grand error of which is to imagine that greatness consists in the size and dimension, instead of the proportion and harmony, of the whole; and the second, either in joining together parts incoherent, or too minutely resembling, or in the repetition of the same too frequently—A word or two of false taste in books, in music, in painting, even in preaching and prayer, and lastly in entertainments—Yet Providence is justified in giving wealth to be squandered in this manner, since it is dispersed to the poor and laborious part of mankind—[Recurring to what is laid down in the first book, ep. ii. and in the epistle preceding this.]—What are the proper objects of magnificence, and a proper field for the expense of great men—And finally, the great and public works which become a prince.

'Tis strange the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy :

Is it less strange the prodigal should waste
His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste ?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats ;
Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats :
He buys for Topham drawings and designs ;
For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins ;
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all these are for himself ? no more
Than his fine wife, alas ! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted ?
Only to show how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste ?
Some demon whisper'd, 'Visto ! have a taste.'
Heaven visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
See ! sportive fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide :
A standing sermon at each year's expense,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence !

You show us Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use ;
Yet shall, my lord, your just, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating fools ;
Who random drawings from your sheets shall take,
And of one beauty many blunders make ;
Load some vain church with old theatric state ;
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden gate ;
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole eked with ends of wall,
Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
That, laced with bits of rustic, makes a front ;
Shall call the winds through long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door ;

Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And, if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer
A certain truth, which many buy too dear ;
Something there is more needful than expense,
And something previous ev'n to taste—'tis sense ;
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heaven,
And though no science, fairly worth the seven ;
A light which in yourself you must perceive ;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terrace, or to sink the grot,
In all, let Nature never be forgot :
But treat the goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare :
Let not each beauty every where be spied,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points who pleasingly confounds,
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Consult the genius of the place in all :
That tells the waters or to rise or fall ;
Or helps the ambitious hill the heavens to scale,
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale ;
Calls in the country, catches opening glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades ;
Now breaks, or now directs, the intending lines ;
Paints as you plant, and as you work designs.

Still follow sense, of every art the soul ;
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole ;
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance :
Nature shall join you : time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow.

Without it, proud Versailles ! thy glory falls,
 And Nero's terraces desert their walls :
 The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make ;
 Lo ! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake :
 Or cut wide views through mountains to the plain,
 You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.
 Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
 Nor in an hermitage set Doctor Clarke.

Behold Villario's ten years' toil complete :
 His quincunx darkens, his espaliers meet ;
 The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
 And strength of shade contends with strength of
 A waving glow the bloomy beds display, [light :
 Blushing in bright diversities of day,
 With silver-quivering rills meander'd o'er—
 Enjoy them, you ! Villario can no more :
 Tired of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
 He finds, at last, he better likes a field.

Through his young woods how pleased Sabinus
 Or sat delighted in the thickening shade ; [stray'd,
 With annual joy the reddening shoots to greet,
 Or see the stretching branches long to meet !
 His son's fine taste an opener vista loves,
 Foe to the Dryads of his father's groves ;
 One boundless green or flourish'd carpet views,
 With all the mournful family of yews ;
 The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
 Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day ;
 Where all cry out, ' What sums are thrown away !'
 So proud, so grand, of that stupendous air,
 Soft and agreeable come never there.
 Greatness with Timon dwells in such a draught
 As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.

To compass this, his building is a town,
 His pond an ocean, his parterre a down
 Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
 A puny insect shivering at a breeze ?
 Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around !
 The whole a labour'd quarry above ground.
 Two Cupids squirt before : a lake behind
 Improves the keenness of the northern wind.
 His gardens next your admiration call ;
 On every side you look, behold the wall !
 No pleasing intricacies intervene,
 No artful wildness to perplex the scene :
 Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother ;
 And half the platform just reflects the other.
 The suffering eye inverted Nature sees,
 Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees ;
 With here a fountain never to be play'd,
 And there a summer-house that knows no shade ;
 Here Amphitrite sails through myrtle bowers,
 There gladiators fight or die in flowers ;
 Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn,
 And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.

My lord advances with majestic mien,
 Smit with the mighty pleasure, to be seen .
 But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
 First through the length of yon hot terrace sweat ;
 And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your
 Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes. [thighs,

His study ! with what authors is it stored ?
 In books, not authors, curious is my lord ;
 To all their dated backs he turns you round ;
 'These Aldus printed, those Du Suëil has bound !
 Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good,
 For all his lordship knows,—but they are wood !

For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look ;
'These shelves admit not any modern book.

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of prayer :
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heaven.
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
On gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

But, hark ! the chiming clocks to dinner call ;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall :
'The rich buffet well-colour'd serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew, to wash your face.
Is this a dinner ? this a genial room ?
No, 'tis a temple and a hecatomb ;
A solemn sacrifice perform'd in state :
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat :
So quick retires each flying course, you 'd swear
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there.
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet wine, and God bless the King.
In plenty starving, tantalized in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, caress'd, and tired, I take my leave,
Sick of this civil pride from morn to eve :
I curse such lavish cost and little skill,
And swear no day was ever pass'd so ill.

Yet hence the poor are clothed, the hungry fed ;
Health to himself, and to his infants bread,
'The labourer bears : what his hard heart denies,
His charitable-vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvests bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the soil ?—
Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like Boyle ?
'Tis use alone that sanctifies expense,
And splendor borrows all her rays from sense.

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad if he increase ;
Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil ;
Whose ample lawns are not ashamed to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed ;
Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow :
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.

You, too, proceed ! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair ;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before :
Till kings call forth the ideas of your mind,
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd)
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples worthier of the God ascend,
Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main,
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers through the land :
These honours peace to happy Britain brings ;
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

EPISTLE V

TO MR. ADDISON,

OCCASIONED BY HIS DIALOGUES ON MEDALS.

SEE the wild waste of all-devouring years ;
 How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
 With nodding arches, broken temples spread !
 The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead !
 Imperial wonders raised on nations spoil'd,
 Where, mix'd with slaves, the groaning martyr toil'd :
 Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
 Now drain'd a distant country of her floods ;
 Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey,
 Statues of men, scarce less alive than they !
 Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,
 Some hostile fury, some religious rage :
 Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
 And papal piety, and gothic fire.
 Perhaps, by its own ruins saved from flame,
 Some buried marble half preserves a name :
 That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pursue,
 And give to Titus old Vespasian's due.

Ambition sigh'd : she found it vain to trust
 The faithless column and the crumbling bust ;
 Huge moles, whose shadow, stretch'd from shore
 to shore,
 Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more !
 Convinced, she now contracts her vast design,
 And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
 A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps,
 Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.
 Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
 And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine ;

A small Euphrates through the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.

The medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Through climes and ages bears each form and name :
In one short view subjected to our eye,
Gods, emperors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore,
The inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years !
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes,
One grasps a Cecrops in ecstatic dreams.
Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd ;
And Curio, restless by the fair-one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine :
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine ;
Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor blush these studies thy regard engage :
These pleased the fathers of poetic rage :
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.

O, when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame ?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold ?
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face ;
There, warriors frowning in historic brass :
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree ;
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison :

Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,—
' Statesman, yet friend to truth ! of soul sincere,
In action faithful, and in honour clear ;
Who broke no promise, served no private end,
Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend ;
Ennobled by himself, by all approved,
And praised, unenvied, by the Muse he loved.'

WINDSOR FOREST.

THY forest, Windsor ! and thy green retreats,
At once the monarch's and the Muse's seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids !
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades ;
Granville commands : your aid, O Muses ! bring :
What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing ?

The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song :
These, were my breast inspired with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again ;
Not chaos-like together crush'd and bruised,
But, as the world, harmoniously confused ;
Where order in variety we see,
And where, though all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day ;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress :
There, interspersed in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.
Here in full light the russet plains extend :
There, wrapp'd in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.

Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That, crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
Like verdant isles, the sable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Though gods assembled grace his towering height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
Here blushing Flora paints the enamell'd ground,
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospects stand,
And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand ;
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And peace and plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.
Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
And kings more furious and severe than they ;
Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods :
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves).
What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd ?
In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
Soft showers distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain :
The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
What wonder, then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign ?

Both doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled,
But while the subject starved, the beast was fed.
Proud Nimrod first the bloody chase began,
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man :
Our haughty Norman boasts that barbarous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
The fields are ravish'd from the industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from gods their fanes :
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er,
The hollow winds through naked temples roar ;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twined ;
O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind ;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
Awed by his nobles, by his commons cursed,
The oppressor ruled tyrannic where he durst,
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And served alike his vassals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon spared, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see, the man, who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself denied a grave !
Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,
At once the chaser, and at once the prey !
Lo, Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart !
Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects' cries,
Nor saw displeased the peaceful cottage rise :
Then gathering flocks on unknown mountains fed,
O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
The forest wonder'd at the unusual grain,
And secret transports touch'd the conscious swain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's goddess, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vigorous swains ! while youth ferments your blood,

And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds ;
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds ;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey ;
Secure they trust the unfaithful field beset,
Till hovering o'er them sweeps the swelling net.
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty bless'd,
Near, and more near, the closing lines invest ;
Sudden they seize the amazed, defenceless prize,
And in high air Britannia's standard flies.

See ! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings.
Short is his joy : he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah ! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold ?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breathed beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare :
(Beasts, urged by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo.)

With slaughtering guns the unwearied fowler roves,
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves,
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye ;
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky :
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death :
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand :
With looks unmoved, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply ;
The bright-eyed perch with fins of Tyrian dye ;
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd ;
The yellow carp, in scales bedropp'd with gold ;
Swift trouts, diversified with crimson stains ;
And pikes, the tyrants of the watery plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car :
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the opening hound.
The impatient courser pants in every vein,
And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain :
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
And ere he starts a thousand steps are lost.
See the bold youth strain up the threatening steep,
Rush through the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
Hang o'er their coursers' heads with eager speed,
And Earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.

Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
The immortal huntress, and her virgin train :
Nor envy, Windsor ! since thy shades have seen
As bright a goddess, and as chaste a queen ;
Whose care, like her's, protects the sylvan reign;
The earth's fair light, and empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd,
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor's shade ;
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove ;
Here, arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd virgins traced the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was famed,
Thy offspring, Thames ! the fair Lodona named ;
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
Scarce could the goddess from her nymph be
known,

But by the crescent and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care ;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair ;
A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanced as, eager of the chase, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and loved, and, burning with desire,
Pursued her flight ; her flight increased his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky ;
Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When through the clouds he drives the trembling
doves ;

As from the god she flew with furious pace,
Or as the god, more furious, urged the chase ;

Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears ;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun ;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injured maid.
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain .
' Ah, Cynthia ! ah !—though banish'd from thy train,
Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
My native shades—there weep, and murmur there.'
She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
In a soft silver stream dissolved away.
The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps ;
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she ranged before.
In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
The watery landscape of the pendent woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods ;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green ;
Through the fair scene roll slow the lingering
streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the
Thames.

Thou too, great father of the British floods !
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods ;
Where towering oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear.

Not Neptune's self from all his streams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's famed abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly gods :
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below ;
Where Jove, subdued by mortal passions still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
His sovereign favours, and his country loves :
Happy next him, who to the shades retires,
Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse in-
spires :

Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields,
With chemic art exalts the mineral powers,
And draws the aromatic souls of flowers ;
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high ;
O'er figured worlds now travels with his eye ;
Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er :
Or wandering thoughtful in the silent wood,
Attends the duties of the wise and good,
To observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
To follow nature, and regard his end ;
Or looks on Heaven with more than mortal
eyes,
Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,

Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
 Survey the region, and confess her home !
 Such was the life great Scipio once admired :—
 Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus retired.

Ye sacred Nine ! that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
 Bear me, O bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 The bowery mazes, and surrounding greens ;
 To Thames's banks, which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill.
 (On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow.)
 I seem through consecrated walks to rove ;
 I hear soft music die along the grove :
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
 By godlike poets venerable made :
 Here his first lays majestic Denham sung ;
 There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's
 tongue.

O, early lost ! what tears the river shed,
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led !
 His drooping swans on every note expire,
 And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stopp'd their heavenly voice,
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice.
 Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley
 strung

His living harp, and lofty Denham sung ?
 But hark ! the groves rejoice, the forest rings !
 Are these revived, or is it Granville sings ?
 'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats ;
 To paint anew the flowery sylvan scenes,
 To crown the forests with immortal greens,

Make Windsor-hills in lofty numbers rise,
And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star!

Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
Surrey, the Granville of a former age:
Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
To the same shades the Cupids tuned his lyre,
In the same notes of love and soft desire:
Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.

O wouldst thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
What kings first breathed upon her winding
shore;

Or raise old warriors, whose adored remains
In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains;
With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
Stretch his long triumphs down through every age,
Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressy's glorious field,
The lilies blazing on the regal shield;
Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
And leave inanimate the naked wall,
Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
Here o'er the martyr-king the marble weeps,
And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps;
Whom not the extended Albion could contain,
From old Belerium¹ to the northern main,

¹ From Belerus, a Cornish giant, that part of Cornwall called the Land's End.

The grave unites ; where ev'n the great find rest,
And blended lie the oppressor and the oppress'd!

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known.
(Obscure the place, and uninscribed the stone)
O, fact accursed ! what tears has Albion shed,
Heavens ! what new wounds ! and how her old have
She saw her sons with purple deaths expire, [bled !
Her sacred domes involved in rolling fire,
A dreadful series of intestine wars,
Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.

At length great Anna said, ' Let discord cease !'
She said : the world obey'd, and all was peace !

In that bless'd moment from his oozy bed
Old father Thames advanced his reverend head ;
His tresses dropp'd with dew, and o'er the stream
His shining horns diffused a golden gleam :
Graved on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides
His swelling waters and alternate tides ;
The figured streams in waves of silver roll'd,
And on her banks Augusta rose in gold.
Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
Who swell with tributary urns his flood :
First the famed authors of his ancient name,
The winding Isis, and the fruitful Thame ;
The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd ;
The Lodden slow, with verdant alders crown'd ;
Cole, whose dark streams his flowery islands lave ;
And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave .
The blue, transparent Vandalis appears ;
The gulfy Lee his sedgy tresses rears ;
And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood ;
And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclined,
(His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)

The god appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
Where Windsor's domes and pompous turrets rise;
Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore:—
 'Hail, sacred peace! hail, long-expected days,
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
Though Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Though foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
From heaven itself though sevenfold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine;
Let barbarous Ganges arm a servile train;
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
No more my sons shall dye with British blood
Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chase;
The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
Behold! the ascending villas on my side
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide;
Behold! Augusta's glittering spires increase,
And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!
There mighty nations shall inquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come:
There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a British queen.

‘ Thy trees, fair Windsor ! now shall leave their
woods,

And half thy forests rush into the floods,
Bear Britain’s thunder, and her cross display
To the bright regions of the rising day ;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole ;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales !
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.
The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide ;
Earth’s distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather’d people crowd my wealthy side ;
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire.
O stretch thy reign, fair Peace ! from shore to shore,
Till conquest cease, and slavery be no more ;
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves ;
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roof’d with gold.
Exiled by thee from earth to deepest hell,
In brazen bonds, shall barbarous Discord dwell :
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition, shall attend her there :

There purple Vengeance, bathed in gore, re
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires
There hated Envy her own snakes shall see
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden day
The thoughts of gods let Granville's verse
And bring the scenes of opening fate to light
My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flowery plain
Where Peace descending bids her olives sprout
And scatters blessings from her dove-like mouth
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleased in the silent shade with empty praise
Enough for me, that to the listening swain
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strain



P O P E.

**ESSAY ON CRITICISM,
AND
EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.**



POPE.
ESSAY ON CRITICISM.
ETC.



Then Criticism the Muse's handmaid provid,
To dress her charms and make her more belov'd;

E. Westall R.A. del.

W. Hadden sc.

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P O P E.



ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

PART I.

'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill ;
But of the two less dangerous is the offence
To tire our patience than mislead our sense :
Some few in that, but numbers err in this ;
'Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss ;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share ;
Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
'These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too ?

Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind :

Nature affords at least a glimmering light ;
The lines, though touch'd but faintly, are drawn
right :

But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgraced,
So by false learning is good sense defaced :
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools :
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence :
Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,
Or with a rival's or an eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for wits, then poets, pass'd ;
Turn'd critics next, and proved plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learn'd wittlings, numerous in our isle,
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile ;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal ;
To tell them would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go ;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains ;

Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
 The solid power of understanding fails ;
 Where beams of warm imagination play,
 The memory's soft figures melt away.
 One science only will one genius fit ;
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit :
 Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft in those confined to single parts.
 Like kings, we lose the conquests gain'd before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more ;
 Each might his several province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same :
 Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
 One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of art.
 Art from that fund each just supply provides,
 Works without show, and without pomp presides :
 In some fair body thus the informing soul
 With spirits feeds, with vigour fills, the whole ;
 Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains,
 Itself unseen, but in the effects remains.
 Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
 Want as much more to turn it to its use :
 For wit and judgment often are at strife,
 Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
 'Tis more to guide than spur the Muses' steed,
 Restrain his fury than provoke his speed :
 The winged courser, like a generous horse,
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those rules of old, discover'd not devised,
 Are nature still, but nature methodised :
 Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd
 By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules endites,
 When to repress, and when indulge our flights :
 High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod ;
 Held from afar, aloft, the immortal prize,
 And urged the rest by equal steps to rise.
 Just precepts thus from great examples given,
 She drew from them what they derived from Heaven.
 The generous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
 And taught the world with reason to admire.
 Then Criticism the Muses' handmaid proved,
 To dress her charms, and make her more beloved :
 But following wits from that intention stray'd ;
 Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid ;
 Against the poets their own arms they turn'd,
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
 So modern 'pothecaries taught, the art
 By doctors' bills to play the doctor's part,
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
 Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey ;
 Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they :
 Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made :
 These leave the sense, their learning to display,
 And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would
 Know well each ancient's proper character ; [steer,
 His fable, subject, scope in every page ;
 Religion, country, genius of his age :
 Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Cavil you may, but never criticise.
 Be Homer's works your study and delight,
 Read them by day, and meditate by night ; [bring,
 Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims
 And trace the Muses upward to their spring.

Still with itself compared, his text peruse ;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When first young Maro in his boundless mind
A work to outlast immortal Rome design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw :
But when to examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold design,
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem ;
To copy Nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles poetry : in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky licence answer to the full
The intent proposed, that licence is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing through the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus some objects please our eyes,
Which out of nature's common order rise—
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend ;
But though the ancients thus their rules invade,
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have made)

Moderns, beware! or, if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
And have at least the precedent to plead:
The critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous
thoughts

Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and mis-shaped appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His powers in equal ranks and fair array,
But with the occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient altar stands
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.
See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
Hear in all tongues consenting pæans ring!
In praise so just let every voice be join'd,
And fill the general chorus of mankind.
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days,
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
O may some spark of your celestial fire
The last, the meanest, of your sons inspire,

(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights,
Glow's while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a science little known,
To admire superior sense, and doubt their own !

PART II.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth denied
She gives in large recruits of needful pride :
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind :
Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense :
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring :
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind ;
But, more advanced, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise.
So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky ;

The eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last :
But those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way ;
The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise !

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ ;
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind ;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That, shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep,—
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In wit, as nature, what affects our hearts
Is not the exactness of peculiar parts ;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
(The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome !)
No single parts unequally surprise ;
All comes united to the admiring eyes ;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear ;
The whole at once is bold and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend ;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
To avoid great errors must the less commit ;
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles is a praise.

Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part :
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one loved folly sacrifice.

Once on a time La Mancha's Knight, they say,
A certain bard encountering on the way,
Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage,
Concluding all were desperate sots and fools
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produced his play, and begg'd the knight's advice ;
Made him observe the subject and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities ; what not ?
All which exact to rule were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.

'What ! leave the combat out ?' exclaims the knight.

'Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.'—

'Not so, by heaven,' he answers in a rage, [stage.]

'Knights, 'squires, and steeds, must enter on the

'So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.'—

'Then build a new, or act it on a plain.'

Thus critics, of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form short ideas, and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line ;
Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit,
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is nature to advantage dress'd,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd.

Something whose truth convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit :
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.

Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress :
Their praise is still—' the style is excellent ;'
The sense they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves ; and where they most abound
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place ;
The face of nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay ;
But true expression, like the unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon ;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable.
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd :
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense ;
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze the unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky as Fungoso in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday ;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires in their doublets dress'd.
In words as fashions the same rule will hold,
Alike fantastic if too new or old :

Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
And smooth or rough with them is right or wrong.
In the bright Muse though thousand charms con-
spire,

Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire,
While expletives their feeble aid do join,
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;
Where'er you find ' the cooling western breeze,'
In the next line, it ' whispers through the trees ;'
If crystal streams ' with pleasing murmurs creep,'
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with ' sleep ;'
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow,
And praise the easy vigour of a line
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness
join.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence ;
The sound must seem an echo to the sense.
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows ;

But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse rough verse should like the torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow :
 Not so when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the
 main.

Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise !
 While at each change the son of Libyan Jove,
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love ;
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow :
 Persians and Greeks like turns of Nature found,
 And the world's victor stood subdued by sound !
 The power of music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes, and shun the fault of such
 Who still are pleased too little or too much.
 At every trifle scorn to take offence ;
 That always shows great pride or little sense :
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
 Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move ;
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve ;
 As things seem large which we through mists de-
 scry,

Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise ;
 The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
 Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
 To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
 Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
 And force that sun but on a part to shine,
 Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
 But ripens spirits in cold northern climes ;

Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last ;
Though each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town ;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality ;
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
What woful stuff this madrigal would be
In some starved hackney sonneteer or me !
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens ! how the style refines !
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought.

The vulgar thus through imitation err ;
As oft the learn'd, by being singular ;
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong.
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night,
But always think the last opinion right.
A Muse by these is like a mistress used,
This hour she's idolized, the next abused ;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortified,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
Ask them the cause ; They're wiser still, they say ;
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow ;
Our wiser sons no doubt will think us so.
Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread ;
Who knew most sentences was deepest read :
Faith, gospel, all seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted.
Scotists and Thomists now in peace remain
Amid their kindred cobwebs in Duck Lane.
If faith itself has different dresses worn,
What wonder modes in wit should take their turn ?
Oft leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit ;
And authors think their reputation safe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleased to laugh.

Some, valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind :
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux :
But sense survived when merry jests were pass'd ;
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise :
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit as its shade pursue,
But, like a shadow, proves the substance true ;
For envied wit, like Sol eclipsed, makes known
The opposing body's grossness, not its own.
When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays ;
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend :
 His praise is lost who stays till all commend.
 Short is the date, alas ! of modern rhymes,
 And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
 No longer now that golden age appears,
 When patriarch-wits survived a thousand years :
 Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
 And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast :
 Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
 And such as Chaucer is shall Dryden be.
 So when the faithful pencil has design'd
 Some bright idea of the master's mind,
 Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready nature waits upon his hand ;
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light ;
 When mellowing years their full perfection give,
 And each bold figure just begins to live,
 The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
 And all the bright creation fades away !

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
 Atones not for that envy which it brings :
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-lived vanity is lost ;
 Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
 That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
 What is this wit, which must our cares employ ?
 The owner's wife that other men enjoy ;
 Then most our trouble still when most admired,
 And still, the more we give, the more required ;
 Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please ;
 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun ;
 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone !

If wit so much from ignorance undergo,
 Ah, let not learning too commence its foe !

Of old those met rewards who could excel,
And such were praised who but endeavour'd well :
'Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too.
Now they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown
Employ their pains to spurn some others down ;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools ;
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urged through sacred lust of praise !
Ah ! ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
Good nature and good sense must ever join ;
To err is human, to forgive divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain,
Not yet purged off, of spleen and sour disdain,
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Though wit and art conspire to move your mind ;
But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprung the rank weed, and thrived with large in-
When love was all an easy monarch's care ; [crease :
Seldom at council, never in a war ;
Jilts ruled the state, and statesmen farces writ ;
Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords had wit ;
The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimproved away ;
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
And virgins smiled at what they blush'd before.
The following licence of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain ;

Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation ;
Where Heaven's free subjects might their rights
dispute,

Lest God himself should seem too absolute :
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
And vice admired to find a flatterer there !
Encouraged thus, wit's Titans braved the skies,
And the press groan'd with licensed blasphemies.
These monsters, critics ! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage !
Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice.
All seems infected that the infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.

PART III.

LEARN then what morals critics ought to show,
For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.
'Tis not enough taste, judgment, learning, join ;
In all you speak let truth and candour shine ;
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow, but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense,
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence.
Some positive persisting fops we know,
Who if once wrong will needs be always so ;
But you with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true ;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do :
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.

Without good-breeding truth is disapproved ;
That only makes superior sense beloved.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence,
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensured, to be dull :
Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
As, without learning, they can take degrees.
Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators ;
Whom when they praise, the world believes no more
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain ;
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write ?
Still humming on their drowsy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence !

Such shameless hards we have ; and yet 'tis true
There are as mad abandon'd critics too.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always listening to himself appears.
 All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
 From Dryden's fables down to Durfey's tales.
 With him most authors steal their works, or buy;
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
 Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend;
 Nay, show'd his faults—but when would poets mend?
 No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd, [yard
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-
 Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;
 For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
 But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thundering tide.

But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know?
 Unbiass'd or by favour or by spite,
 Not dully prepossess'd nor blindly right;
 Though learn'd, well-bred; and though well-bred,
 sincere;

Modestly bold, and humanly severe;
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
 Bless'd with a taste exact, yet unconfined,
 A knowledge both of books and human kind;
 Generous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
 And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were critics; such the happy few
 Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
 The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore,

He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
Poets, a race long unconfined and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Received his laws, and stood convinced 'twas fit
Who conquer'd nature should preside o'er wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And, without method, talks us into sense ;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He who, supreme in judgment as in wit,
Might boldly censure as he boldly writ,
Yet judged with coolness, though he sung with fire ;
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.

Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm :
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

See Dionysius' Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from every line !

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd.
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All ranged in order, and disposed with grace ;
But less to please the eye than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus ! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire :
An ardent judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just ;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws,
And is himself that great sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,
Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd :

Learning and Rome alike in empire grew,
And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew ;
From the same foes at last both felt their doom,
And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome.
With tyranny then superstition join'd,
As that the body, this enslaved the mind ;
Much was believed, but little understood,
And to be dull was construed to be good :
A second deluge learning thus o'er-ran,
And the monks finish'd what the Goths began.

At length Erasmus, that great injured name,
(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame !)
Stemm'd the wild torrent of a barbarous age,
And drove those holy Vaudals off the stage.

But see ! each Muse in Leo's golden days
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays ;
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head.
Then sculpture and her sister arts revive ;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live ;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung ;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung :
Immortal Vida ! on whose honour'd brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow !
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame !

But soon by impious arms from Latium chased,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd ;
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But critic-learning flourish'd most in France ;
The rules a nation born to serve obeys,
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despised,
And kept unconquer'd and uncivilised ;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defied the Romans, as of old.

Yet some there were, among the sounder few
Of those who less presumed and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restored wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
'Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well.'
Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners generous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every author's merit, but his own.
Such late was Walsh—the Muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for desert,
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive;
This praise at least a grateful Muse may give:
The Muse whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescribed her heights, and pruned her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries;
Content if hence the unlearn'd their wants may view,
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew;
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleased to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse alike to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

P. 'SHUT, shut the door, good John!' fatigued,
I said;

'Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.'

The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt

All Bedlam or Parnassus is let out:

Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,

They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?

They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide,

By land, by water, they renew the charge,

They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.

No place is sacred, not the church is free,

Ev'n Sunday shines no sabbath-day to me:

Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme,

Happy to catch me just at dinner-time.

Is there a parson much be-mused in beer,

A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,

A clerk foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,

Who pens a stanza when he should engross?

Is there who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls

With desperate charcoal round his darken'd walls?

All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain

Apply to me to keep them mad or vain.

Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,

Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:

Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,

And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,

The world had wanted many an idle song)

What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?

Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?

A dire dilemma ! either way I 'm sped ;
 If foes, they write ; if friends, they read me dead.
 Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I !
 Who can't be silent, and who will not lie.
 To laugh were want of goodness and of grace,
 And to be grave exceeds all power of face.
 I sit with sad civility, I read

With honest anguish and an aching head,
 And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
 This saving counsel, ' Keep your piece nine years.'

' Nine years !' cries he, who, high in Drury Lane,
 Lull'd by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
 Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
 Obligated by hunger and request of friends :

' The piece, you think, is incorrect ? why take it,
 I 'm all submission ; what you 'd have it—make it.'

Three things another's modest wishes bound ;—
 ' My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.'

Pitholeon sends to me : ' You know his grace :
 I want a patron ; ask him for a place.'

Pitholeon libell'd me—' But here 's a letter
 Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.

Dare you refuse him ? Curll invites to dine ;
 He 'll write a journal, or he 'll turn divine.'

Bless me ! a packet.—' 'Tis a stranger suc,
 A virgin tragedy, an orphan Muse.'

If I dislike it, ' Furies, death, and rage !'

If I approve, ' Commend it to the stage.'

There, thank my stars, my whole commission ends,
 The players and I are, luckily, no friends. [it,

Fired that the house rejects him, ' 'Sdeath, I 'll print
 And shame the fools—your interest, sir, with Lintot.'

Lintot, dull rogue, will think your price too much :

' Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch.'

All my demurs but double his attacks ;

At last he whispers, ' Do, and we go snacks.'

Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door ;
 ' Sir, let me see your works and you no more.'

'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring,
 (Midas, a sacred person and a king)
 His very minister who spied them first
 (Some say his queen) was forced to speak or burst.
 And is not mine, my friend, a sorer case,
 When every coxcomb perks them in my face ?

A. Good friend, forbear ! you deal in dangerous
 things ;

I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings ;
 Keep close to ears, and those let asses prick,
 'Tis nothing.—*P.* Nothing ! if they bite and kick ?
 Out with it, Dunciad ! let the secret pass,
 That secret to each fool, that he's an ass :
 The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie ?)
 The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel ? take it for a rule,
 No creature smarts so little as a fool.
 Let peals of laughter, Codrus, round thee break,
 'Thou unconcern'd canst hear the mighty crack :
 Pit, box, and gallery, in convulsions hurl'd,
 'Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
 Who shames a scribbler ? break one cobweb through,
 He spins the slight self-pleasing thread anew :
 Destroy his fib, or sophistry, in vain ;
 The creature's at his dirty work again,
 'Throued on the centre of his thin designs,
 Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines !
 Whom have I hurt ? has poet yet or peer
 Lost the arch'd eyebrow or Parnassian sneer ?
 And has not Colley still his lord and whore ?
 His butchers Henley ? his free-masons Moore ?
 Does not one table Bavius still admit ?
 Still to one bishop Phillips seem a wit ? [*fend.*
 Still Sappho—*A.* Hold ! for God's sake—you'll of-
 No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend :

I too could write, and I am twice as tall ;
But foes like these—*P.* One flatterer's worse than
all.

Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent :
Alas ! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes :
One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, ' Subscribe, subscribe !'

There are who to my person pay their court :—
I cough like Horace ; and, though lean, am short ;
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and ' Sir ! you have an eye—.'
Go on, obliging creatures ! make me see
All that disgraced my betters met in me.
Say, for my comfort, languishing in bed,
' Just so immortal Maro held his head :'
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.

Why did I write ? what sin to me unknown
Dipp'd me in ink, my parents', or my own ?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came :
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd :
The Muse but served to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me through this long disease, my life ;
To second, Arbuthnot ! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved to bear.

But why then publish ? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write ;
Well-natured Garth inflamed with early praise,
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured, my lays ;

The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield, read,
Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
With open arms received one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approved !
Happier their author, when by these beloved !
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

Soft were my numbers ; who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense ?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
' A painted mistress, or a purling stream.'
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill ;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still :
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret ;
I never answer'd ; I was not in debt.
If want provoked, or madness made them print,
I waged no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad ;
If wrong I smiled, if right I kiss'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite ;
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel graced these ribalds,
From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibalds :
Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher that lives on syllables,
Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserved in Milton's or in Shakspeare's name.
Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms !
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry, I excused them too ;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.

A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find ;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness .
This who can gratify ? for who can guess ?
The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear, [year ;
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a
He who still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left ;
And he who now to sense, now nonsense, leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning ;
And he whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad :
All these my modest satire bade translate,
And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe !
And swear not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such ! But were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires,
Bless'd with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease ;
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne ;
View him with scornful yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise ;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering teach the rest to sneer ;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike ;
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
Alike reserved to blame or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
Dreading ev'n fools ; by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging that he ne'er obliged ;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause ;

While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

What though my name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals?
Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers' load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?
I sought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight:
Poems I heeded (now be-rhymed so long)
No more than thou, great George! a birth-day song.
I ne'er with wits or witlings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise;
Nor like a puppy daggled through the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cried,
With handkerchief and orange at my side;
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sat full-blown Bufo, puff'd by every quill:
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in song.
His library (where busts of poets dead,
And a true Pindar stood without a head)
Received of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his seat,
And flatter'd every day, and some days eat:
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise;
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd,
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh;
Dryden alone escaped this judging eye:

But still the great have kindness in reserve;
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each gray-goose
May every Bavian have his Bubo still! [quill :
So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
Or simple pride for flattery makes demands,
May dance by dance be whistled off my hands!
Bless'd be the great! for those they take away,
And those they left me—for they left me Gay;
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb :
Of all thy blameless life the sole return
My verse, and Queensberry weeping o'er thy urn!

(O! let me live my own, and die so too!

(To live and die is all I have to do)

Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books, I please;
Above a patron, though I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and say my prayers;
Can sleep without a poem in my head,
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light?

Heaven! was I born for nothing but to write?

Has life no joys for me? or, to be grave,

Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save?

'I found him close with Swift'—'Indeed? no doubt
(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out.'

'It's all in vain, deny it as I will;

'No, such a genius never can lie still:'

And then for mine obligingly mistakes

'The first lampoon Sir Will or Bubo makes.

Poor guiltless I! and can I choose but smile,

When every coxcomb knows me by my style?

Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fallen worth, or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out;
That fop whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent wounds an author's honest fame;
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And show the sense of it without the love;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injured, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray;
Who to the dean and silver bell can swear,
And sees at Canons what was never there;
Who reads but with a lust to misapply,
Makes satire a lampoon, and fiction lie:
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus tremble—*A.* What? that thing of silk,

Sporus, that mere white curd of asses' milk?
Satire or seuse, alas! can Sporus feel,
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks

Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies ;
His wit all see-saw between that and this,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing ! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart ;
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have express'd,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest ;
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile ; be one poet's praise,
That if he pleased he pleased by manly ways ;
That flattery, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same ;
That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to truth, and moralized his song ;
That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit ;
Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad ;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed ;
The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
The imputed trash, and dulness not his own ;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
The libell'd person, and the pictured shape ;
Abuse on all he loved, or loved him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead ;

The whisper, that, to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair virtue ! all the past :
For thee, fair virtue ! welcome ev'n the last !

A. But why insult the poor, affront the great ?

P. A knave's a knave to me in every state ;
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail ;
A hireling scribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire ;
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit :
This dreaded satirist Dennis will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress .
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drunk with Cibber, nay, has rhymed for Moore.
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply ?—
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lie.
To please a mistress, one aspersed his life ;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife :
Let Budgell charge low Grub-street on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleased, except his will ;
Let the two Curlls of town and court abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse :
Yet why ? that father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool ;
That harmless mother thought no wife a whore :
Hear this, and spare his family, James Moore !
Unspotted names, and memorable long !
If there be force in virtue, or in song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
While yet in Britain honour had applause)
Each parent sprung—*A.* What fortune, pray ?—


P. Their own ;
And better got than Bestia's from the throne.

Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age :
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dared an oath, nor hazarded a lie.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
No language but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance and by exercise ;
His life, though long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant and without a groan.
(O grant me thus to live, and thus to die !
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I.
(O friend ! may each domestic bliss be thine !
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine !
Me, let the tender office long engage
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smoothe the bed of death ;
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky !
On cares like these, if length of days attend,
May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve my friend !
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he served a queen.
A. Whether that blessing be denied or given,
Thus far was right ;—the rest belongs to Heaven.



P O P E.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK,
AND
MESSIAH.





POPE.
THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.



Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian sylph prolonged the balmy rest.



D E D I C A T I O N.

TO MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

IT will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to you. Yet you may bear me witness it was intended only to divert a few young ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh, not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the good-nature, for my sake, to consent to the publication of one more correct. This I was forced to before I had executed half my design, for the machinery was entirely wanting to complete it.

The machinery, madam, is a term invented by the critics, to signify that part which the deities, angels, or demons, are made to act in a poem : for the ancient poets are in one respect like many modern ladies ; let an action be ever so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These machines I determined to raise on a very new and odd foundation—the Rosicrucian doctrine of spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a lady ; but it is so much the

concern of a poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book, called 'Le-Comte de Gabalis,' which, both in its title and size, is so like a novel, that many of the fair sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by spirits, which they call sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders. The gnomes, or demons of earth, delight in mischief: but the sylphs, whose habitation is in the air, are the best-conditioned creatures imaginable; for, they say, any mortal may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true adepts,—an inviolate preservation of chastity.

As to the following cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous as the vision at the beginning, or the transformation at the end (except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence). The human persons are as fictitious as the airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in beauty.

If this poem had as many graces as there are in your person, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured as you have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem, madam,

Your most obedient, humble servant,

A. POPE.

P O P E.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing.—This verse to Caryl, Muse! is due:
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess, could compel
A well-bred lord to assault a gentle belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?


Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day.
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.

Belinda still her downy pillow press'd,
Her guardian sylph prolong'd the balmy rest :
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head :
A youth more glittering than a birthnight bean,
(That ev'n in slumber caused her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say :
 ' Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air !
If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught ;
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token and the circled green,
Or virgins visited, by angel powers,
With golden crowns, and wreaths of heavenly flowers ;
Hear and believe ! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some sacred truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To maids alone and children are reveal'd ;
What though no credit doubting wits may give,
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know, then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky :
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once enclosed in woman's beauteous mould ;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to those of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead ;

Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And, though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire :
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name ;
Soft, yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea ;
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam ;
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

‘ Know further yet ; whoever, fair and chaste,
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embraced :
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark ;
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires ?
’Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honour is the word with men below.

‘ Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their
For life predestined to the gnomes’ embrace. [face,
These swell their prospects, and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdain’d, and love denied :
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds ‘ Your Grace’ salutes their ear.



'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

' Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way;
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expel by new.

What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving toyshop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-
knots strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call;
O blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.

' Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend,
But Heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by thy sylph, O pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man!"

He said; when Shock, who thought she slept
too long,
Leap'd up, and waked his mistress with his tongue.
"Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;

Wounds, charms, and ardours, were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.

And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears ;
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear :
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box :
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white :
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms ;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care ;
These set the head, and those divide the hair ;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown ;
And Betty 's praised for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

Nor with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-dress'd youths around her
But every eye was fix'd on her alone. [shone,
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those :
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike :
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide :
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you 'll forget them all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey ;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

The adventurous baron the bright locks admired ;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspired.

Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray :
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
Propitious heaven, and every power adored,
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves ;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire :
Then prostrate falls, and begs, with ardent eyes,
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize.
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer ;
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides ;
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die :
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
All but the sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,
The impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air ;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair :
Soft o'er the shrouds ærial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin, glittering textures of the filmy dew,

Dipp'd in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes ;
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel placed ;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun :—

‘ Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear !
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear !
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to the ærial kind.

Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day :
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky :
Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others, on earth, o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide :
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

‘ Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care ;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the imprison'd essences exhale ;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers ;
To steal from rainbows, ere they drop in showers,
A brighter wash ; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs ;

Nay, oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

‘ This day black omens threat the brightest fair
That e’er deserved a watchful spirit’s care ;
Some dire disaster, or by force or slight ;
But what, or where, the Fates have wrapp’d in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana’s law,
Or some frail china-jar receive a flaw ;
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade ;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade ;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball ;
Or whether Heaven has doom’d that Shock must fall.
Haste then, ye spirits ! to your charge repair :
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta’s care ;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign ;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine ;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite lock ;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

‘ To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust the important charge, the petticoat :
Oft have we known that sevenfold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and arm’d with ribs of whale.
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

‘ Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o’ertake his sins,
Be stopp’d in vials, or transfix’d with pins ;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin’s eye :
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg’d he beats his silken wings in vain ;
Or alum styptics, with contracting power,
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell’d flower :

Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling mill ;
 In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
 And tremble at the sea that froths below !'

He spoke: the spirits from the sails descend :
 Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend ;
 Some thread the mazy ringlets of her hair ;
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear :
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
 Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with
 flowers,

Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its
 name.

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
 Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home :
 Here thou, great Anna ! whom three realms obey,
 Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
 To taste awhile the pleasures of a court :
 In various talk the instructive hours they past,
 Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last :
 One speaks the glory of the British queen,
 And one describes a charming Indian screen ;
 A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes :
 At every word a reputation dies.
 Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
 With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from the Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
(At ombre singly to decide their doom,
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred Nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, the aerial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,
Then each according to the rank they bore;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four kings in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flower,
The expressive emblem of their softer power;
Four knaves, in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads, and halberds in their hand;
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:
'Let spades be trumps!' she said; and trumps they

Now move to war her sable matadores, [were.
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors:
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board:
As many more manillio forced to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field:

Him *basto* follow'd ; but his fate more hard
Gain'd but one trump, and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of spades appears ;
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
The rest his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
Ev'n mighty *pam*, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
And mow'd down armies in the fights of loo,
Sad chance of war ! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade !

Thus far both armies to *Belinda* yield ;
Now to the baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
The imperial consort of the crown of spades.
The club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride.
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state-unwieldy spread ?
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe ?

The baron now his diamonds pours apace :
The embroider'd king, who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent queen, with powers combined,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.
'Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit and of various dye ;
The pierced battalions disunited fall
In heaps on heaps ; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (O shameful chance!) the queen of hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook ;
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look ;
She sees, and trembles at the approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.

And now, as oft in some distemper'd state,
On one nice trick depends the general fate ;
An ace of hearts steps forth : the king, unseen,
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen :
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.
The nymph, exulting, fills with shouts the sky ;
The walls, the woods, and long canals, reply.

O thoughtless mortals ! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate ;
Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And cursed for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round ;
On shining altars of japan they raise
The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze :
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide :
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band :
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd ;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.

Ah cease, rash youth ! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just gods, and think of Scylla's fate !
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair !

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill !
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edged weapon from her shining case :
So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends ;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair ;
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair ;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear ;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought :
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watch'd the ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart :
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
To enclose the lock ; now joins it, to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed ;
Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the sylph in twain,
But airy substance soon unites again :
'The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever !

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their
last ;

Or when rich China vessels, fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!

' Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,'
The victor cried, ' the glorious prize is mine !
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair ;
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed ;
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze ;
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give—
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live !
What Time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate !
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust the imperial towers of Troy ;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph ! thy hair should feel
'The conquering force of unresisted steel ?'

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings, in battle seized alive ;
Not scornful virgins, who their charms survive ;

Not ardent lovers, robb'd of all their bliss ;
Not ancient ladies, when refused a kiss ;
Not tyrants fierce, that unrepenting die ;
Not Cynthia, when her mantua's pinn'd awry—
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin ! for thy ravish'd hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows ;
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne ; alike in place
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd !
With store of prayers for mornings, nights, and noon
Her hand is fill'd ; her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen ;
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride ;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapp'd in a gown, for sickness and for show.
The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies,
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades;
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs, on every side, are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod, walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks:
Men prove with child as powerful fancy works;
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe pass'd the gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus address'd the power:—' Hail, wayward
queen!

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen;
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give the hysteric or poetic fit;
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray:
A nymph there is that all your power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But O! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face;
Like citron waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;

If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caused suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discomposed the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease :
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin ;—
That single act gives half the world the spleen.'

The goddess, with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds ;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues :
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
'O wretched maid !' she spread her hands, and cried,
(While Hampton's echoes, 'wretched maid,' replied)

'Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare ?
For this your locks in paper durance bound ?
For this with torturing irons wreathed around ?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead ?

Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare?
Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your hapless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, the inestimable prize,
Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane,
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out—'My lord, why, what the devil!
Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee, pox!
Give her the hair.'—He spoke, and rapp'd his box.

'It grieves me much,' replied the peer again,
'Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain:
But by this lock, this sacred lock, I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)

That, while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.'
He spoke, and, speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful gnome, forbears not so ;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half drown'd in tears;
On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head,
Which with a sigh she raised, and thus she said:

' For ever cursed be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my favourite curl away!
Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton Court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to numerous ills betray'd.
O had I rather unadmired remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam?
O had I stay'd, and said my prayers at home!
'Twas this the morning-omens seem'd to tell;
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
'The tottering china shook without a wind;
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A sylph, too, warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believed too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares.
'These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck:

The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
 And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
 Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
 And tempts once more thy sacrilegious hands.
 O hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
 Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
 But fate and Jove had stopp'd the baron's ears.
 In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
 Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
 While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
 Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan:
 Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:—
 'Say, why are beauties praised and honour'd
 most,
 'The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
 Why deck'd with all the land and sea afford?
 Why angels call'd, and angel-like adored? [beaux?
 Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved
 Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains!
 That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
 Behold the first in virtue as in face!
 O! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
 Charm'd the small-pox, or chased old age away;
 Who would not scorn what housewives' cares pro-
 duce,
 Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?

To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it, sure, be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas ! frail beauty must decay ;
Curl'd or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to gray ;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade ;
And she who scorns a man must die a maid ;
What then remains, but well our power to use,
And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose ?
And trust me, dear ! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding
fail.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll ;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.'

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued ;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.
' To arms, to arms !' the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin the attack ;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack ;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found ;
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage ;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars ; Latona, Hermes arms ;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms ;
Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound :
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives
way,

And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day !

Triumphant Umbriel, on a sconce's height,
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight :

Propp'd on their bodkin-spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perish'd in the throng;
One died in metaphor, and one in song:
'O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,'
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance sir Fopling upwards cast,
'Those eyes are made so killing!'—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
The expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloë stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau revived again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair:
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the chief the unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw:
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

'Now meet thy fate,' incensed Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side:

The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown :
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew ;
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew :
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.

' Boast not my fall,' he cried, ' insulting foe !
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind ;
All that I dread is leaving you behind !
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.'

' Restore the lock !' she cries ; and all around
' Restore the lock !' the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caused his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost !
The lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain :
With such a prize no mortal must be bless'd,
So heaven decrees ! with heaven who can contest ?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases :
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribbon bound ;
The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, /
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes :
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heavens bespangling with dishevell'd light.
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress through the skies.
This the beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray;
This the bless'd lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake ;
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes ;
And hence the egregious wizzard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright nymph ! to mourn thy ravish'd
hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining sphere !
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
For after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die ;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust ;
This lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

MESSIAH,
A SACRED ECLOGUE.

IN IMITATION OF VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

In reading several passages of the prophet Isaiah, which foretell the coming of Christ, and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts and those in the Pollio of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect that the eclogue was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the prophet are superior to those of the poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.

YE nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus, and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the bard begun;
 A virgin shall conceive, a virgin bear a son!¹
 From Jesse's² root behold a branch arise,
 Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
 The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
 And on its top descends the mystic dove.
 Ye heavens!³ from high the dewy nectar pour,
 And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!
 The sick⁴ and weak the healing plant shall aid,
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;
 Returning Justice⁵ lift aloft her scale;
 Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
 O spring to light, auspicious babe! be born.

IMITATIONS.

¹ Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 6.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
 Jam nova progenies cœlo dimittitur alto.
 Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
 Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras—
 Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

'Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns, now a new progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means of thee, whatever relics of our crimes remain shall be wiped away, and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the earth in peace, with the virtues of his father.'

Isaiah, ch. vii. ver. 14: 'Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son.' Ch. ix. ver. 6, 7: 'Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, the Prince of Peace: of the increase of his government, and of his peace, there shall be no end: upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to establish it, with judgment, and with justice, for ever and ever.'

² Isa. xi. ver. 1.

⁴ Ch. xxv. ver. 4.

³ Ch. xiv. ver. 8.

⁵ Ch. ix. ver. 7.

See, Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,⁶
 With all the incense of the breathing spring ;
 See lofty Lebanon⁷ his head advance ;
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance :
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies !
 Hark ! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers ;⁸
 Prepare the way !⁹ a God, a God appears !

IMITATIONS.

⁶ Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
 Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
 Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho—
 Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

' For thee, O child, shall the earth, without being tilled,
 produce her early offerings ; winding ivy, mixed with bac-
 car, and colocasia, with smiling acanthus. Thy cradle shall
 pour forth pleasing flowers about thee.'

Isaiah, ch. xxxv. ver. 1 : ' The wilderness and the soli-
 tary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and
 blossom as the rose.' Ch. lx. ver. 13 : ' The glory of Le-
 banon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and
 the box together, to beautify the place of thy sanctuary.'

⁷ Chap. xxxv. ver. 2.

⁸ Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 46.

Aggredere, O magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
 Cara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum !

Ecl. v. ver. 62.

Ipsi lætitia voces ad sidera jactant
 Intonsi montes ; ipsæ jam carmina rupes,
 Ipsa sonant arbusta, Deus, Deus ille, Menalca !

' O come and receive the mighty honours : the time draws
 nigh ; O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great increase of
 Jove ! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to
 the stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry
 out, A God, a God !'

Isaiah, chap. xl. ver. 3, 4 : ' The voice of him that crieth
 in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord ! make

A God! a God! the vocal hills reply;
 The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down ye mountains, and ye valleys rise;
 With heads declined, ye cedars, homage pay;
 Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
 The Saviour comes, by ancient bards foretold:
 Hear him,¹⁰ ye deaf, and all ye blind behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
 'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
 From every face he wipes off every tear:
 In adamantive¹¹ chains shall death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
 As the good shepherd¹² tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promised father¹³ of the future age.

IMITATIONS.

'straight in the desert a high-way for our God! Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain.' Chap. iv. ver. 23: 'Break forth into singing, ye mountains, O forest, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed Israel.' 9 Isa. xl. ver. 3, 4.

¹⁰ Ch. xliii. ver. 18; ch. xxxv. ver. 5, 6.

¹¹ Ch. xxv. ver. 8.

¹² Ch. xl. ver. 11.

¹³ Ch. ix. ver. 6.

No more shall ¹⁴ nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er;
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful ¹⁵ son
 Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren ¹⁶ deserts with surprise
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise; ¹⁷
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear,
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
 Waste ¹⁸ sandy valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;

¹⁴ Isa. ii. ver. 4.¹⁵ Ch. lxxv. ver. 21, 22.¹⁶ Ch. xxxv. ver. 1. 7.

IMITATIONS.

¹⁷ Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 28.

Molli paulatim flavesceat campus arista,
 Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
 Et duræ quercus sudabunt rosida mella.

'The fields shall grow yellow with ripened ears, and the red grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oaks shall distil honey like dew.'

Isaiah, chap. xxxv. ver. 7: 'The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty lands springs of water: in the habitation where dragons lay, shall be grass, and reeds, and rushes.' Chap. lv. ver. 13: 'Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree.'

¹⁸ Ch. xli. ver. 19; and ch. lv. ver. 13.

To leafless shrubs the flowering palms succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The lambs¹⁹ with wolves shall graze the verdant
 mead,
 And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead;²⁰
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents²¹ lick the pilgrim's feet;
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake;
 Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forked tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem,²² rise!²³
 Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!

¹⁹ Isa. xi. ver. 6, 7, 8.

IMITATIONS.

²⁰ Virg. Ecl. iv. ver. 21.

*Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
 Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—
 Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
 Occidet.——*

‘The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with milk; nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die.’

Isaiah, chap. xi. ver. 16, &c. ‘The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.—And the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the den the cockatrice.’

²¹ Ch. lxxv. ver. 25.

²² Ch. lx. ver. 1.

²³ The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest parts of his *Pollio*:

*Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo!
 —toto surget gens aurea mundo!*

See a long race²⁴ thy spacious courts adorn ;
 See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks, on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies !
 See barbarous nations²⁵ at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan²⁶ springs !
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See Heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.
 No more the rising sun²⁷ shall gild the morn,
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn ;
 But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze,
 O'erflow thy courts : the light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !
 The seas²⁸ shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fix'd his word, his saving power remains ;—
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns !

IMITATIONS.

—incipient magni procedere menses !

Adspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo ! &c.

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah here cited.

²⁴ Isa. lx. ver. 4.

²⁵ Ch. lx. ver. 3.

²⁶ Ch. lx. ver. 6.

²⁷ Ch. lx. ver. 19, 30.

²⁸ Ch. li. ver. 6 ; and ch. liv. ver. 10.

P O P E.

ELOISA TO ABELARD,

AND

OTHER POEMS.



POPE.
ELOISA TO ABELARD
ETC.



In each low wind methinks a spirit calls
And more than echoes talk along the walls.

R. Worsall R.A. del.

W. Greenough sc.

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P O P E.



ELOISA TO ABELARD.

Abelard and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation that a letter of Abelard to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive Contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing Melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?

Yet, yet I love !—From Abelard it came,
And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name ! rest ever unreveal'd,
Nor pass these lips, in holy silence seal'd :
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mix'd with God's, his loved idea lies :
O write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears !
In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays ;
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls ! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains :
Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn !
Ye grotts and caverns, shagg'd with horrid thorn !
Shrines, where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep !
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep !
Though cold like you, unmoved and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not Heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel Nature holds out half my heart ;
Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
O name for ever sad ! for ever dear !
Still breathed in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.
I tremble, too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of woe :
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom !
There stern Religion quench'd the unwilling flame ;
There died the best of passions, Love and Fame.

Yet write, O write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare;
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer:
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
'To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain; allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love in-
spires,

Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires;
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart;
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name;
My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
Some emanation of the all-beauteous Mind.
Those smiling eyes, attempering every ray,
Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
Guiltless I gazed; Heaven listen'd while you sung,
And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
Back through the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
Nor wish'd an angel whom I loved a man:
Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
Curse on all laws but those which Love has made!
Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
Before true passion all those views remove;
Fame, Wealth, and Honour! what are you to Love?
The jealous god, when we profane his fires,
Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn them all;
Not Cæsar's empress would I deign to prove;
No, make me mistress to the man I love:
If there be yet another name more free,
More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
O, happy state! when souls each other draw,
When love is liberty, and nature law:
All then is full, possessing and possess'd,
No craving void left aching in the breast;
Ev'n thought meets thought, ere from the lips it
part,
And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
This sure is bliss, if bliss on earth there be,
And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas, how changed! what sudden horrors rise!
A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
Where, where was Eloïse? her voice, her hand,
Her poniard had opposed the dire command.
Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
The crime was common, common be the pain.

I can no more ; by shame, by rage suppress'd,
Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
When victims at yon altar's foot we lay ?
Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
When, warm in youth, I bade the world farewell ?
As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale :
Heaven scarce believed the conquest it survey'd,
And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you :
Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
Come ! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe ;
Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,
Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be press'd ;
Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
Ah no ! instruct me other joys to prize,
With other beauties charm my partial eyes ;
Full in my view set all the bright abode,
And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer.
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You raised these hallow'd walls ; the desert smiled,
And paradise was open'd in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors ;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here bribed the rage of ill-requited Heaven :

But such plain roofs as Piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls (their day's eternal bound),
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light ;
Thy eyes diffused a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
But now no face divine Contentment wears ;
'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
See how the force of others' prayers I try :
(O pious fraud of amorous Charity !)
But why should I on others' prayers depend ?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend !
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love !
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclined
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
The wandering streams that shine between the hills,
The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze ;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid :
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long-sounding aisles and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose :
Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green ;
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods.
Yet here for ever, ever must I stay ;
Sad proof how well a lover can obey !

Death, only death, can break the lasting chain ;
And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain ;
Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah, wretch ! believed the spouse of God in vain,
Confess'd within the slave of love and man.

Assist me, Heaven ! but whence arose that prayer ?
Sprung it from piety, or from despair ?

Ev'n here, where frozen Chastity retires,
Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.

I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought ;

I mourn the lover, not lament the fault ;

I view my crime, but kindle at the view ;

Repent old pleasures, and solicit new ;

Now turn'd to Heaven, I weep my past offence ;

Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.

Of all affliction taught a lover yet,

'Tis sure the hardest science to forget !

How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense ?

And love the offender, yet detest the offence ?

How the dear object from the crime remove,

Or how distinguish penitence from love ?

Unequal task ! a passion to resign,

For hearts so touch'd, so pierced, so lost as mine.

Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,

How often must it love, how often hate !

How often hope, despair, resent, regret,

Conceal, disdain—do all things but forget !

But let Heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fired ;

Not touch'd, but rapt ; not waken'd, but inspired !

O come ! O teach me nature to subdue,

Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you :

Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he

Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot !
The world forgetting, by the world forgot :
Eternal sunshine of the spotless mind !
Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd ;
Labour and rest, that equal periods keep ;
Obedient slumbers, that can wake and weep ;
Desires composed, affections ever even ;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heaven ;
Grace shines around her with serenest beams,
And whispering angels prompt her golden dreams :
For her the unfading rose of Eden blooms,
And wings of seraphs shed divine perfumes ;
For her the spouse prepares the bridal ring ;
For her white virgins hymeneals sing ;
To sounds of heavenly harps she dies away,
And melts in visions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring soul employ,
Far other raptures of unholy joy :
When, at the close of each sad sorrowing day,
Fancy restores what vengeance snatch'd away,
Then conscience sleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my loose soul unbounded springs to thee.
O cursed, dear horrors of all-conscious night !
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight !
Provoking demons all restraint remove,
And stir within me every source of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my clasping arms.
I wake :—no more I hear, no more I view ;
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud ; it hears not what I say :
I stretch my empty arms ; it glides away.
To dream once more I close my willing eyes ;
Ye soft illusions, dear deceits, arise !

Alas, no more ! methinks we wandering go
Through dreary wastes, and weep each other's woe,
Where round some mouldering tower pale ivy creeps,
And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
Sudden you mount, you beckon from the skies ;
Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the Fates, severely kind, ordain
A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain ;
Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose ;
No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
Or moving spirits bid the waters flow ;
Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven,
And mild as opening gleams of promised heaven.

Come, Abelard ! for what hast thou to dread ?
The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
Nature stands check'd ; Religion disapproves ;
Ev'n thou art cold—yet Eloïsa loves.
Ah hopeless, lasting flames ! like those that burn
To light the dead, and warm the unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view ?
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue ;
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee ;
Thy image steals between my God and me ;
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear ;
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight : .

In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind virtuous drops just gathering in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul—
Come, if thou darest, all charming as thou art !
Oppose thyself to Heaven ; dispute my heart ;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies ;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears ;
Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers ;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the bless'd abode ;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God !

No, fly me, fly me, far as pole from pole ;
Rise Alps between us, and whole oceans roll !
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign ;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks, (which yet I view)
Long loved, adored ideas, all adieu !
O grace serene ! O virtue heavenly fair !
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care !
Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky !
And Faith, our early immortality !
Enter each mild, each amiable guest ;
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest !

See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,
Propp'd on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound :

' Come, sister, come ! (it said, or seem'd to say)
Thy place is here, sad sister ! come away ;
Once, like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid :
But all is calm in this eternal sleep ;
Here Grief forgets to groan, and Love to weep ;
Ev'n Superstition loses every fear :
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.'

I come, I come ! prepare your roseate bowers,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refined in breasts seraphic glow :
Thou, Abelard ! the last sad office pay,
And smoothe my passage to the realms of day :
See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul !
Ah, no—in sacred vestments mayst thou stand,
The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once-loved Eloïsa see !
It will be then no crime to gaze on me ;
See from my cheek the transient roses fly !
See the last sparkle languish in my eye !
Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er ;
And ev'n my Abelard be loved no more.
O Death, all-eloquent ! you only prove
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round ;
From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame !
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more ;
If ever chance two wandering lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds ;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity moved,
' O may we never love as these have loved !'
From the full choir when loud hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
And sure if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more ;
Such if there be, who loves so long, so well,
Let him our sad, our tender story tell ;
The well-sung woes will soothe my pensive ghost :
He best can paint them who shall feel them most.

ELEGY

TO THE

MEMORY OF AN UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beckoning ghost along the moon-light shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
O ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your bless'd abodes,
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull, sullen prisoners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like Eastern kings a lazy state they keep,
And, close confined to their own palace, sleep.

From these, perhaps, (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below;

So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good !
Thou mean deserter of thy brother's blood !
See on those ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death ;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall :
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates :
'There passengers shall stand, and pointing say :
(While the long funerals blacken all the way)
Lo ! these were they whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
'Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
'The gaze of fools, and pageants of a day !
So perish all, whose breasts ne'er learn'd to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' woe.

What can atone (O ever-injured shade !)
'Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid ?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear,
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier.
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed ;
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd !
What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year ;
And bear about the mockery of woe
'To midnight dances, and the public show ?
What though no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ?

What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb ?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast :
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
There the first roses of the year shall blow ;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground, now sacred by thy relics made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How loved, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot :
A heap of dust alone remains of thee :
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be !

Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays ;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart ;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou beloved no more !

Here naked rocks, and empty wastes were seen ;
There towering cities, and the forests green ;
Here sailing ships delight the wandering eyes ;
There trees and intermingled temples rise :
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
The transient landscape now in clouds decays.

O'er the wide prospect as I gazed around,
Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
Or billows murmuring on the hollow shore ;
Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
Whose towering summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
Steep its ascent, and slippery was the way ;
The wondrous rock like Parian marble shone,
And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.
Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
The greater part by hostile time subdued ;
Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
And poets once had promised they should last.
Some fresh engraved appear'd of wits renown'd ;
I look'd again, nor could their trace be found.
Critics I saw, that other names deface,
And fix their own, with labour, in their place :
Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
But felt the approaches of too warm a sun ;
For fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy than excess of praise.
Yet part no injuries of heaven could feel,
Like crystal faithful to the graving steel :
The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.

Their names, inscribed unnumber'd ages past,
From Time's first birth, with Time itself shall last:
These ever new, nor subject to decays,
Spread, and grow brighter with the length of days.

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
And on the impassive ice the lightnings play;
Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
Till the bright mountains prop the incumbent sky:

As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears,
The gather'd winter of a thousand years.
On this foundation Fame's high temple stands;
Stupendous pile! not rear'd by mortal hands.
Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
Four faces had the dome, and every face
Of various structure, but of equal grace:
Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
Salute the different quarters of the sky.
Here fabled chiefs, in darker ages born,
Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
Who cities raised, or tamed a monstrous race,
The walls in venerable order grace:
Heroes in animated marble frown,
And legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
Crown'd with an architrave of antique mould,
And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld,
And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield:

There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
Rests on his club, and holds the Hesperian spoil :
Here Orpheus sings ; trees, moving to the sound,
Start from their roots, and form a shade around :
Amphion there the loud creating lyre
Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire !
Cytheron's echoes answer to his call,
And half the mountain rolls into a wall.
There might you see the lengthening spires ascend,
The domes swell up, the widening arches bend,
The growing towers, like exhalations, rise,
And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The eastern front was glorious to behold,
With diamond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
There Ninus shone, who spread the Assyrian fame,
And the great founder of the Persian name :
There in long robes the royal magi stand,
Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand ;
The sage Chaldeans robed in white appear'd,
And Brachmans, deep in desert woods revered.
These stopp'd the moon, and call'd the unbodied
shades

To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades ;
Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
And airy spectres skim before their eyes ;
Of talismans and sigils knew the power,
And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
Who taught that useful science—to be good.

But on the south, a long majestic race
Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,
Who measured earth, described the starry spheres,
And traced the long records of lunar years.

High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
Whom sceptred slaves in golden harness drew :
His hands a bow and pointed javelin hold :
His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold.
Between the statues obelisks were placed,
And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics graced.

Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
O'erwrought with ornaments of barbarous pride.

- There huge colosses rose, with trophies crown'd,
And Runic characters were graved around :
There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes,
And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
There on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
Druids and bards (their once loud harps un-

strung),
And youths that died to be by poets sung.
These, and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
In ranks adorn'd the temple's outward face ;
The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
Enlarges some, and others multiplies :
Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall,
For thus romantic fame increases all.

The temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold,
Raised on a thousand pillars, wreathed around
With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd :
Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
The friezes gold, and gold the capitals :
As heaven with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
And ever-living lamps depend in rows.

Full in the passage of each spacious gate
The sage historians in white garments wait ;
Graved o'er their seats the form of Time was
found,

His scythe reversed, and both his pinions bound.
Within stood heroes, who through loud alarms
In bloody fields pursued renown in arms.
High on a throne, with trophies charged, I view'd
The youth that all things but himself subdued ;
His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
And his horn'd head belied the Libyan god.
There Cæsar, graced with both Minervas, shone ;
Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own ;
Unmoved, superior still in every state,
And scarce detested in his country's fate.
But chief were those who not for empire fought,
But with their toils their people's safety bought :
High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood ;
Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood ;
Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state,
Great in his triumphs, in retirement great ;
And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
With boundless power unbounded virtue join'd,
His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much-suffering heroes next their honours claim,
Those of less noisy and less guilty fame,
Fair virtue's silent train : supreme, of these,
Here ever shines the godlike Socrates :
He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell :
Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims,
With Agis, not the last of Spartan names :
Unconquer'd Cato shows the wound he tore,
And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir
Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire ;
Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
Hold the chief honours, and the fane command.
High on the first the mighty Homer shone ;
Eternal adamant compos'd his throne :
Father of verse, in holy fillets dress'd,
His silver beard waved gently o'er his breast ;
Though blind, a boldness in his looks appears ;
In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen :
Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen ;
Here Hector, glorious from Patroclus' fall ;
Here, dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall.
Motion and life did every part inspire ;
Bold was the work, and proved the master's fire :
A strong expression most he seem'd to affect,
And here and there disclosed a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd ;
Finish'd the whole, and labour'd every part,
With patient touches of unwearied art.
The Mantuan there in sober triumph sate,
Compos'd his posture, and his looks sedate ;
On Homer still he fix'd a reverent eye,
Great without pride, in modest majesty.
In living sculpture on the sides were spread
The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead :
Eliza stretch'd upon the funeral pyre ;
Æneas bending with his aged sire :
Troy flamed in burning gold, and o'er the throne
' Arms and the man ' in golden ciphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
With heads advanced, and pinions stretch'd for flight :

Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
And seem'd to labour with the inspiring god.
Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
The figured games of Greece the column grace ;
Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race :
The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run ;
The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone ;
The champions in distorted postures threat ;
And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tuned the Ausonian lyre
'To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire ;
Pleased with Alcæus' manly rage to infuse
The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.
The polish'd pillar different sculptures grace,
A work outlasting monumental brass.
Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear ;
The Julian star, and great Augustus here :
The doves, that round the infant poet spread
Myrtles and bays, hang hovering o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
Sate, fix'd in thought, the mighty Stagirite ;
His sacred head a radiant zodiac crown'd,
And various animals his sides surround ;
His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone ;
The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne :
Gathering his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
And the great father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies :

Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
With jewels blazed, magnificently great ;
The vivid emeralds there revive the eye,
The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye,
Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne :
The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
When on the goddess first I cast my sight,
Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height ;
But swell'd to larger size, the more I gazed,
Till to the roof her towering front she raised.
With her, the temple every moment grew,
And ampler vistas open'd to my view :
Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
And arches widen, and long aisles extend.
Such was her form, as ancient bards have told ;
Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold :
A thousand busy tongues the goddess bears,
A thousand open eyes, and thousand listening ears.
Beneath, in order ranged, the tuneful Nine
(Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine :
With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing ;
For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string ;
With time's first birth began the heavenly lays,
And last eternal through the length of days.
Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook,
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From different quarters fill the crowded hall :

Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard ;
 In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd :
 Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
 Their flowery toils, and sip the fragrant dew ;
 When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
 O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
 Or, settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
 And a low murmur runs along the field.
 Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
 And all degrees before the goddess bend :
 The poor, the rich, the valiant, and the sage,
 And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
 Their pleas were different, their request the same ;
 For good and bad alike are fond of fame.
 Some she disgraced, and some with honours crown'd ;
 Unlike successes equal merits found.

Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
 And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the learned world appear,
 And to the goddess thus prefer their prayer :—
 ' Long have we sought to instruct and please man-
 kind,

With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind ;
 But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
 We here appeal to thy superior throne :
 On wit and learning the just prize bestow,
 For fame is all we must expect below.'

The goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
 The golden trumpet of eternal praise :—
 From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound,
 That fills the circuit of the world around ;
 Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud,
 The notes at first were rather sweet than loud :

By just degrees they every moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At every breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread;
Less fragrant scents the unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these, the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address'd the sacred fane :
' Since living virtue is with envy cursed,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed the exact intrinsic worth.'
' Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd,'
Said Fame, ' but high above desert renown'd :
Let fuller notes the applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.'

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Preferr'd the same request, and lowly bow'd ;
The constant tenor of whose well-spent days
No less deserved a just return of praise.
But straight the direful trump of Slander sounds ;
Through the big dome the doubling thunder bounds ;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report through every region flies,
In every ear incessant rumours rung,
And gathering scandals grew on every tongue.
From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke :
The poisonous vapour blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies.

A troop came next, who crowns and armour
wore,
And proud defiance in their looks they bore.

'For thee,' they cried, 'amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire through the purple flood:
Those ills we dared, thy inspiration own;
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.'
'Ambitious fools!' the queen replied, and frown'd,
'Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd;
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names unknown!
A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my
sight,

And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.

'Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!

But, safe in deserts from the applause of men,
Would die unheard of, as we lived unseen:

'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.

O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake.'

'And live there men who slight immortal fame?
Who then with incense shall adore our name?

But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.

Rise! Muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath;
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.'

She said: in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, though high—so loud, and yet so clear,
Ev'n listening angels lean'd from heaven to hear

To farthest shores the ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these a youthful train their vows express'd,
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroidery dress'd:
'Hither,' they cried, 'direct your eyes, and see
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry:
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays,
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits and address the fair;
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd every maid;
Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell,
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well:
The joy let others have, and we the name,
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.'

The queen assents: the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a lady's honour dies.

Pleased with the strange success, vast numbers
press'd

Around the shrine, and made the same request:
'What, you,' she cried, 'unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigued with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days—
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To just contempt, ye vain pretenders! fall,
'The people's fable, and the scorn of all.'
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound;
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round;
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run through all the crowd.

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne;

Or who their glory's dire foundation laid
 On sovereigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd ;
 Calm, thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
 Of crooked counsels and dark politics ;
 Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
 And beg to make the immortal treasons known.
 The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
 With sparks that seem'd to set the world on fire.
 At the dread sound pale mortals stood aghast,
 And startled Nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some power unknown
 Straight changed the scene, and snatch'd me from
 the throne.

Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
 Its site uncertain, if in earth or air ;
 With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round ;
 With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound :
 Not less in number were the spacious doors
 Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores ;
 Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
 Pervious to winds, and open every way.
 As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
 As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
 As to the sea returning rivers roll,
 And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole ;
 Hither, as to their proper place, arise
 All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
 Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear ;
 Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.
 As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
 The sinking stone at first a circle makes,
 The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
 Spreads in a second circle, then a third ;

Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the watery plain, and to the margin dance:
Thus every voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighbouring air a soft impression make ;
Another ambient circle then they move ;
That, in its turn, impels the next above ;
Through undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store,
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of favourites, projects of the great,
Of old mismanagements, taxations new ;
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
Confused, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away,
Hosts raised by fear, and phantoms of a day :
Astrologers, that future fates foreshow,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few ;
And priests, and party zealots, numerous bands,
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands ;
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place,
And wild impatience stared in every face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told ;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too ;
In every ear it spread, on every tongue it grew.

Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
 News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
 So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
 With gathering force the quickening flames advance ;
 Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire,
 And towers and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
 Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
 'Through thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
 And rush in millions on the world below :
 Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
 Their date determines, and prescribes their force ;
 Some to remain, and some to perish soon,
 Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.
 Around a thousand winged wonders fly,
 Borne by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd through
 the sky.

There, at one passage, oft you might survey
 A lie and truth contending for the way ;
 And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
 Which first should issue through the narrow vent ;
 At last agreed, together out they fly,
 Inseparable now the truth and lie :
 The strict companions are for ever join'd,
 And this or that, unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
 One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear :
 ' What could thus high thy rash ambition raise ?
 Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise ?'

' 'Tis true,' said I, ' not void of hopes I came,
 For who so fond as youthful bards of fame ?
 But few, alas ! the casual blessing boast,
 So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.

How vain that second life in others' breath,
The estate which wits inherit after death !
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign,
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine !)
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure ;
Be envied, wretched ; and be flatter'd, poor ;
All lackless wits their enemies profess'd,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor fame I slight, nor for her favours call ;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase costs so dear a price,
As soothing folly, or exalting vice ;
O ! if the Muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way ;
Or if no basis bear my rising name,
But the fallen ruins of another's fame ;
Then teach me, Heaven ! to scorn the guilty bays ;
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise ;
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown :
O grant an honest fame, or grant me none !'

O D E.

THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame !
Quit, O quit this mortal frame !
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying ;
O the pain, the bliss of dying !
Cease, fond Nature ! cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

Hark ! they whisper ; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite,
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
Tell me, my soul ! can this be death ?

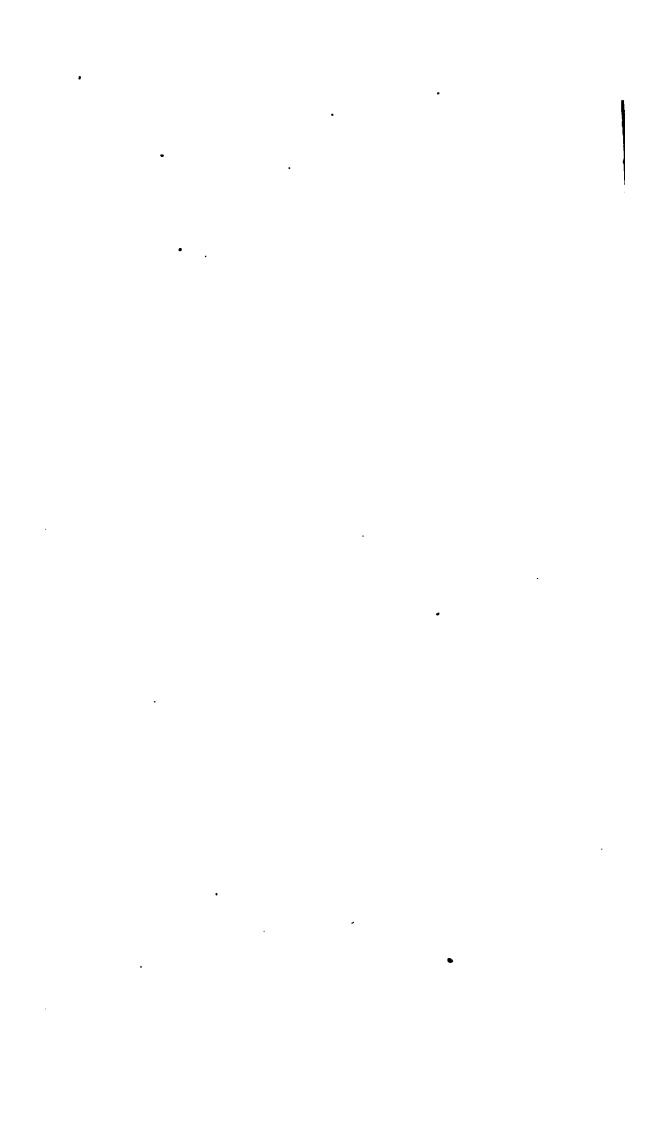
The world recedes ! it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O grave ! where is thy victory ?
O death ! where is thy sting ?

A FRAGMENT.

WHAT are the falling rills, the pendent shades,
The morning bowers, the evening colonnades,
But soft recesses for the uneasy mind,
To sigh unheard in, to the passing wind ?
So the struck deer, in some sequester'd part,
Lies down to die (the arrow in his heart) ;
There hid in shades, and wasting day by day,
Iuly he bleeds, and pants his soul away.







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